

Scarlet Street

The Magazine of Mystery and Horror

No.5/Winter 1992/\$4.95 U.S.

First Anniversary Issue

SUPERMAN's

Pal, Jack Larson

The ADDAMS

Family

**SHERLOCK
HOLMES'**

Jeremy Brett and
Edward Hardwicke

The House That
SCREAMED

**PERRY
MASON's**

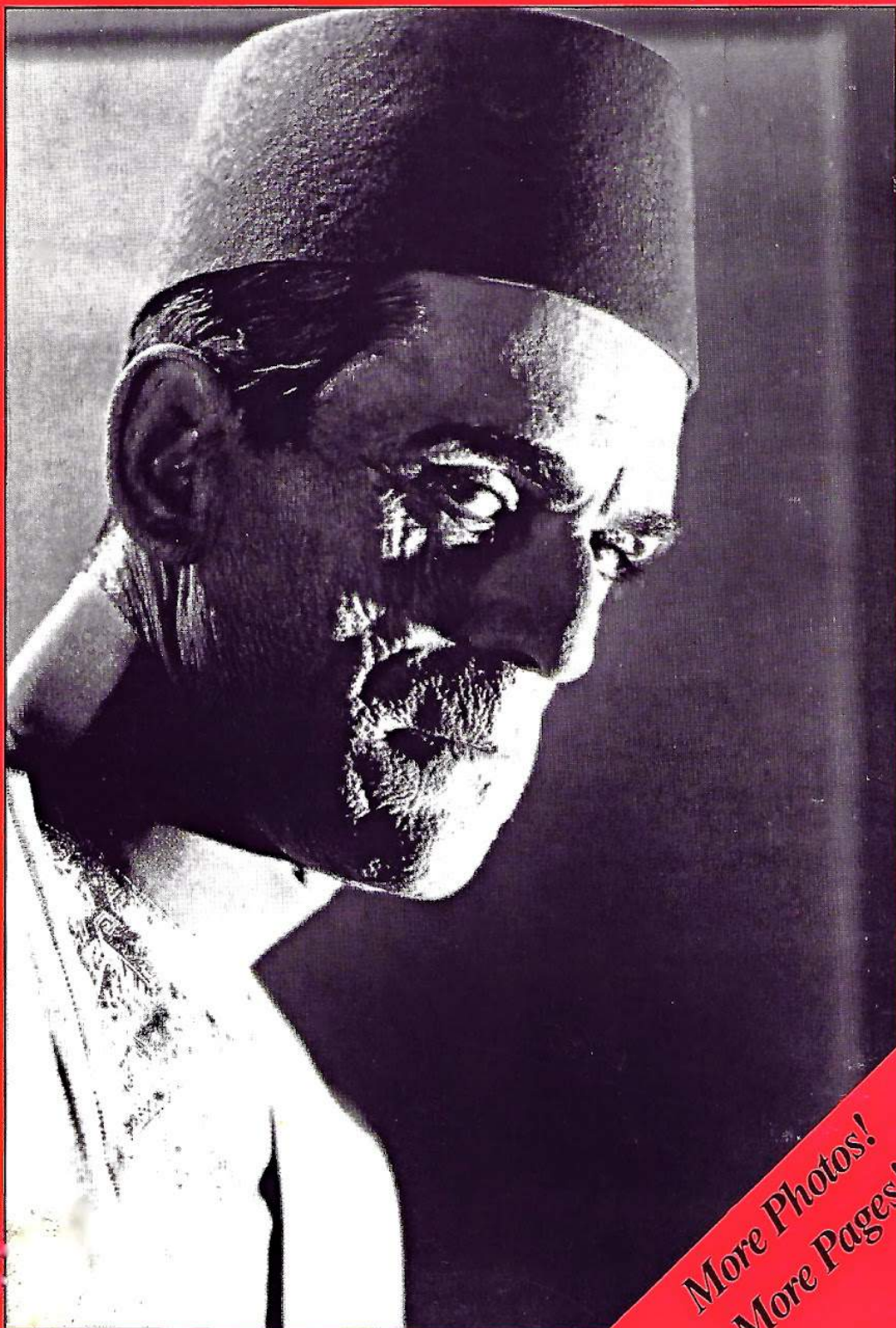
Barbara Hale

STAR TREK

Meets
Jack the Ripper

THE AVENGERS'

Patrick Macnee



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More Pages!*



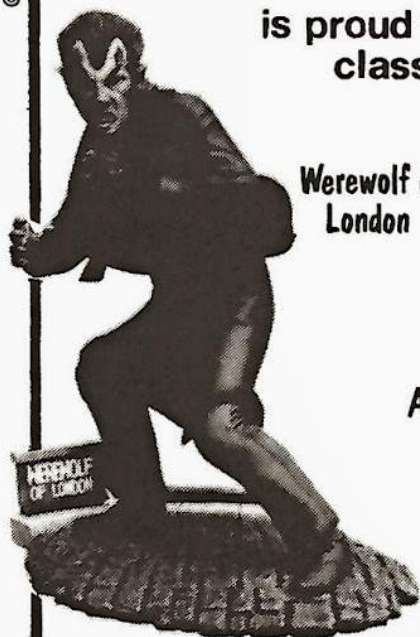
Tor Johnson
in
Plan 9

REESMAN FROM THE GRAVE

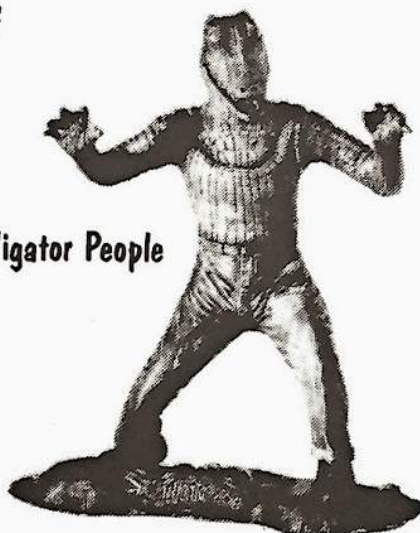


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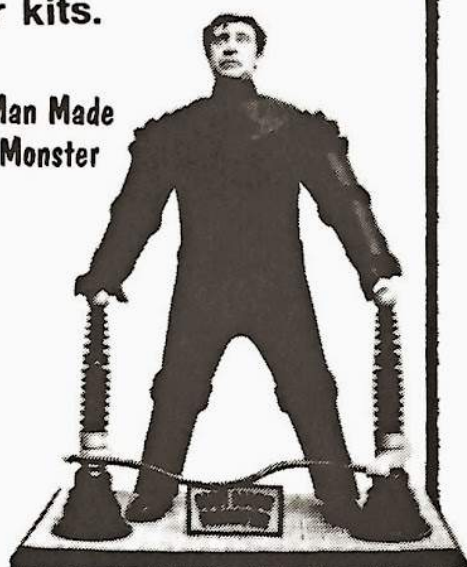


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Alligator People

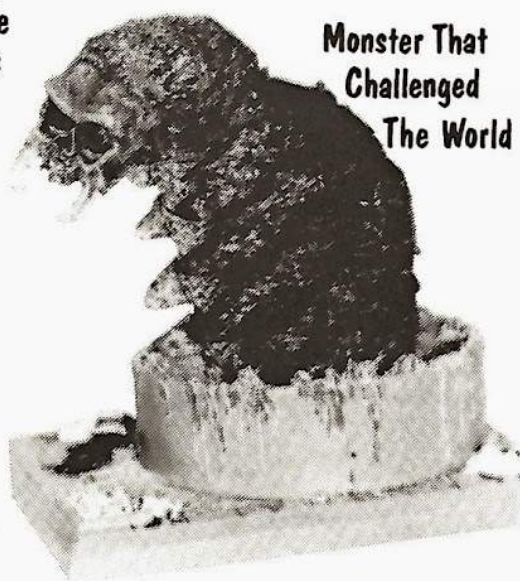
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Special thanks: Forrest J Ackerman, Richard Arnold, Jennie Barnett, Ruth Brunas, Paul Evans, George Faber, Joy Magistre, Sheila Morris

COVER PHOTO: Boris Karloff in THE MUMMY (1932).

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Scarlet Letters

Silva Screen Records executive David Stoner, whose *MUSIC FROM THE HAMMER FILMS* (covered in *Scarlet Street* #1) is a must for horror fans, recently dropped us a line:

We've spent the last few months setting up Silva America, which is an American label, a subdivision of Silva Screen Records. It may be that the Hammer album will get a proper U.S. release next year on Silva America.

I have to say that the current status of doing a second Hammer album is zero at the moment. Well, perhaps not quite zero. I have had several discussions with James Bernard, and he has already prepared suites from *THE DEVIL RIDES OUT* and *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN*, although you may already know about this. Quite when we'll be in a position to record any of it, I don't know. The first album has generated more mail than any other release we've had.

David Stoner
Silva Screen Records
London, England

Concerning the television show that Jessie Lilley wrote about on page 21 of *Scarlet Street* #1: I remembered that show from the description, and the book *Fantastic Television* by Gary Gerani and Paul H. Schulman filled in the missing information. The show was an episode from the second season of *THRILLER* with Boris Karloff as host. The episode was called *THE HOLLOW WATCHER*. I did not see it when it first played (1961-1962), but Channel 9 in New York City ran the series in the 1970s, and that was when I saw it.

I always thought that *THRILLER* was an excellent show with many powerful and memorable episodes. Yet it is strange that whereas *THE OUTER LIMITS*, *THE TWILIGHT ZONE*, and *ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS* have had books written about them, can be seen on television, and are available on tape, *THRILLER* has vanished. Why? It is equal to these shows and should be with them.

In conclusion, *DR. SYN* (1937) was a British movie remade in 1962 by the Disney studio as *DR. SYN, ALIAS THE SCARECROW*. Neither film had anything to do with the *THRILLER* episode. *DR. SYN* (1937) was directed by Roy William Neill, who, besides directing *FRANKEN-*

4 SCARLET STREET

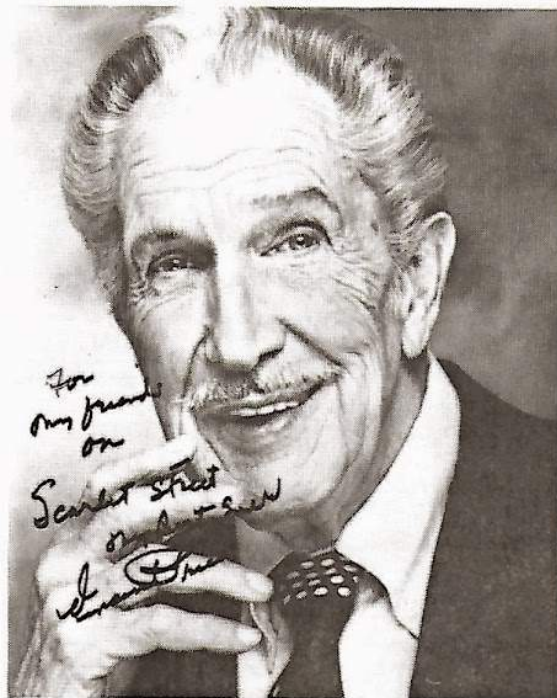
STEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN (1943) for Universal, also directed most of the Basil Rathbone/Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes films for the same studio. The 1962 remake, *DR. SYN, ALIAS THE SCARECROW*, starred Patrick McGeehan, who many will remember as Number 6 in *THE PRISONER*.

Robert Kaltz
Elmwood Park, NJ

I very much enjoyed the Fall 1991 issue of *Scarlet Street*. It is packed with fascinating material, not the least of which is John Brunas's admirable article on *THE RETURN OF DRACULA*. Norma Eberhardt, the leading lady in that film, is a close friend of mine and lives in a neighboring New Jersey community.

Incidentally, I am the author of many articles on film, as well as 11 books, the latest of which, *Hollywood Talks Turkey*,

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has been published by Faber and Faber. In 1992, McFarland and Company will bring out my 12th, *Forties Film Talk*.

I look forward to future issues of *Scarlet Street* (an excellent title for your publication, by the way).

Many thanks.
Doug McClelland
Bradley Beach, NJ

Thanks so much for the first issue of your splendid publication. I have listed the Sherlockian items in the third volume of my bibliography, *The Universal Sherlock Holmes*, and hope that this issue can be reprinted at a later date. It is refreshing to see such an informative and well-illustrated magazine that is devoted to the dramatizations of mysteries, and one that gives so much space to the Master Detective.

Keep up the good work!
Ronald B. De Waal
Salt Lake City, UT

Keep up the tremendous work with *Scarlet Street*! I've especially enjoyed your coverage of *DARK SHADOWS* and horror movies. I can't wait to read your interview with Patrick Macnee! I'd love to see another interview with Forrest J Ackerman and one with the great Robert Bloch. Thanks for a splendid magazine!

Jeffrey Dillard Thompson
Nashville, TN

Just picked up Issue #3 of *Scarlet Street*—great stuff! One thing: *MYSTERY*! just started to run *THE CASE-BOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*. Unfortunately, their advertisement states that it's a five-part series, yet your article says that six episodes were filmed in England.

What happened to the sixth episode? Why didn't *MYSTERY*! run it? Can you shed any light on the subject? Will the missing episode be available via MPI?

Robert Busch
New York, NY

Granada has filmed six episodes of *THE CASE-BOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*. The missing episode, *THE DISAPPEARANCE OF LADY FRANCES CARFAX*, has been held

back by the people at PBS, so that they may show it during the summer pledge week (most likely in August 1992).

For further information on this and all the other episodes of the CASE-BOOK, call the special number in the Fusion Video ad on page 16. Remember, tell them you saw it in Scarlet Street.

A friend of mine subscribes to *Scarlet Street* and telephoned, in great excitement, that there are several pages devoted to one of my old chestnuts RETURN OF DRACULA. A coincidence, about three weeks ago the *Asbury Park Press* Panorama page featured Draculas in their Sunday section and telephoned for quotes. Anyway, I've called around to locate who in this area sells your magazine; I'd like to get several copies of your Dracula edition.

Norma Eberhardt Dauphin
Oakhurst, NJ

Here's my two cents worth on what seems to be turning into a Cushing controversy.

All these comparisons of the different versions of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* are interesting, and indeed just about every version (with the possible exception of the 1972 TV remake) has its merits. The 1939 classic features Rathbone and Bruce at the top of their game and the best-looking hound. The Jeremy Brett version is the most faithful to the

novel. But let's take a closer look at Hammer's HOUND.

The question of whether Peter Bryan's screenplay is totally faithful to the novel is, frankly, irrelevant. Of all the versions ever made, Hammer's HOUND works best as a film. From James Bernard's usual pulse-pounding score to Bernard Robinson's splendid sets, the film emerges as by far the most exciting version of the story ever seen on screen.

My friend John McCarty notes in his book *The Modern Horror Film* that the 1959 HOUND belongs firmly in the Hammer mythos: "...Peter Bryan's transformation of the upper-class squire and his dupe of a sister (as in the book) to a tenant farmer and his accomplice daughter lends the film the same note of class conflict evident in other Hammer Gothic horror films." Everything that Hammer did was stylized in their own inimitable fashion, so I suppose that if one does not like Hammer's style, they will find their HOUND unsatisfying. But for those of us who do, there is much to delight in.

Now on to the Cushing/Brett controversy. I'm sure that if Brett were criticized for his portrayal of Holmes, you would jump in to defend him. It has nothing to do with being blind to an actor's faults; everyone is inclined to like or dislike certain actors or interpretations. Mind you, I don't think Brett needs any defending; his Holmes is by far the finest of this generation.

Every generation, however, has its own interpretation and I feel that Cushing was the finest Holmes on stage, screen, or TV in the 50s and 60s. True, there wasn't much competition, but he was one of the few actors to actually have been a student of Conan Doyle, he certainly looked the part and he invested the role with a highly neurotic eccentricity that made him seem like those Paget drawings come to life.

I don't feel that Cushing needs any defense either, but here goes anyway. I've corresponded with him off and on since 1966 and have interviewed him twice, so I feel that I know him better than the average person. I have seen Cushing in some

Continued on page 89

Write to Scarlet Letters

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You hold in your hands the First Anniversary Issue of *Scarlet Street: The Magazine of Mystery and Horror*. I wish to personally thank each and every one of you for making it possible. You folks who subscribe, and who have opted to continue your subscription for another year: three cheers! Ladies and gentlemen who prowl the book shops and pester the people at the counter about when the next issue is coming out: three more cheers! The distributors who have picked us up and sent us around the country and around the world: many more cheers!

Our circulation is up. Our name is pretty well known. People are talking about us. So, I have a question.

Why have you stopped writing? Surely you have a question or two of your own. Surely you have opinions about what we have written. As evidenced by *SCARLET LETTERS* this issue, the debate continues regarding the many versions of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Isn't there anything else to debate? Check out *UNIVERSAL VS HAMMER* in this issue. We ought to be able to get something going there. Please! Keep those cards and letters coming in!

And now, I need your indulgence for a moment. I wish to acknowledge a special group of people.

The unsung heroes of *Scarlet Street*, those not mentioned in the masthead or in any columns, are the people I speak to every day on the phone. The folks I refer to are those in the publicity departments at the TV and film studios. The people at the PR firms, all the photo department staffs: without them, dear reader, we would have little to offer you. So, thanks to...

Frank Goodman and Jim Byk, who send us all those wonderful Granada and *MYSTERY!* photos, as well as all the press details.

Bill Barron then, and now George Faber, and the ever-present Arigon Starr are the ones to thank for the Perry Mason goodies.

Sheila Morris! Let's say, "Thank you, Sheila!" for the Christopher Lee and Patrick Macnee interviews.

Freddie Hancock, who always has a minute to spare.

Roman, who always seems to find that one picture we need.

I can't name you all. There are, literally, hundreds of you. And after a year, you're probably sick of me. Can't you hear me? "I know I just called, but I forgot something..."

You're going to get even more sick of me, I'm afraid. It seems people are reading *Scarlet Street*. And well I remember the first time I called you all: "I'm sorry, but I'm not familiar with your publication." "I'm not surprised. We're brand new."

Not any more. I'd like to say something profound on this, our first anniversary, but I'm too excited. I'll only say thank you. Thank you for your help, and see you next issue.

Leslie

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by Professor Richard Kellogg

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The author also relates some fascinating correlations between the work of Sherlock Holmes and the research conducted by two famous psychologists, Sir Cyril Burt and Sir Francis Galton. He concluded that Sherlock Holmes possesses an understanding of psychology that was unparalleled in England during the Victorian Era.

Richard Kellogg received his doctorate in Educational Psychology from the University of Rochester (NY) in 1970. He teaches psychology at Alfred State College (State University of New York) in Alfred, New York.


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Our Scarlet Lady

by Scarlett O'Horror

Speakin', as I do, from a purely personal point of view, which is entirely my own, I think it's true. I mean to say, how can it not be true, when you consider the facts? Take, for example, the 1985 TV movie PERRY MASON RETURNS. There's Mr. Perry Mason, promoted or advanced or however it's done to a judgeship, and just what does he do when he hears the distressin' news that Miss Della Street, his former secretary, has been charged with the minor crime of murder? What does he do? Why, he hangs up his basic black judge costume, that's what he does, and comes a'runnin'. Now, if that's not love of the truest measure, why, I'm a live Yankee! No, sir, don't go tellin' me Mr. Perry Mason and Miss Della Street aren't an item, 'cause I don't believe it. I mean to say, I've held an occasional secretarial position myself. I mean to say, I've been there.

Anyway, let's not confuse the image with the actress, as they say in the show biz. It's my pleasant duty to dedicate this here first anniversary edition of *Scarlet Street* to Miss Barbara Hale, that warm, wonderful woman who's been playin' Della on and off since the year 1957. If Perry Mason provided the brains, Paul Drake the legs, Lieutenant Tragg the flat feet, and Hamilton Burger the—uh—the ham for author Erle Stanley Gardner's immortal enterprise, then surely Della, in the person of Miss Hale, provided the heart.

Here's to you, Our Scarlet Lady! I'm so happy you're still charmin' us and entertainin' us as the world's greatest secretary—only don't tell me there's nothin' goin' on between you and that lawyer. I mean to say, I know hanky-panky when I see it.



Barbara Hale

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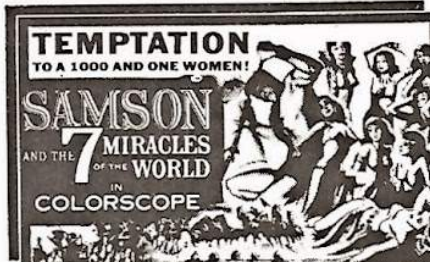


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THE BAT (1926) Jack Pickford, Louise Fazenda, Eddie Cribbon. One of the great silent horror films. A maniacal killer dressed in a weird, bat-like costume terrorizes a group of people in a shuddery, spooky old house riddled with secret passageways. The use of miniatures and the overall cinematography is stunning for its day. An officially 'lost' film for many years, this silent classic is now on video for the first time. From 35mm. \$T32

SAMSON AND THE 7 MIRACLES OF THE WORLD (1962) Gordon Scott, Yoko Tani. Considered by many to be one of the great sword and sandal pictures of the 1960s. Samson fights against a murdering horde of Tartar warriors while trying to save the life of a beautiful Chinese princess. A terrific climax in which Samson causes an earthquake while digging his way out of a mountain he was buried alive in. Great fun. Originally released here by A.L.P. In color. From 16mm. \$S59



AN ANGEL FOR SATAN (1968) Barbara Steele, Anthony Steffen. Barbara has a dual role in this excellent horror film about a woman possessed by the spirit of a statue. Her strong performance helps to enhance the dreamily melancholic atmosphere of the house and its grounds, overshadowed by the mysterious lake. This was Barbara's last major, Italian horror film. There have been a few really awful video copies of this floating around with low sound. Ours is the best by far. In Italian with no subtitles. BS09

CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS (1962) Don Megowan, Frances McCann, Erica Elliot. An entertaining sci-fi adventure about futuristic bigotry against a race of nearly perfect humanoids. This bizarre plot deals with a scientist who attempts to transfuse human blood into man-like robots with the hopes of making them fertile. Intelligent, thoughtful sci-fi that was way ahead of its time. Beautiful color. From 16mm. \$151

JOHN DICKSON CARR



THE BURNING COURT (1962) Nadja Tiller, Jean-Claude Brialy, Edith Scob. A strange film that deals with a number of weird subjects, including occultism, possession, family curses, etc. There's even a disappearing, reappearing body. An unusual, and very interesting foreign horror opus, dubbed into English. Based on a story by John Dickson Carr. From 16mm H162

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE DEADLY NECKLACE (1962) Christopher Lee, Santa Berger, Thorley Walters. It's Holmes and Watson against Moriarty once again as the evil doctor goes after a valuable necklace. This is a well polished German production that was put together by many of the principal folks from England's Hammer studios, including director Terence Fisher. From 16mm SH15

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THE TERROR (1938) Wilfred Lawson, Bernard Lee, Arthur Wontner. Try to find this one in your reference books. A rare British horror chiller from the pen of Edgar Wallace. A creepy, old guest-house holds the key to a hidden treasure that's surrounded by mystery, murder, and horror. Lee went on to play 'M' in the James Bond films of the 60s and 70s. H121



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Bernard Lee - Arthur Wontner
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BLOOD FIEND (1966 aka **THEATRE OF DEATH**) Christopher Lee, Julian Glover, Jenny Till. Are there vampires on the loose in Paris? The local police are stymied by a series of 'blood' related murders. The mystery seems to center around a Grand Guignol stage sensation, a beautiful young actress who seems to be in a hypnotic trance. Unquestionably one of Lee's better low budget shockers. From 16mm. H165



SWORD AND THE DRAGON (1956) Boris Andreyev, Natalie Medvedeva. A wonderful Russian fantasy. A legendary warrior, Ilya Mourometz leads a life of fantastic adventures. He fights to save his people from an assortment of horrible monsters including a 3-headed dragon, a wind demon, and other legendary creatures. One scene features a mountain of living men. From the director of **MAGIC VOYAGE OF SINBAD**. In color. From 16mm. \$557



ATOMIC SUBMARINE (1960) Dick Foran, Brett Halsey, Arthur Franz, Tom Conway, Bob Steele. A U.S. atomic sub heads for the north pole to investigate a series of oceanic disasters. There it discovers an underwater flying saucer piloted by an alien monster intent on conquering the world. This is another one of those lovable, black & white, drive-in schlockers. From 16mm. \$150

COOL KID ON A HOT CAR!



TEENAGE CRIME WAVE (1955) Tommy Cook, Mollie McCart, Sue England. Jail, catfights, murder, kidnapping, and much more are all shoved into this J.D. schlocker from Columbia Pictures. Former child star Cook plays a vicious hood in this teenage variation on the Bonnie and Clyde theme. From the folks that gave us **EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS** and **20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH**. Great fun. From 16mm. J518



GUNS DON'T ARGUE (1957) Myron Healey, Jim Davis, Richard Crane. If you liked **MA BARKER'S KILLER BROOD** you'll definitely want to see this schlocker about the rise and fall of America's most famous criminals. Dillinger is played by Healey. Crane plays Johnny Van Meter. Ma Barker is a little on the geeky side. Bonnie & Clyde, Pretty Boy Floyd, and Baby Face Nelson are also featured. Very entertaining with almost non stop action. From 16mm. M208



NIGHT THEY KILLED RASPUTIN (1962) John Drew Barrymore, Edmund Purdom, Gianna Canale. An atmospheric retelling of the rise and fall of Rasputin, who's seemingly supernatural powers made the czar into a hypnotic slave. Barrymore reprises the role his father played in **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**. A bizarre film. From 16mm. H163

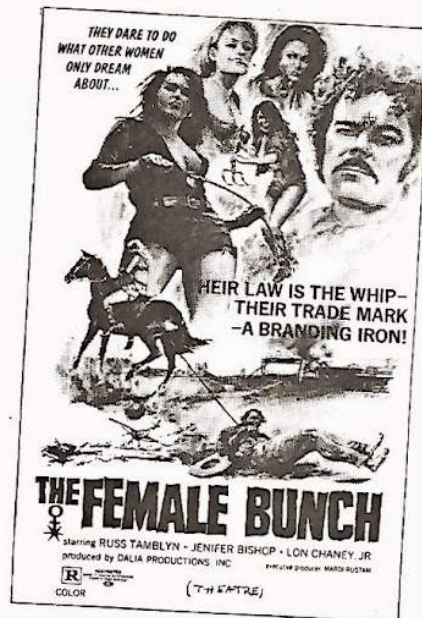
PLANETA BURG (1962) Vladimir Temellanov, Gennadi Vemov. A foreign sci-fi masterpiece! Cosmonauts land on Venus to find themselves in peril by various alien monstrosities. This appears to be the actual print that Roger Corman used to make parts of the negatives to **VOYAGE TO THE PREHISTORIC PLANET** and **VOYAGE TO THE PLANET OF PREHISTORIC WOMEN**, (the film cans are addressed to Roger). Visually stunning. In Russian, subtitled in English. From a beautiful 35mm print. \$156



SAMURAI (1945) Paul Fung, Luke Chan, David Chow. This is one of those awe-inspiring, mind boggling pieces of bad cinema that leaves your mouth hanging open in amazement. A hilarious spy-exploitation film about a Japanese orphan, raised in America, who turns traitor and helps plot the invasion of California. So sorry its unbelievable. Ed Wood would've loved it. From 16mm. SP01

GLADIATORS SEVEN (1962) Richard Harrison, Livio Lorenzon. An Italian gladiator epic with a dash of humor thrown in for good measure. Story concerns a Spartan warrior who leads a group of gladiators that have vowed to free Sparta from its Tyrant ruler. Lots of swordplay, arena thrills, and the usual rippling biceps. Originally released in the U.S. by MGM. In color. From 16mm. \$560

LOUNGE OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (1962) Tom Courtenay, Michael Redgrave. A critically acclaimed film. A young hoodlum ends up in reform school where it's discovered he has tremendous running ability. He's then groomed for a foot race by a local governor. During the race, a series of flashbacks reconstructs the young juvenile's life. Compelling performances by all in this superb, well scripted drama. Not your usual Sinister Cinema schlock. Outstanding! From 16mm. JS21



THE FEMALE BUNCH (1969) Lon Chaney, Russ Tamblyn, Regina Carol. Director Al Adamson decided to shoot this at the Charlie Manson ranch so he could get just the right atmosphere. Exploitation sleaze about a gang of man-hating women. Lon plays a drug pusher in his last released film. You just can't get much more low budget than this. Psychotronic from start to finish. From 35mm. X056

For more incredible new releases, go on to the next page ...

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SCIENCE FICTION

ROCKETSHIP (1936) Buster Crabbe, Jean Rogers, Charles Middleton. The first screen version about Flash Gordon and his adventures on the planet Mongo. Still great fun. Feature condensation from the classic serial. \$148

METEOR MONSTER (1957, aka **TEENAGE MONSTER**) Anne Gwynne, Gilbert Perkins, Gloria Costello. A teenage boy is exposed to weird radiation from a fallen meteor. He slowly transforms into a hairy, murdering monster. \$149

QUATERMASS 2 (1957) Brian Donlevy, Michael Ripper, Sidney James. One of the best British science fiction films ever made. A British moon rocket scientist discovers a secret factory being used by invading aliens as a central base in their plot to conquer the Earth. Outstanding! \$132

ATOMIC SUBMARINE (1960) Dick Foran, Brett Halsey, Arthur Franz, Tom Conway, Bob Steele. A U.S. atomic sub heads for the north pole to investigate a series of oceanic disasters. There it discovers an underwater flying saucer piloted by an alien monster intent on conquering the world. \$150

CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS (1962) Don Megowan, Frances McCann, Erica Elliot. A scientist attempts to transfuse human blood into man-like robots in the hopes of making them fertile. An entertaining sci-fi adventure about futuristic bigotry against a race of nearly perfect humanoids. \$151

THE FLESH EATERS (1962) Martin Kosleck, Byron Sanders, Rita Morry. COMPLETELY UNCUT. One of the great low budget shockers of all time. A mad, ex-Nazi scientist breeds a strain of flesh devouring bacteria on a desert island, using shipwrecked Americans as his guinea pigs. An incredible climax. Color sequence intact. Not to be missed! \$152

INVISIBLE DR. MABUSE (1962 aka **THE INVISIBLE HORROR**) Lex Barker, Karin Dor, Wolfgang Preiss. This could very well be the best of the German Mabuse films of the 60s. Our Maniacal doctor is plotting against humanity once again, this time armed with a formula for invisibility. \$153

INVASION OF THE ANIMAL PEOPLE (1962) John Carradine, Robert Burton, Barbara Wilson. A re-release of one of our old standards that was accidentally left out of the catalog last year. Aliens land in Lapland and deposit a giant, furry monster that creates havoc with the local natives. \$154

TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE (1962 aka **TERROR OF THE MAD DOCTOR**) Gert Frobe, Wolfgang Preiss, Senia Berger. A well done remake of Lang's 1933 classic. The head of an asylum is controlled by the spirit of the dead, evil genius, Dr. Mabuse who had hypnotized him. \$155

PLANETA BURG (1962) Vladimir Temeljanov, Gennadi Vernov. A foreign sci-fi masterpiece! Cosmonauts land on Venus to find themselves in peril by various alien monstrosities. In Russian, subtitled in English. \$156

PLANET OF BLOOD (1966) Basil Rathbone, John Saxon, Dennis Hopper, Florence Marly. An expedition to Mars finds a crashed alien space ship. They bring back the only survivor, a green skinned, glowing eyed, bloodsucking, female alien who preys on the crew members. Color. \$157

2 SHIVER-AND-SHudder SPINE TINGLERS!
SEE THE TERROR! FEEL THE SHOCK! LIVE THE HORROR!
CHEERON PICTURES PRESENTS
BLOOD SUCKERS
COLOR... PLUS 2nd THRILLER-CHILLER!
BLOOD THIRST
GP

HORROR

THE BAT (1926) Jack Pickford, Louise Fazenda, Eddie Cribbon. One of the great silent horror films. A maniacal killer dressed in a weird, bat-like costume terrorized a group of people in a shuddery, spooky old house riddled with secret passageways. \$T32

Her body was her membership card in
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
THE HELL FIRE CLUB
starring
Keith Michell Kai Fischer
Adrienne Corri Peter Arne
and
Peter Cushing an Embassy Pictures release

THE TERROR (1938) Wilfred Lawson, Bernard Lee, Arthur Wontner. A rare British horror chiller from the pen of Edgar Wallace. A creepy, old guest-house holds the key to a hidden treasure. \$121

THE BURNING COURT (1962) Nadja Tiller, Jean-Claude Brinly, Edith Scob. A strange film about occultism, possession, family curses, etc. There's even a disappearing, reappearing body. \$162

NIGHT THEY KILLED RASPUTIN (1962) John Drew Barrymore, Edmund Purdom, Glenna Canale. An atmospheric retelling of the rise and fall of Rasputin, who's seemingly supernatural powers made the czar into a hypnotic slave. \$163

BRING ME THE VAMPIRE (1964) Maria San Martin, Hector Godoy. A group of people are summoned to 'Black Castle' in the hopes of inheriting a fortune. While there, they're confronted by various, vampiric horrors. \$164

BLOOD THIRST (1965) Robert Winston, Yvonne Nielson. An obscure monster movie about a strange woman who retains youth via ritual killings and weird experiments. \$164

BLOOD FIEND (1966 aka **THEATRE OF DEATH**) Christopher Lee, Julian Glover. Are there vampires loose? Paris police are mystified by a series of 'blood' related murders. \$165

VAMPIRE PEOPLE (1966 aka **THE BLOOD DRINKERS**) Ronald Remy, Ed Fernandez. A mad nobleman and his vampiric helpers terrify a small town until the villagers turn against them. An eerie combination of color and sepia tones. \$166

AN ANGEL FOR SATAN (1966) Barbara Steele, Anthony Steffen. Barbara has a dual role in this excellent horror film about a woman possessed by the spirit of a statue. In Italian, no subtitles. \$169

TRACK OF THE VAMPIRE (1966) William Campbell, Sandra Knight, Jonathan Haze, Marissa Mathes. A Roger Corman production about a mad artist who believes he's the reincarnation of his vampiric ancestor. He dips his victims into molten wax, then paints them. \$167

CIRCUS OF FEAR (1966) Christopher Lee, Klaus Kinski. A well done British horror dealing with a series of bizarre circus killings that Scotland Yard is hard pressed to solve. \$168

THE BLOOD SUCKERS (1971) Peter Cushing, Patrick Macnee. Vampires are running rampant on the Greek island of Hydra. A must for Cushing fans. \$169

SWORD AND SANDAL

SWORD AND THE DRAGON (1956) Boris Andrejev, Natalie Medvedeva. A wonderful Russian fantasy. A legendary warrior fights to save his people from an assortment of horrible monsters including a 3-headed dragon. \$557

THE HELLFIRE CLUB (in color!) (1961) Peter Cushing, Keith Mitchell, Adrienne Cori. Exciting action with plenty of sword play as a forgotten British noble returns to claim his title and finds himself pitted against the infamous 'Hellfire Club'. \$558

SAMSON AND THE 7 MIRACLES OF THE WORLD (1962) Gordon Scott, Yoko Tani. Considered by many to be one of the great sword and sandal pictures. Samson fights against the Tartars while trying to save a Chinese princess. \$559

GLADIATORS SEVEN (1962) Richard Harrison, Livio Lorenzon. A Spartan warrior leads a group of gladiators who have vowed to free Sparta from its Tyrant ruler. Lots of swordplay. \$560

GUNS OF THE BLACK WITCH (1962) Don Megowan, Silvana Pampanini. Two boys escape from Spanish tyranny. Later they join up with pirates and set out for vengeance. \$561

SWORD OF EL CID (1962) Roland Carey, Sandro Moretti. An adventure thriller about two counts who face the wrath of the Cid because of brutality to his daughters. \$562

SILENT THRILLS

THE RAVEN (1915) Henry B. Walthall, Warda Howard. Based on the life of Edgar Allan Poe with many strange dream and fantasy elements thrown in for good measure. \$T28

MARK OF ZORRO (1920) Douglas Fairbanks, Noah Beery. An absolute classic. Zorro harasses the Spanish invaders and carves his initials whenever he strikes. This made Fairbanks a star. \$T29

DR. MABUSE, GAMBLER (1922) Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Gertrude Welcker. Director Fritz Lang weaves a Baroque tale about the master criminal Mabuse, who gambles with lives and fate. Masterful. \$T11

THIEF OF BAGDAD (1924) Douglas Fairbanks, Anna May Wong. A beautifully shot silent masterpiece. Doug goes on a magic quest filled with danger and adventure. Knockout sets by W. Cameron Menzies. A classic. \$T30

AELITA (1924, aka **REVOLT OF THE ROBOTS**) Yulia Sointseva, Nikolai Batalov. A group of Earthmen arrive on Mars to find a fantastic civilization in this classic Russian space epic. Original Russian version with no English title cards. \$T31

THE BAT (1926) Jack Pickford, Louise Fazenda, Eddie Cribbon. One of the great silent horror films. A maniacal killer dressed in a weird, bat-like costume terrorized a group of people in a shuddery, spooky old house riddled with secret passageways. \$T32

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Wild! Wanton! Wild!
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EXPLOITATION

EXPLOITATION MINI-CLASSICS, VOL. TWO. Another hilarious compilation of exploitation shorts guaranteed to induce yucks. "How to Hold a Husband," "Senior Prom," "Goddie Locks Goes Glamorous," and several others are featured. X057

BABES OF BURLESQUE, VOL. ONE. No real nudity here, but lots of G-strings and pasties are featured in this collection of burlesque dancing featurettes. X046

BABES OF BURLESQUE, VOL. TWO. More classic burlesque soundies from the 30s and 40s. X047

BABES OF BURLESQUE, VOL. THREE. Lots more of those skimpy clad big, bad, burlesque babes. X048

BABES OF BURLESQUE, VOL. FOUR. More of those hefty hoopers dancing there way into your hearts. X049

WRESTLING SWEAT BABES, VOL. ONE. This tape will leave you in hysterics. Two Amos n' Andy imitators do the play by play in these old, female wrestling films from the 50s. Also featured are clips of Gloria Venus and the Golden Ruby from their Mexican wrestling films. X050

WRESTLING SWEAT BABES, VOL. TWO. More clips of Gloria and Ruby together with more of those hilarious female wrestling shorts hosted by Amos n' Andy imitators. X051

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THE FLESH MERCHANT (1955) Joy Reynolds, Guy Manford, Geri Moffatt. Young girls are led into a life of shame by organized vice lords. "A true story that rocked the nation!" This movie's hysterical. From Don Sonney. A.K.A. Wild and Wicked. X052

NAKED IN THE NIGHT (1958) Eva Bartok, Alexander Kerst. Just what you've always wanted to see, a dubbed into English German exploitation quickie about the evils of loose women. Won't they ever learn. X053

MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN (1965) Chuck Scott, Adam Sorg. Who would've ever thought Herschell Gordon Lewis would direct a rip-roarin' hillbilly exploitation movie. Feuds, stiffs, and lots of cornball excitement. A real yuckster. X054

THE FEMALE BUNCH (1969) Lon Chaney, Russ Tamblyn, Regina Carol. Shot at the Manson ranch for atmosphere. Exploitation sleaze about a gang of man-hating women. Lon plays a drug pusher. X056

JUVENILE SCHLOCK

TEENAGE CRIME WAVE (1955) Tommy Cook, Mollie McCart, Sue England. Jail, calligths, murder, kidnapping, and much more are all shoved into this J.D. schlocker from Columbia Pictures. Great fun. JS18

The "WAY OUT" GUYS and the "MAKE OUT" GALS!

Robert Hutton
Carol Ohmart

WILD YOUTH

WILD YOUTH (1961) Robert Arthur, Robert Hutton, Carol Ohmart. An interesting J.D. opus about a wild pack of kids that fight over a doll filled with heroin. Ohmart plays a drug addict-gun moll. JS19

WILD ONES ON WHEELS (1962) Francine York, Robert Blair, Ray Dennis Steckler. A sportscar gang murders an ex-con and forces his wife to locate \$240,000 he had buried in the desert. JS20

LONLINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (1962) Tom Courtenay, Michael Redgrave. A critically acclaimed film. A young hoodlum ends up in reform school where it's discovered he has tremendous running ability. He's then groomed for races by a local governor. Outstanding! JS21

MYSTERY-SUSPENSE-FILM NOIR

MOTORCYCLE SQUAD (1937) Kane Richmond, Wynne Gibson. Grade "B" thrills as a policeman is dishonorably discharged so he can get "inside" a gang of crooks. M209

SEA RACKETEERS (1937) Weldon Heyburn, Jeanne Madden. Two buddies break up a gang of ruthless fur smugglers. M024

I TAKE THIS OATH (1940, aka **ROOKIE COP**) Gordon Jones. The first film released under the PRC banner, (changed from POC). A young policeman seeks to avenge his father's death. M201

EMERGENCY LANDING (1941, aka **ROBOT PILOT**) Forest Tucker, Carol Hughes. Early PRC aviation thriller with Forest as the hero. M122



CLUB HAVANNA (1945) Tom Neal, Margaret Lindsay. This Edgar G. Ulmer effort revolves around the lives of the people who come into the Club Havana finding love and death. Kind of a PRC version of **GRAND HOTEL**. A must for all Ulmer fans. M202

DETOUR (1945) Tom Neal, Ann Savage. A film noir classic. A down on his luck musician thumbs a ride that leads him to scandal and death. Savage is priceless. M062

HUE AND CRY (1947) Alastair Sim, Valerie White. Well done British thriller about a shy mystery writer who gets involved with boys playing hide and seek with real crooks. M068

DEAR MURDERER (1947) Eric Portman, Greta Gynt, Dennis Price, Maxwell Reed, Hazel Court. Big name British cast sparkles in this fine thriller about a jealous husband who tries to commit the "perfect crime" when he murders his wife's lover. M203

OPEN SECRET (1948) John Ireland, Jane Randolph, Sheldon Leonard. A young couple thwarts the attempts of a gang of hoodlums to wage an anti-semitic campaign. Nifty film noir. M204

TOO LATE FOR TEARS (1949, aka **KILLER BAIT**) Elizabeth Scott, Don DeLoe, Arthur Kennedy. Great film noir about a greedy woman's involvement with gangsters, blackmail, and murder. M149

WAGES OF FEAR (1952) Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Peter Van Eyck. A marvelous adventure thriller about four men involved in the long distance driving of trucks filled with nitroglycerine. Part English, part French with English subtitles. M205

STOLEN IDENTITY (1953) Francis Lederer, Turhan Bey, Joan Camden. A mystery thriller involving a Viennese taxi driver who impersonates an American visitor in order to aid the escape of his friends wife. Enjoyable and well done. M206

NORMAN CONQUEST (1953 aka **PARK PLAZA** 605) Tom Conway, Eva Bartok, Joy Shelton. Conway plays little character in this British mystery that finds him pitted against a Nazi baron who's involved with gem smuggling. M207

PROFILE (1954) John Bentley, Kathleen Byron. Good grade "B" thriller involving a husband, his two-timing wife, and murder. M111

GUNS DON'T ARGUE (1957) Myron Healey, Jim Davis, Richard Crane. If you liked MA BARKER'S KILLER BROOD you'll definitely want to see this schlocker about the lives of famous criminals. Dillinger, Ma Barker, Bonnie & Clyde, many others. M208

SHERLOCK HOLMES

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE DEADLY NECKLACE (1962) Christopher Lee, Santa Berger, Thorley Walters. It's Holmes and Watson against Moriarty once again as the evil doctor goes after a valuable necklace. SH15

SCTV

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT (1952) Brian Donlevy. vol. 6, "The Atomic Mine" & "Pat and Mike" TV57

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT (1952) Brian Donlevy. vol. 15, "The Displaced Person" & "Italian Movie Story" TV58

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT (1952) Brian Donlevy. vol. 16, "Perfect Alibi" & "Paris Sinner" TV59

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT (1952) Brian Donlevy. vol. 17, "Assignment with Destiny" & "Civil War Map Story" TV60



EDGAR WALLACE

THE TERROR (1938) Wilfred Lawson, Bernard Lee, Arthur Wontner. A creepy old house is the setting in this British chiller about a hunt for hidden treasure. H121

THE STRANGE COUNTESS (1961) Joachim Fuchsberger, Brigitte Grothum. A girl is almost murdered, but no explainable motive can be found until a 20 year old murder is uncovered. EW01

DOOR WITH THE SEVEN LOCKS (1962) Klaus Kinski, Heinz Drach, Ady Berber. A remake of **CHAMBER OF HORRORS** (1940). It features murder, a torture chamber, and a treasure vault. EW02

SECRET OF THE BLACK TRUNK (1962) Joachim Hansen, Santa Berger, Peter Carsten. The chilling tale of a series of grisly murders at a famed English Hotel. Filmed in Great Britain. EW03

THE BLACK ABBOT (1963) Joachim Fuchsberger, Grit Boltcher. A black-hooded figure is seen disappearing into a ruined Abbey tower. The mystery leads to a mysterious castle filled with terror. EW04

THE SQUEAKER (1965) Heinz Drache, Eddie Rutting. The nameless shadow of "the squeaker" follows the lives of three horrified people who are to be his next victims. EW05

SPY THRILLERS

SAMURAI (1945) Paul Fung, Luke Chan. A hilarious spy-exploitation film about a Japanese orphan, raised in America, who turns traitor and helps plot the invasion of California. SP01

YOUR TURN DARLING (1963) Eddie Constantine. In this French espionage thriller Eddie once again plays the role that made him a star, Lemmy Caution. Lots of two fistled action. SP02

LICENSE TO KILL (1964) Eddie Constantine, Daphne Dayle. Agent Nick Carter is called in when enemy agents attempt to steal a new secret weapon. SP03

IT MEANS THAT TO ME (1963) Eddie Constantine, Jean-Louis Richard, Rosita. Eddie (complete with trench coat) plays a down on his luck reporter who's set up on espionage charges by the government, then hired to transport top secret micro-film. SP04

THERE GOES BARDER (1964) Eddie Constantine, May Britt. Eddie plays a sleazy con-man who's hired by a shady ship owner to be a security agent. SP05

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (FOX, 1939)

From France 63" x 94" \$7000.

AFTER THE THIN MAN (MGM, 1936)

22" x 28" \$3000.

THE BIG SLEEP (WB 1946)

14" x 36" R-54 \$200.
22" x 28" A \$750.
14" x 33" Belg \$450.
14" x 36" \$750.

CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU (FOX, 1938)

11" x 14" TC \$125.
11" x 14" LC#2, #4 \$75.
11" x 14" LC#3, #5, #7, #8 \$60.

CHINATOWN (PAR, 1974)

11" x 14" TC, LC #2LC#5, LC#6 ea. \$18.50
11" x 14" LC#3 \$4.
11" x 14" LC#4 \$5.
22" x 28", 14" x 36" ea. \$200.
23" x 33" GERM \$400.
27" x 41" \$250.
13" x 30" AUST \$100.
14" x 22" BELG \$85.
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DICK TRACY MEETS GRUESOME (RKO, 1947)

41" x 81" \$600.
27" x 41" \$300.

DRESSED TO KILL (UNIVERSAL, 1946)

11" x 14" LC#6, LC#4 ea. \$125
11" x 14" LC#5, LC#7 ea. \$20.
22" x 28" \$750.

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY (AVCO EMBAS, 1975)

27" x 41" \$60.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (UA, 1959)

41" x 81" \$350.
14" x 36" \$175.
27" x 41" \$225.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (FOX, 1939)

22" x 28" \$5,500.
27" x 41" \$9,500.

HOUSE OF FEAR (UNIV, 1944)

27" x 41" \$750.
22" x 28" \$650.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (WB, 1933)

14" x 22" \$50.

KISS ME DEADLY (UA, 1955)

11" x 14" LC#2 \$15.
11" x 14" LC#3, LC#4, LC#8 ea. \$35.
11" x 14" LC#5, LC#6, LC#7 ea. \$45.
22" x 28", 14" x 36" ea. \$150.
41" x 81" 3-5 \$350.
14" x 22" \$95.
27" x 41" \$175.

THE LONG GOODBYE (UA, 1973)

14" x 36", 27" x 41" ea. \$95.

THE MALTESE FALCON (WB, 1941)

11" x 14" LC#2 \$1,500.
20" x 36" VIDE \$150.
11" x 14" TC \$2,500.

MURDER OVER NEW YORK (FOX, 1940)

11" x 14" TC \$125.
11" x 14" LC#2, LC#3, LC#4 ea. \$75.
11" x 14" LC#5, LC#6, LC#7 ea. \$60.
11" x 14" LC#8 \$15.

MURDER, MY SWEET (RKO, 1944)

11" x 14" LC#2, LC#3, LC#4 ea. \$95.
22" x 28", 14" x 36" ea. \$650.

THE PEARL OF DEATH (UNIVERSAL, 1944)

41" x 81" \$950.
27" x 41" \$750.
14" x 36" \$500.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (UA, 1970)

27" x 41" \$30.

PURSUIT TO ALGIERS (UNIV, 1945)

27" x 41" \$750.
11" x 14" LC#6, LC#7, LC#8 ea. \$125.
11" x 14" LC#3 \$20.

THE SAINT TAKES OVER (RKO, 1940)

11" x 14" LC#3, LC#4, LC#5 ea. \$65.
27" x 41" \$500.

THE SCARLET CLAW (UNIVERSAL, 1944)

22" x 28" \$700.

SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN (MGM, 1941)

11" x 14" LC#2, LC#3 ea. \$125.
14" x 36" \$500.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE DEADLY NECKLACE (1962)

47" x 63" FREN \$300.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SPIDER WOMAN (UNIV, 1944)

22" x 28" \$650.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR (UNIV, 1942)

22" x 28" \$750.

SONG OF THE THIN MAN (MGM, 1947)

11" x 14" LC#4 \$75.
19" x 59" \$750.

T-MEN (EAGLE-LION, 1948)

27" x 41" \$225.

TERROR BY NIGHT (UNIVERSAL, 1946)

22" x 28" \$450.

THE THIN MAN GOES HOME (MGM, 1944)

27" x 41" \$750.

THE THIN MAN (MGM, 1934)

LC SET OF 8 \$60.

V.I. WARSHAWSKI (HOLLYWD, 1991)

27" x 41" \$20.

THE WOMAN IN GREEN (UNIV, 1945)

14" x 36" \$525.
11" x 14" \$325.

FILM NOIR 1992 CALENDAR

This distinctive twelve-month 1992 calendar features two full-color Film Noir/Detective one-sheet movie posters per month. The calendar is printed on beautiful glossy paper and is 12" x 12" in size when closed. The price is \$9.95 plus \$5. shipping (California residents please add 8.25% sales tax).



Ordering Instructions:

Please add \$5.00 for UPS delivery, handling and insurance; \$6.00 if the order is for 2 or more items, or if the value exceeds \$399. California residents only, kindly add 8.25% sales tax. Cashier's checks and bank drafts preferred; money orders and personal checks take 8 working days to clear. NO CANADIAN DOLLARS ACCEPTED. For general information or to reserve item(s), call (415) 776-9988. For Visa, Mastercard, Diners Club, Carte Blanche, or JCB purchases only, phone (415) 776-5270. We are open Monday thru Saturday, 11 AM until 6 PM (Pacific Time).

Frankly Scarlet



We've all seen, and doubtless struggled with, bottles and jars labelled "child resistant". Certainly they serve a useful and humane purpose; since their creation the number of children who've accidentally offed themselves has, I'm sure, decreased dramatically. A child simply can't open those tricky containers.

Unfortunately, neither can the rest of us. Nowadays, to take an aspirin you have to be Houdini. To sip some cough syrup, you have to be an expert in the ancient art of the Chinese puzzle box. "True," you say, "but it's a small price to pay to ensure a child's safety." I agree. I'm all for it. Besides, I'm one of the lucky ones who can open the damn things!

It's another story, though, when adults are asked to attend movies, watch TV, or read books and magazines designed with the thought that "kids might be watching or reading" uppermost in mind. Recently I spoke with Jeremy Paul, who's penned some of the best episodes of Granada Television's Sherlock Holmes series. Discussing Sherlock's habits, good and

bad, I was surprised to learn that the Great Detective's cocaine use had been phased out when the powers-that-be discovered that they had, in Mr. Paul's words, "a surprising number of fans who are under 12". Taken to an admittedly extreme—though logical—conclusion, this means that anything potentially disturbing to a child might be axed from the program. This means that adults might be denied adult fare because it frightens the kiddies.

In Granada's defense, let me point out that even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle eventually played down Holmes' cocaine addiction. Furthermore, Granada's recent acid-tossing, vengeance-seeking CASEBOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES was obviously crafted with adults in mind, as was Jeremy Paul's script, with its emphasis on Victorian sex scandals, for THE MASTER BLACKMAILER.

Still, times haven't changed much from those good ol' repressive 1950s. In this issue's Jack Larson interview, we learn that Bob Maxwell, who produced the first 26 episodes of THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN, was fired when his shows were deemed too violent for kids. (The end result: many SUPERMAN fans prefer Maxwell's shows to everything that followed.) While the Senate Judiciary Committee on Juvenile Delinquency was putting the comics industry out of business and sending the SUPERMAN people into a panic, the House Un-American Activities Committee was destroying more than a few careers (as Barbara Hale reminds us in her interview this issue).

These days, it's not so much our government telling us what to watch, read, and think as it is "Moms and Dads Not Our Own". Anxious to shield their progeny, these pod-parents are calling the shots for the rest of us, too. And they're doing it the easy way—not by exercising authority within their own home, but by endeavoring to make the "offensive" material virtually non-existent.

I propose a new definition of "child resistant" in regard to the entertainment media. Simply put, a movie or TV show that's "child resistant" is one that doesn't limit its scope in order to render itself acceptable viewing for children. Now, that's not the same as posting a "no kids allowed" sign, not at all. If kids want to read *Scarlet Street*, for instance, and their folks have no objections, that's fine, but we're not going to write down to the level of our youngest readers; that's a disservice to the rest of you lurking out there. Let's have more—not less—films, books, and magazines that are aimed at, not children, but adults. Let's remind the powers-that-be that, by making 12-year-olds their target viewers, they may end by losing all the aged 13-year-olds in the audience.

Richard Valley



Gutman: By gad, sir, it's the stuff dreams are made of...

Brigid: He's lying, Sam!

Spade: I know he is, angel. The stuff dreams are made of isn't the black bird; it's *Scarlet Street: The Magazine of Mystery and Horror*. It's got Sherlock Holmes and Philip Marlowe and Nick Charles and that society dame wife of his. Lots of other stuff, too. It's good, angel; it's really good.

Gutman: By gad, sir, you are a character!

Cairo: You imbecile! You bloated idiot! You...you stupid fathead!

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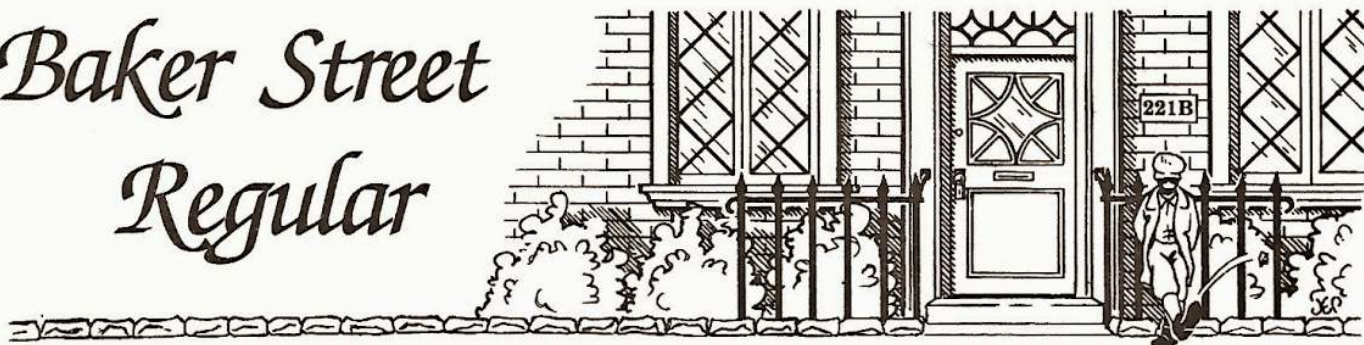
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Baker Street Regular



Scarlet Street stretched all the way to Baker Street this past August when we met stars Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke at a London rehearsal for Granada Television's new Sherlock Holmes film, **THE MASTER BLACKMAILER**. Never heard of it, you say? (And if that is what you say, well, you haven't been reading recent issues of this magazine.) Let's clue you in. **THE MASTER BLACKMAILER** is a special two-hour edition of **THE CASE-BOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**, based on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's short story "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton" and adapted by last issue's interviewee, Jeremy Paul. It's scheduled to air in England in January 1992 and, with any luck, we won't have to wait too terribly long for it to reach our shores. In the meantime, Mr. Brett and Mr. Hardwicke have a few things to say about **THE MASTER BLACKMAILER**, and a lot to say about Sherlock Holmes episodes past and—the game's afoot—future!

Interviews by
Jim Knüsch

JEREMY BRETT

Scarlet Street: Has your approach to playing Sherlock Holmes changed over the years?

JB: Yes, lots, insofar as I had to learn how to play him. Not that I've learned yet. But when I first started I was incredibly nervous about getting it wrong, and I've relaxed a little bit.

SS: You've been playing Sherlock Holmes for nine years, now...

JB: I started in '83 and I think I've learned a few things. Not many, but a few.

SS: We presume you were aware of the stories and had formed an image in your mind of Sherlock Holmes?

JB: Well, I was very fortunate, because it was offered in '82 and then it was cancelled. I went off to Canada to play Prospero in **THE TEMPEST** and when I'd finished that I had the Canon. So I had plenty of time to read. I'd read it when I was at school at University, but not as a part to play. So, by the time Granada came back to me again, I was ready. I'm still aiming at the same thing, which is to get it right. It's much better read than actually seen.

SS: Have you a favorite episode from the TV series?

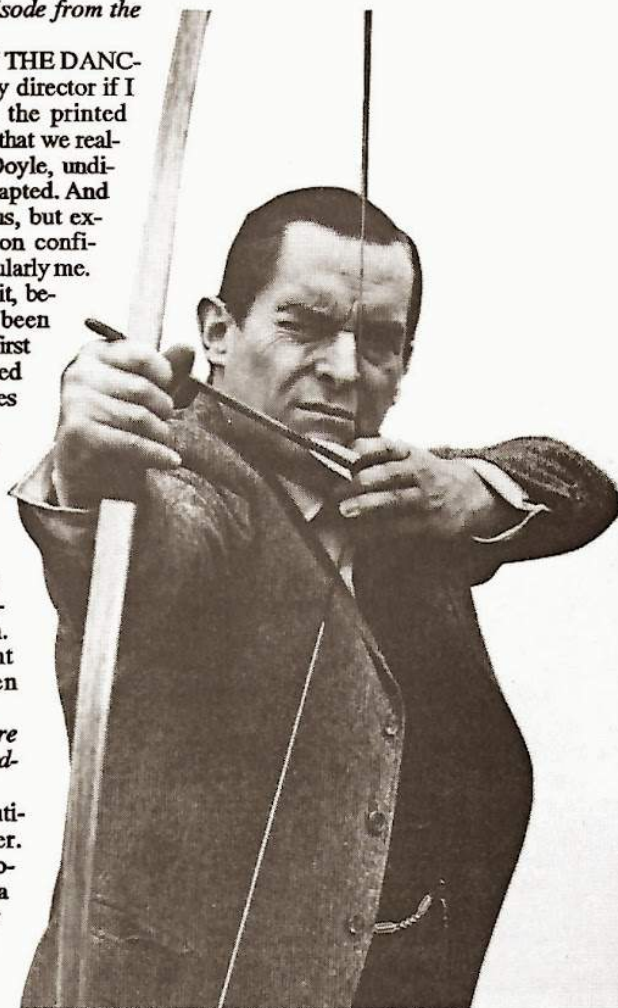
JB: I think the beginning of **THE DANCING MEN**, when I asked my director if I could actually lift it from the printed page. That was the first time that we realized we actually could do Doyle, undiluted. In that case, even unadapted. And that was exciting. Dangerous, but exciting. We were very low on confidence when we started, particularly me. Nobody really wanted to do it, because everyone said, "It's been done." It was only after the first year and a half when we started to sell, I think, to 35 countries that we began to take heart.

SS: So this one particular episode struck a chord?

JB: I began to think, "My gosh, I might be able to play this part." The production standards, thanks to Granada Studios, have always been very, very high. And I've had two brilliant Watsons, which has been wonderful for me.

SS: How would you compare David Burke and Edward Hardwicke as your two Watsons?

JB: Well, they've very beautifully dovetailed each other. Quite remarkably, some people in Japan and now Russia have written saying how brilliant it was, the aging of Watson between **THE FINAL PROBLEM** and **THE**





ABOVE: American audiences were treated, in November 1991, to five episodes of *THE CASE-BOOK OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*. Another episode will air in August 1992. PRECEDING PAGE: Jeremy Brett hits the bulls-eye in Granada's celebrated Sherlock Holmes series. Photo from *THE PROBLEM OF THOR BRIDGE*.

EMPTY HOUSE. So, fortunately, thanks to the enormous tact of both of them—and David Burke's wife, who suggested Edward to take over—I've been very, very fortunate. You must remember the whole project was created by Michael Cox at Granada, to put posterity straight in regard to Watson. Thanks to those two marvelous actors, David Burke and Edward Hardwicke, it's been done.

SS: Did your playing of Sherlock Holmes alter with the change in Watsons?

JB: Oh, yes, very much.

SS: You're one of the few actors to play both Holmes and Watson. What was your approach to the character of the doctor?

JB: Well, I was fortunate, being the son of a soldier. I have some military blood in my veins, I suppose. I played him with enormous enthusiasm and devotion to Holmes. With enormous respect, although I got quite angry and upset—very upset—when Holmes abused himself. I would kill for him. Would kill for him. That's how I played Watson.

SS: Are there any predecessors in either role that you particularly admire?

JB: I suppose my favorite one is James Mason; that's my favorite Watson. I guess

my favorite Holmes will be Rathbone forever. He seems to me to be the Paget drawings on the move—not having seen William Gillette, of course. (Laughs)

SS: Have you ever seen Eille Norwood as Holmes?

JB: No, I haven't. I did start to see a few films before we started shooting, and I actually stopped because I got so overwhelmed and fearful. I thought, "I really shouldn't be playing this part at all." So I stopped.

SS: Which was the most difficult episode to film?

JB: Probably *THE BLUE CARBUNCLE*. That Sidney Paget drawing is so marvelous, with Holmes lying sideways on the sofa. I had to actually be in that position for about a day and a half, so that I could very nearly not stand up straight at the end of it.

SS: So it was physically, and not mentally, taxing?

JB: It was an undiluted piece of brilliant deduction. And one so invariably gets it wrong. I remember thinking that was a particularly tough film.

SS: Why did you decide to come back to Holmes with *THE MASTER BLACK-MAILER*, which is based on "The Adven-

ture of Charles Augustus Milverton"?

JB: Oh, I rang up about March and said I was prepared to finish the Canon as long as they gave me gaps and took care of me.

SS: We'd heard you were going to do three more...

JB: No, we're finishing the Canon.

SS: The entire Canon?

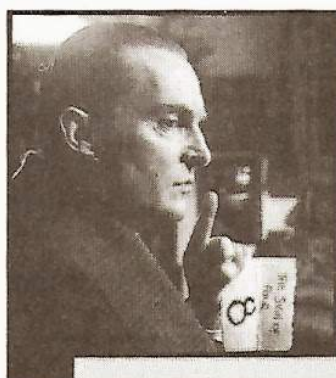
JB: Last March, I girded my loins and asked Granada what they'd say if I was willing to do it. They said, "You are our most successful series; you have our blessing." So I then rang a very important person called Edward Hardwicke—we're joined at the hip—and asked if he'd come with me and the answer was yes. So we decided to go for the gold.

SS: That's wonderful, but some of the short stories don't seem to lend themselves to screen adaptation.

JB: They need a little help, yes, but we're getting better at that. We're kind of doing it in the Doylean way. For instance, "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton" is one of his shortest stories. We've just completed a two-hour movie, and I think Dame Jean Conan Doyle read it and

Continued on page 17

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Two Sidney Paget illustrations for "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle", the Sherlock Holmes story that Jeremy Brett found most difficult to film.



she's thrilled. I think we can do it if we're careful, but it's going to need a little work.

SS: As a matter of fact, we read it, too. Jeremy Paul sent us a copy of his script.

JB: He did!

SS: Yes.

JB: Were you pleased?

SS: Very pleased. It was wonderful.

JB: What about Holmes being kissed when he becomes engaged to Milverton's maid, Agnes?

SS: We think it all works beautifully.

JB: Well, I mean she kisses me. I don't do anything. (Laughs)

SS: You've stated that you want the episodes to stay as faithful to the stories as possible.

JB: That's true.

SS: How is that possible with THE MASTER BLACKMAILER, which was, as you said, a short story and has been given a two-hour format?

JB: Blackmail seems to take that long. Luckily, Jeremy Paul, who did the play THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES for me, which I commissioned in 1987, has done a fine job. The book is there, but it comes at the end.

SS: Is there still a possibility that you might be bringing the play to the U.S.A.?

JB: Yes, in '94.

SS: Any remarks about your other co-stars? Rosalie Williams and, on occasion, Colin Jeavons?

JB: Well, my Lestrade, my darling Colin who's with me in this, and my darling Rosalie who's with me in THE MASTER BLACKMAILER—I mean, we've become a family over the years. Every time Rosalie or Colin are in it I rejoice.

SS: Have you been disappointed in any particular episode?

JB: No. I haven't been too particularly thrilled, either. I think that maybe when you seek perfection you can't do anything else but fail. I like little bits and pieces of me: 10 minutes, maybe, out of 32 hours. I'm not very good at looking at myself. I like it when I'm not speaking. What I can't believe is when I'm speaking. Sometimes when I'm doing physical things, I think, "Well, that's not bad." But I never feel like Holmes when I speak. I do when I'm doing

it, but not when I see it.

SS: George Bernard Shaw based Henry Higgins on Sherlock Holmes. Have you any desire to play Higgins?

JB: No. I've just been offered Higgins.

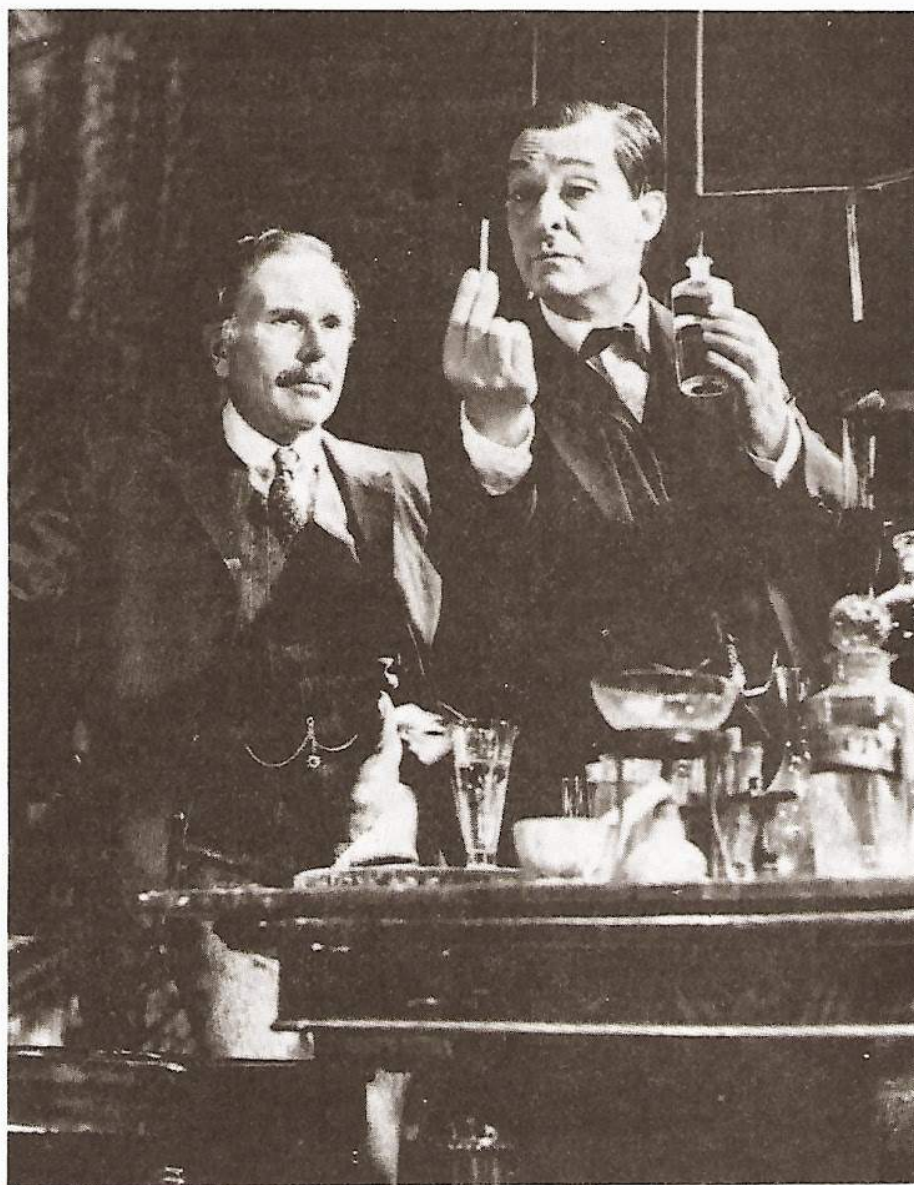
SS: Really? Perhaps there's a connection between them.

JB: No, they're just two isolated men. I don't think there's any connection, really.

SS: Your immediate plans are...

JB: To complete this, have a gap, and then we'll see. They've promised me I can have gaps. I think they're preparing three already for next year. And a further three, later, and we'll see how far we can go.

SS: Thank you so much.



Edward Hardwicke and Jeremy Brett spent a year in London and on tour in Jeremy Paul's play THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

EDWARD HARDWICKE

Scarlet Street: You come from an acting family. Were you encouraged to become an actor? Or discouraged?

Edward Hardwicke: Well, they were very neutral about it. I think they were quite pleased in a way. When I started it wasn't like today, when it's become such a fashion for acting families to continue. That certainly wasn't the case when I started.

SS: Your father, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, once played Sherlock Holmes on radio, didn't he?

EH: Yes, he did. I didn't even know that until a couple of years ago. Somebody sent me a tape that they'd somehow managed to get. I don't know how they got it, but I didn't realize he had done that.

SS: Was it difficult to step into David Burke's shoes as Watson?

EH: In my mind it was difficult. It was made very easy by Granada and particularly by Jeremy and the team, the regular team of people who were putting the program on. They couldn't have been more helpful. Of course, there is a sort of physical image of these two characters. You think of Holmes in the black coat and Watson tends to have the bowler hat and the moustache, so in a sense you had all the guidelines, which helped.

SS: What episode did you film first?

EH: THE ABBEY GRANGE, which was directed by Peter Hammond, who's doing THE MASTER BLACKMAILER. That was the first one I did with them.

SS: Do you see your Watson as being different from those of your predecessors?

EH: Well, inevitably it's different, because you're dealing with different actors. I think when you're dealing in film, you have to play very close to yourself. I don't mean to say that I'm remotely like Watson; I couldn't be a doctor to save my life. (Laughs) That's a funny way of putting it.

SS: Not many people think of Dr. Watson as a professional man.

EH: Well, I do; that's a very important part of him. Being a detective is very much like being a doctor. Somebody comes to you in pain and says, "What's wrong with me?" and you have to tell them. I think there's a huge similarity, and this analytical side of Holmes' detection appeals to Watson.

SS: Do you find yourself mimicking any previous Watsons?

EH: Not at all; no. I remember once, in the National Theatre with Laurence Olivier, when I took over a part in a play, Olivier's advice was, "Pinch any bit of business that you like. I always have done that." And I think that's part of the theatre tradition. The tradition of English acting is based on the observation of other actors, rather than people; I think it's a kind of house style, if you like.

SS: Have you a favorite episode?



Sherlock Holmes points out a clue or two on a watch willed to Dr. Watson by an errant brother. From the play *THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*.

EH: No. There are two ways of looking at anything you do on film. The actual circumstances in which you film it—that is to say the cast, and whether you get on with them, whether you have friends, and the conditions in which the film is made—and the actual stories. If you read the stories I suppose one inevitably goes to the famous ones, which I was not involved in, like THE SPECKLED BAND. Of the ones we've done, one is colored always by the circumstances in which they were filmed. I've enjoyed a lot of them, hugely; I mean, there've been a number of great friends who've played parts, and that's given it a kind of enjoyment which is very special.

SS: Is there any episode that didn't come off quite as you wanted it?

EH: Well, I think it would be impossible to say that any of them came off quite as I wanted them. That's difficult, again. I'm not dodging the question, but you have personal disappointments in things that you feel you would have liked to achieve in a particular episode. This is always true of acting; it's one of the penalties of seeing things on film. I always avoid going to the rushes. Jeremy likes to do it, but I think that every actor has a different way of approaching these things. I don't go because I find I'm always disappointed; I think I've done something and something quite different appears, but it may be the difference that's the interesting thing about what you do. To go back to the question: yes, there are lots of moments when I've felt I haven't done what was in my head to do, and that's always a disappointment.

SS: What's your opinion of Granada's *HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*, in which you had more screen time than Jeremy Brett?

EH: Well, that's the nature of the story. The great thing is that Holmes lurks men-

acingly, if you like to put it that way, throughout the whole story. Although you don't see him, one has the suspicion that he's around, which of course he is.

SS: What's your overall opinion of *THE HOUND*?

EH: I think that's a great story. I suppose, if one had to be pinned to a wall, that's the story that people most associate with Sherlock Holmes. It's a terrific story. Very difficult to put on film; I don't think we succeeded entirely with that one, but then I don't think you can. You're up against peoples' imaginations. You're dealing with a book, and people read it and every person who reads it has his own idea, so you're competing with millions of different versions of the same thing. You can't hope to please everybody.

SS: Did you play Watson differently on stage in *THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* than you play him on film?

EH: Not consciously; I think you work the material you're provided with, really. The play was an interesting idea, and dealt very much with the relationship between the two men, and what happened when Holmes disappeared and the effect it had on Watson. And to that extent you play that. You pick up a script; you read it; you see how you can make that work.

SS: It's different, of course, in that you played to an audience.

EH: Well, there's a technical difference in the presentation. I firmly believe that if something is truthful, then it works either on film or stage, and it's simply a question of whether you project that truth to the back row of the stalls.

SS: In television, a weak performance can be made to look better through editing and vice versa.

EH: Oh, sure, sure.

SS: A powerful performance can be diluted by the way it's presented on the screen.

EH: Yes, that's absolutely right. You are, in the theatre, your own master. Nobody is pulling the strings.

SS: If Jeremy Brett is willing to continue with the series, are you?

EH: Well, at the moment, I don't know what will happen. We're doing this particular one. We thought—this was sort of a surprise, and a delightful one—we thought we'd finished. And then they decided to do this two-hour special, which we are enjoying enormously. Beyond that, I really don't know.

SS: We'd heard that they're preparing at least three more.

EH: They've got to settle the question of television licenses with companies and such.

SS: One of the nice things about the series is the rapport that Watson has with Inspector Lestrade, particularly in *THE EMPTY HOUSE* and *THE SIX NAPOLEONS*. Did you work this out with Colin Jeavons or was it part of the script?

EH: Well, it's very nice that you should have picked that up. It never occurred to me. I think that, if it's there, it was in the script and we must have just found that and that's what happened. I think that probably is the case; certainly in *THE EMPTY HOUSE*, I remember we had quite a few scenes. In the end it's a question of whether you have scenes together; a relationship will develop of some sort.



Photo by Jim Knisch

Edward Hardwicke confers with director Peter Hammond as rehearsals begin for *THE MASTER BLACKMAILER*.

SS: What, besides *THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, have you been doing in the theatre lately?

EH: I've done a little directing over the last couple of years, which I've enjoyed, hugely. I would love to go back to do

something in the theatre, some farce or some comic stuff, which is my particular favorite. Beyond doing *THE MASTER BLACKMAILER* I have no particular plans of any sort.



NEWS

BITE

Director Brian De Palma has returned to his film-thriller roots with *RAISING CAIN*, his latest feature, which started shooting last October.

RAISING CAIN deals with a child psychologist, played by John Lithgow, who kidnaps his own daughter for mysterious motives and then plots to frame his wife's ex-lover for the crime. Lolita Davidovich, last seen in *BLAZE*, stars as Lithgow's wife, and Steven Bauer portrays her former lover.

Producing the film is Gale Anne Hurd, whose past film credits include the two *TERMINATOR* movies as well as HBO's H.P. Lovecraft inspired *CAST A DEADLY SPELL*. *RAISING CAIN*, which will be released by Universal, is De Palma's first project since the ill-fated *BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES*. Lithgow is a De Palma veteran, having appeared in 1981's *BLOW OUT* with John Travolta.

—Sean Farrell

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MYSTERY!

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Beginning January 23rd and running through February 6th, MYSTERY! presents Granada Television's PRIME SUSPECT. There will be three episodes, the first a two-hour presentation.

A small London flat reveals the body of a murdered prostitute. At an all-male drinking club, a police inspector is called upon to lead the investigation. Back at headquarters, another inspector (Helen Mirren) is readily available, but, being a woman, she is passed over in favor of the gent. She is certain that sexual discrimination is the problem. Through a fluke, however, Chief Detective Inspector Jane Tennison ultimately finds herself in charge of the case. Among her male colleagues is Sergeant Bill Otley (played by Tom Bell), who, along with some others, requests her removal from the case, while ably obstructing her at every turn.

During all this, the prime suspect, George Marlow (John Bowe) is discovered. While final proof for conviction is being sought, another body is found, and the possibility of a serial killer becomes very real. Marlow's live-in lover is portrayed by Zoe Wanamaker.

MYSTERY! fans will welcome the return of Helen Mirren, who was last seen three seasons ago in CAUSE CELEBRE. Among Ms. Mirren's other roles is Cleopatra, whom she played for the second time five years ago with the Royal Shakespeare Company. She views both Jane Tennison and the Queen of the Nile as "extremely directed, ambitious, talented and very uncompromising, frustrated by the way her sex is a barrier." When aired in England, the series created quite a stir, with viewers around the country calling each other to compare notes. Ms. Mirren feels that the feminist angle makes her role "very important". The central theme was front-page news here in the States following the prime-time coverage of Professor Anita Hill's accusations against Supreme Court nom-

inee Clarence Thomas. Mirren finds the interesting part of those hearings to be "the female response to it, which has been extremely strong and makes you realize how many women in business and in professional life experience harassment of one form or another."

MYSTERY! also brings back some old friends for their 12th season. Series II of Poirot premieres February 13 with THE KIDNAPPED PRIME MINISTER. THE ADVENTURE OF THE WESTERN STAR and HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW? complete the February line-up. The eight-episode series continues through April 2nd with THE PLYMOUTH EXPRESS, THE TRAGEDY AT MARSDON MANOR, THE MILLION DOLLAR BOND MYSTERY, THE DOUBLE CLUE, and WASPS' NEST. Inspector Morse returns in his fifth series with three two-part stories, beginning April 9 and 16 with MASONIC MYSTERIES. DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION will air on the 23rd and 30th. On May 7th and 14th THE SINS OF THE FATHERS, this season's final episodes, will be shown.

Sounds like we have an exciting spring in store for us. MYSTERY! airs at 9PM EST.

—Jessie Lilley



Courtesy of Edward Gorey/Mystery!

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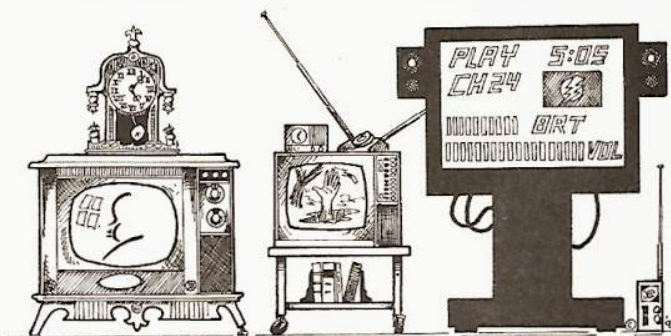
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Small Screen Line-Up

Scarlet Viewers will be pleased to know that Nero Wolf creator Rex Stout will be coming to the small screen. **DOL BONNER**, an NBC TV movie based on Stout's novel, *Hand in the Glove*, deals with a pair of women who run a private detective agency during the Second World War. Crystal Bernard of **WINGS** stars as Dol, with Annabeth Gish as her partner, Sylvia Raffray. Roy Thinnes, late of **DARK SHADOWS**, co-stars, along with Dan Castellaneta, better known as the voice of Homer Simpson. Polly Bergen, Heather McAdam, and Rob Estes round out the cast. Bruce Murkoff, whose credits include **SPENSER FOR HIRE**, adapted Stout's book, and Bradford May directs. Diane and Mel Sokolow are executive producers. Look for **DOL** this season.



Rex Stout's **DOL BONNER**.



Also keep a lookout for **DARK JUSTICE**, an action-adventure series about a Superior Court judge who adopts a secret identity to ensure that criminals who go free on technicalities are brought to justice. Romy Zada stars as the crusading judge, Nicholas Marshall, with Clayton Prince as Jericho Gibbs. Created by executive producer Jeff Freilich, **DARK JUSTICE** is already in its second season on CBS, Friday nights at 11:30PM ET/PT.

Speaking of CBS, Scarlet Viewers should know that they're offering a slew (no pun intended) of late-night crime dramas. Look for **SWEATING BULLETS** on Mondays; **URBAN ANGEL** on Tuesdays; **SCENE OF THE CRIME** on Wednesdays; and **SILK STALKINGS** on Thursdays. All begin at 11:30PM ET/PT. They're a nice alternative to the gab-fests usually on at that hour.

Then there's **STREET JUSTICE**, starring Carl Weathers, known to many as Apollo Creed in the **ROCKY** movies. Weathers plays a tough cop in the big city. (Is there any other kind?) Bryan Genesse, Charlene Fernetz, and Leam Blackwood also star. **STREET JUSTICE** is syndicated, so get out your magnifying glass and check the local listings.

—Sean Farrell

BAT BEAT

After making \$251 million in the U.S. alone, 1989's **BATMAN** has become the sixth-highest-grossing picture in film history. So here comes the sequel: **BATMAN RETURNS**. (Does this mean that he's been away from Gotham City for a time? Perhaps on vacation?) Michael Keaton returns, too, as the Dark Knight, along with Michael Gough (as Alfred, the butler) and Pat Hingle (as Police Commissioner James Gordon). Although he's uncredited in the press release, Billy Dee Williams is purportedly scheduled to make a brief appearance as District Attorney Harvey Dent.

There was talk that Jack Nicholson would return as the Joker, but since Gotham City Public Works is still scraping him off the pavement after his fall from the church in the first film, the villain will be none other than Danny DeVito as the Penguin (a rare case of perfect casting).

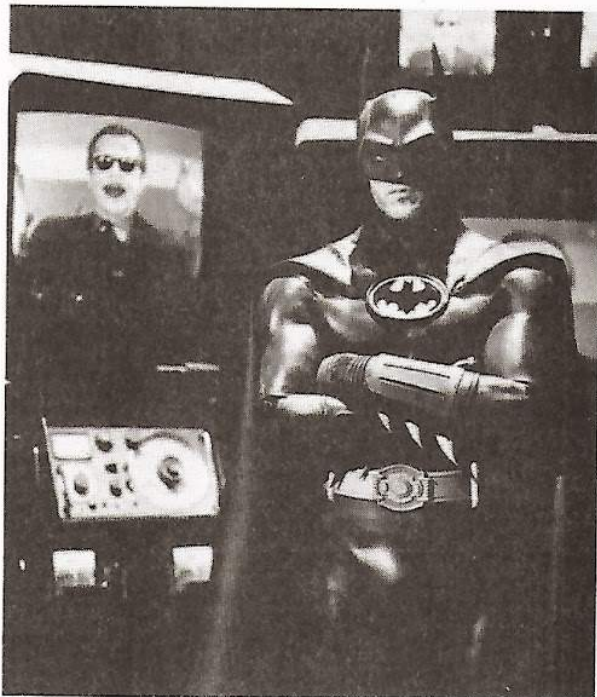
Clever Warner Brothers originally released word that an actor who'd appeared with DeVito in **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST** (1975) had been added to the cast of **BATMAN RETURNS**; not unnaturally, this sparked the rumor that Nicholson would be back as the Clown Prince of Crime. The flame of speculation quickly fizzled, however, when it was announced that Vincent Schiavelli, also a **CUCKOO'S NEST** alumnus, would play a character called Organ Grinder.

But that's not all: Catwoman will also be stalking the streets of Gotham. Annette Bening originally had the role, but dropped out when she discovered that she was pregnant. Sean Young wanted the part so badly she pranced onto Joan Rivers' talk show in a leather Catwoman get-up. It didn't help, because director Tim Burton quickly cast Michelle Pfeiffer. (Young was almost cast in the original **BATMAN** as Vicki Vale, but was replaced by Kim

Basinger. Better luck with **BATMAN III**, Sean.)

Then there's the riddle of the Riddler. For some time, it was hinted that Robin Williams would take on the role of the Prince of Puzzlers, presumably because Warners felt that three villainous stars were required to offset the loss of Nicholson. Then the story died, only to be revitalized when comic book specialty shops spread word that the Riddler figured heavily in Warners' merchandising campaign. "No," claimed studio executives, "the character will not appear in **BATMAN RETURNS**"—and again the story died. Next, Burton came to the aid of beleaguered Pee Wee Herman, caught trying to grow hair on his palms by a Florida police force with nothing better (or more dangerous) to do with its time. Burton, who got his big break directing **PEE WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE** in 1985, cast Herman in the new Batfilm. Once again, rumor had it that the Riddler was in **BATMAN RETURNS**, and that Pee Wee Herman would play him. (Actually, the thin, balding, manic star would have been more physically suited to the part than the previously-mentioned Williams.) Alas, we soon learned that Herman would not appear as Edward "the Riddler" Nigma, but was scheduled to play the Penguin's dear ol' dad.

Anyway, with Pengy and Selina (Catwoman) Kyle set, Burton went on a Robin hunt. Yes, Batman was finally going to get his faithful sidekick in the sequel—but would he wear the original Robin costume or the new Robo-Robin design that Burton helped to create for the comics? More important, who was going to play the Boy Wonder? Winona Ryder turned down the part. (After working with her in **BEEBLEJUICE** and **EDWARD SCISSORHANDS**, Burton apparently thought she could play anything.) Finally, Warner Brothers confirmed that



Batman, yes...

Marlon Wayans, 19-year-old brother of **IN LIVING COLOR**'s Keenan Ivory Wayans, would be in the movie as a character called The Kid. Nobody said The Kid was going to be Robin, but that was what everybody assumed.

Then *New York* magazine announced that Batman wouldn't have a sidekick after all. According to an unnamed source in *New York's* article, Wayans had been set to play "the role of a young teenage boy who helps Batman. Everyone thought this part was Robin... people fixated on Marlon because there was no other actor in the movie that people could think would be Robin." (This glosses over the fact that, according to our own unnamed source, the original draft of the Batscript included a character identified as The Kid, who was revealed, midway through the story, to be named Dick Grayson. Sounds like Robin to us...)

And so, sidekick-less, Batman will have to take on the Penguin and Catwoman single-handedly. He will be vastly outnumbered: *People* magazine reports that Danny DeVito's fowl fiend will be followed around by 400 live penguins! Fear not, animal activists, for although each penguin carries on its back a special cardboard harness—"similar to what actor Bill Campbell wore in **THE ROCKETEER**"



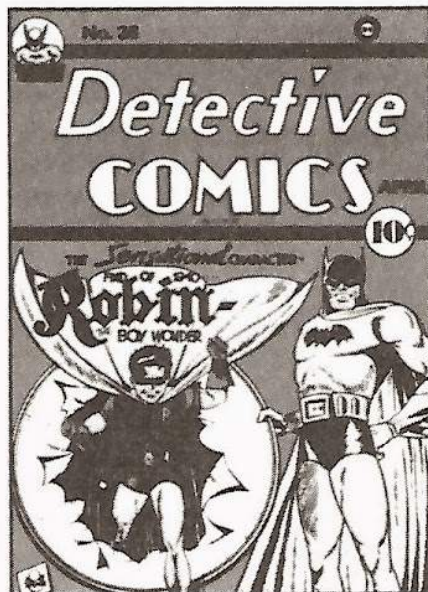
...but the Joker, no.

RIGHT: Robin the Boy Wonder made his comic book debut 'way back in Detective # 38, but he's having a tough time breaking into the new Batman film series. **FAR RIGHT:** These days, Robin is big business in comics. Here's the new Boy Wonder (Tim Drake, following in the wake of Dick Grayson and the late Jason Todd) in his latest miniseries, in which he comes up against the Joker.

we are told—the American Humane Association made sure that the harnesses were not too tight, and that the penguins had their own air-conditioned trailer. They must have some agent. . . .

In any event, the rest of the cast includes Christopher Walken, who—the press release assures us—is an Oscar winner; the underrated Michael Murphy; Jan Hooks, who recently joined the cast of television's **DESIGNING WOMEN**; Cristi Conway, last seen in **DOC HOLLYWOOD** (1991); Steve Witting, from TV's **THE HOGAN FAMILY**, no less; and Andrew Bryniarsky, who would probably rather not let anybody know that he was in **HUDSON HAWK** (1991).

Kim Basinger will not be returning as Vicki Vale—though the character was in Sam Hamm's first-draft screenplay—nor is there any mention of Robert Wuhl, who did so little to enliven **BATMAN**. **BATMAN RETURNS** began shooting in



Los Angeles on September 3, 1991, for a Summer 1992 release. The production team includes such **BATMAN** veterans as costume designer Robert Ringwood and composer Danny Elfman. Jon Peters, Peter Guber, and Michael Uslan are also back as executive producers. Tim Burton directs, of course, and the new, revised, Robinless (and now, it seems, Kidless) script is by Dan Waters.

—Sean Farrell and Drew Sullivan



Editor's note: It was reported as we went to press that Anton Furst, Oscar-winning set designer for the first **Bat**-film, had committed suicide by jumping from a six-story building. Furst, who also designed the film's Batmobile, had been under care for drug and alcohol abuse.

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The Zach Pack is Back

You may not be aware of it, but many of those seemingly "lost" schlock horror movies made on shoestring budgets are alive and well on the Movie Channel in the form of a program called JOE BOB BRIGGS' DRIVE-IN MOVIE. The show, which originates in Dallas, runs films of lesser (or non-existent) quality, with such titles as *POSED FOR MURDER*, *THE KILLER*, *YUM YUM GIRLS*, and *BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW*. Some are little more than home-movie efforts shot on Super-8mm film in suburban neighborhoods.

The less said about Joe Bob's film fare the better, but he did manage to corral four late-night horror personalities for his HORROR HOSTS HALL OF FAME festival, which ran, one host a week, last October. Zacherley, Elvira, John Stanley, and the great Ghoulardi shared hosting honors, each host more or less re-creating his or her infamous act as originally performed on TV stations around the country from the 50s to the present.



LEFT to RIGHT: Joe Bob Briggs; John Stanley; John Zacherley; and Elvira, Mistress of the Dark. SEATED: Ernie "Ghoulardi" Anderson.

Zacherley graced the first installment with his familiar amoeba experiments, always a staple of his old shows and surprisingly, after so many repetitions, still funny. This time he turned up more "ingredients" than usual floating around inside his one-celled friend, including a heart, two eggs ("It's a female! Roosters don't lay eggs, my boy!"), and what looked like a strip of bacon, which Zach identified as the creature's stomach. Zacherley, alias John Zacherle, was the best-known of the 50s horror hosts, and I'm happy to report that he's still in top form.

Elvira, host for the final installment of the month, began her macabre career at KHJ-TV in Los Angeles in 1981, and has since amassed a huge following. Joe Bob had been promising all month that she would bring along her "two enormous talents", which, combined with the rest of her act, seem to guarantee that her popularity is in no danger of sagging. Asked if she attracts any strange fans, Elvira revealed, "A lot of the 'Metallica' crowd.

Guys in prison and uniforms love me." After discussing her line of merchandise, which includes pinball games, makeup, horror-film videos, and pillowcases, the sexy scream siren exclaimed with an air of mock surprise, "I'm bigger than Madonna!" A master of improvisation, Elvira gave Joe Bob a run for his money, turning him several shades of red during the interview and providing more than a few laughs.

The middle two weeks were devoted to two lesser-known figures, very popular within their local spheres, but not nationally infamous. The great Ghoulardi, played by actor Ernie Anderson, has also been an ABC announcer known as the "voice of the LOVE BOAT". Ghoulardi was born in 1963 at WJW-TV in Cleveland. A cross between Maynard G. Krebs and the Devil, he often kidded a Polish suburban area called Parma, resulting in local pressure that led to the program's demise in 1966. Lines like "Turn blue!" and "Tonight's movie has holes in it only the Swiss could love" showed his sarcastic edge.

With his close-cut hair and glasses, John Stanley, popular in San Francisco in the late 70s and early 80s, gives the impression of being a high-school librarian who happens to like horror movies. It should be noted, however, that he is the only one of the four who has any real knowledge of the films, having written *Revenge of the Creatures Movie Guide*, which lists over 5000 titles. According to Stanley, his aim has been "to bring authentic criticism to the world of genre film releases": eloquent, to say the least. A more low-key approach to horror-film hosting would be hard to find. Seeing some of this madness again makes one wish that local TV stations would wake up and rediscover the fun of the late-night fright-fests we all knew and loved. All in all, the presence of these "local legends" of horror made October a memorable month at the DRIVE-IN MOVIE.

—Richard Scrivani

UNIVERSAL



vs HAMMER FILMS

Grab your fiery torches!!! There's rioting in the street—Scarlet Street, that is—when Michael Brunas, co-author of *Universal Horrors*, and Tom Johnson, co-author of the forthcoming *The Films of Peter Cushing*, take sides in that age-old debate of horror movie fans: Which studio was best, Universal or Hammer?

UNIVERSAL by Michael Brunas

1991 marked the 60th anniversary of, if not the first Universal horror movie, the first in what was to become the official Universal monster cycle of the sound era. The film, of course, was that creakiest of horror classics, *DRACULA*. An uninterrupted orgy of terror by 1931 standards, it's seen today as screen horror at its most sedate: a missed opportunity at best, a mannered, insufferably talky drawing-room chiller at worst.

There can be no denying that Bela Lugosi wove an almost-tangible hypnotic spell in those more innocent days when a movie audience could be stirred by the romantic posturings of David Manners and (gasp!) Helen Chandler, the film's token romantic leads. *DRACULA* steadfastly maintains a slippery grasp on its classic status while its actual merits continue to be debated. Despite the many critical lumps the picture has endured, no one has ever questioned its his-

Continued on page 26

HAMMER by Tom Johnson

Fans of practically anything seem to have the rather pointless need to take opposing sides: Hank Aaron vs Willie Mays, Raymond Chandler vs Dashiell Hammett, Universal vs Hammer. In the matter of the two studios' horror films, even supporters of Universal have their Karloff vs Lugosi spats, and Hammer fans prattle on about Cushing vs Lee.

Since the Universal/Hammer debate is ultimately a matter of taste (or lack thereof), this argument will probably convince no one not already in the Hammer camp, but one never knows...

Poor Hammer. Universal was first. Universal had Karloff and Whale. Universal had style, the best writers, "beloved" supporting players, critical acclaim...Universal, Universal, Universal. Let's take a look at these and other oft-repeated clichés and see where we stand.

Continued on page 30

UNIVERSAL

Continued from previous page

toric importance or its fantastically spooky opening scenes of Renfield's twilight visit to Dracula's mountaintop castle. No one, that is, except writer David Skal, whose recent book, the fascinating *Hollywood Gothic* (W.W. Norton & Co., 1991), charges that even these much-admired scenes aren't all that good. Talk about spoilsports!

The DRACULA controversy is being overshadowed by an increasing skepticism toward the artistic worth of the entire Universal horror canon. It's been so long since Boris Karloff's Frankenstein Monster or Lon Chaney, Jr.'s Wolf Man has actually frightened anyone that fans are starting to wonder if these films are still classics, or even if they were any good in the first place. And who is leading this debate? Not the splatter-happy *Fangoria* crowd, whose earliest movie memory is HALLOWEEN (1978); no, the would-be bursters of the Universal balloon continue to be fans of the Hammer horror movies of the late 50s.

Depending on your sensibilities, Hammer either takes the credit for bringing a new sophistication and rich, sumptuous Technicolor palette to shopworn horror bromides, or is deserving of scorn for splashing globs of gore and sex on the genre. In his book, *Splatter Movies* (FantaCo., 1981), John McCarty even goes so far as to give Hammer the dubious honor of initiating the gory sub-genre with 1957's THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. My own feeling is that the studio has probably taken a bum rap on the blood-and-sex issue and that only the most lily-livered of viewers or those who haven't seen a Hammer movie in 30 years still regard them as being excessively violent.

The Hammer horror factory closed its doors to feature-film production almost 20 years ago; the Universal cycle officially ended when the studio merged with International Pictures in 1946. But the controversy over which studio actually produced a superior product continues

a teapot, this; tackled every ably the best Baltimore's side dutifully presenting points, and

to rage. No mere tempest in the subject is gleefully year at what is prob-horror-film convention, FANEX, with each exchanging barbs, arguments, scoring raising each other's blood pressure before the matter is put to rest.

Make no mistake about it, I do like Hammer movies. I was recently asked to participate in a soon-to-be-published poll of the best horror, science fiction, and fantasy films of the 50s, and several Hammer titles were among my choices. Still, I consider myself firmly entrenched in the Universal camp. Both studios made their share of junk; Universal ultimately petered out with its dreary Ape Woman series and Rondo Hatton vehicles; Hammer hit bottom with karate movies and soft-core pornographic travesties. Nevertheless, the surest way to test the mettle of both studios is to compare their best pictures side by side. In such a contest, Universal wins hands down.

Though DRACULA continues to take potshots from even dyed-in-the-wool Universal buffs (and I insist that for all its flaws, it remains a pretty good movie), the artistry of the cream of the Universal shockers continues to impress. If anything, the reputations of Edgar Ulmer's THE BLACK CAT (1934) and Karl Freund's THE MUMMY (1932) rest on ground more solid than ever; but Universal's strongest hand remains the quartet of horror films directed by James Whale: FRANKENSTEIN (1931), THE OLD DARK HOUSE (1932), THE INVISIBLE MAN (1933), and BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935). It is doubtful if Hammer ever made anything that nears, let alone matches, them.

Invariably, when it comes to genre features, we sentimentalize our own childhood favorites, making it hard to critique them objectively. But it's a far less difficult call to judge the purely technical merits of a movie, and it seems to me eminently fair to evoke some basic critical guidelines of film craftsmanship as being almost iron-clad.

It's perfectly all right to prefer a Hammer movie to, say, THE BLACK CAT, but did any Hammer director demonstrate such inventive use of the camera, better editing, or more impressive lighting than director Ulmer did during the Black Mass sequence at the end of the film? HORROR OF DRACULA (1958) is usually cited as the best Hammer movie, and it certainly is one of my favorites, but strictly on the basis of entertainment. Surely Dracula never seemed as unstoppable, as indestructible as in Christopher Lee's characterization. With Dracula grimly baring his blood-soaked fangs, stomping through the luxurious corridors of his immaculately upholstered castle, the Bram Stoker story never enjoyed such a visceral, full-throttle treatment. Technically, though, it was a mostly unremarkable movie—certainly quite professional, but not outstanding filmmaking in any real sense. Hammer fans hail Terence Fisher as the studio's premier director and HORROR OF DRACULA as his masterpiece, but could it hold a candle to BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN? On the level of pure craftsmanship, there wasn't anything in Fisher's work remotely comparable to James Whale's dazzling pyrotechnics on display in the "creation of the Bride" sequence. As with THE BLACK CAT's Black Mass, it was perhaps a self-conscious attempt to create a real show-stopping scene, but Whale pulled it off with genuine imagination and style. I suspect that Whale showed more mastery of his medium in this single 10-minute scene than Fisher showed in his 25-year-plus career.

I've asked more than one Fisher fan to point out a single scene in which the director showed any sense of visual style, in which he used the camera in a really creative way, in which he actually showed himself to be a truly accomplished technician. I've yet to hear a credible example, and I'm inclined to think, judging from the lack of individuality of almost all Hammer directors, that the style of these movies was determined not by the directors, but

LEFT: Sir Cedric Hardwicke sees nothing to worry about in 1940's THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS.



© 1939 Universal Pictures Company, Inc.



TOP LEFT: *The Monster* (Boris Karloff) survived the burning mill to reappear—somewhat the worse for wear—in *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935). **TOP RIGHT:** *The Wolf Man* (Lon Chaney, Jr.) was but one of five featured creatures in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1944). Here the love-struck lycanthrope makes time with Elena Verdugo. **BOTTOM LEFT:** Chaney stepped into Bela Lugosi's cape to put the bite on Louise Albritton in *SON OF DRACULA* (1943). **BOTTOM RIGHT:** *THE MUMMY* (1932) first came to life in the capable—albeit bandaged—hands of Karloff the Uncanny.

by the front office. This was very much the case at Universal after its founder and president Carl Laemmle left, when the studio was bought out in the mid-30s. The successors of Whale, Ulmer, Tod Browning, et al. were nothing more than faceless contract directors who ushered in the post-classic Universal period, grinding out one routine programmer after another. As difficult as it is to differentiate between the Universal hack directors of the 40s, it is nearly as impossible to distinguish between Hammer directors even during its glory days. Terence Fisher continues to be cited as the best Hammer director, but is this because his work was superior to the rest, or simply because he directed more pictures than colleagues Roy Ward Baker, Freddie Francis, etc.? One suspects the latter. I've found from experience that the best way to stop Hammer fans in their tracks is simply to ask how, for example, *KISS OF THE VAMPIRE* (1963) would have been different had it been directed by Terence Fisher instead of Don Sharp, or how *THE GORGON* (1964) would be an appreciably different picture had it been helmed by Sharp instead of Fisher. On the other hand, *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* could not have been directed by anyone but James Whale, and it is impossible to think that Whale could have made Freund's *THE MUMMY*.

Universal clearly outclassed Hammer in its selection of writers, at least early in their horror cycle. When the horror boom was booming, the studio promptly secured the services of playwright John L. Balderston, who'd turned Hamilton Deane's stage version of *DRACULA* into a Broadway triumph; the writer stayed on to pen the studio's most intelligent horror scripts. But much of the credit for Universal's most literary horror accomplishments belongs, again, to James Whale. Having little faith in the contract writers on the studio payroll, Whale sought out old friends from the London stage, all with solid credentials, to write his screenplays. As a result, Universal's horror films were among the best written of the studio's releases. The director turned to Benn Levy to transform a demure and rather pretentious J.B. Priestley novel into what may be the wittiest of all horror spoofs, *THE OLD DARK HOUSE* (1932). Scenarist R.C. Sherriff followed, adding melodramatic zest and striking dialogue to his adaptation of H.G. Wells' *The Invisible Man*.

Whale's contributions to Universal and Hollywood were not limited to writers. The director is single-handedly responsible for launching the stateside careers of Charles Laughton and Claude Rains; he even gave crucial breaks to Bette Davis and Jean Harlow, though in non-horror roles. The Hammer cult points, with understandable pride, to Peter Cushing as the jewel in its casting crown, but the British studio relied heavily on unknowns and second-rate actors. In contrast, top-drawer name players like Melvyn Douglas, Basil Rathbone, Henry Daniel, Peter Lorre, Cedric Hard-

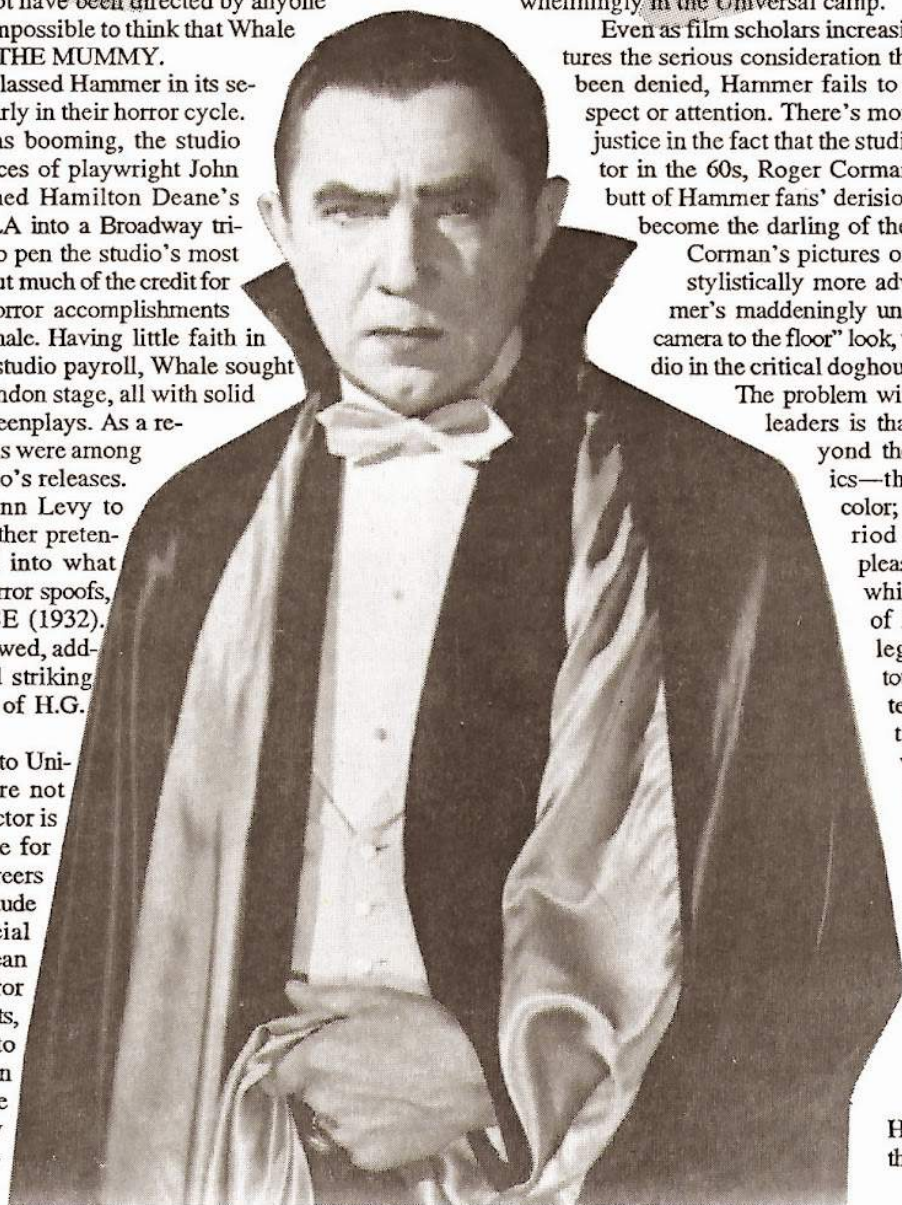
wicke, Ralph Bellamy, and Vincent Price were lured to Universal in the prime of their careers, often in supporting roles. The best Hammer could snare were fading American stars (Tallulah Bankhead and, as if to complete the cycle, Bette Davis), usually for films in which even their fans have no interest. To suggest that Hammer's casts were as good as Universal's is fatuous; to insist that Hammer's casts were better is almost outrageous.

Although the tide may be turning, critical recognition continues to elude Hammer, and the studio stubbornly remains in Universal's shadow. Though Whale, Freund, and especially Ulmer routinely attract high praise in general-interest film books by mainstream critics, Hammer cohorts Fisher, Sharp, and John Gilling can't even get into the footnotes. One typical example: Pauline Kael's *5001 Nights at the Movies* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1982), a mountainous collection of the critic's highly quotable thumbnail critiques, reviews not a single Hammer film, although several Universal horror films are represented. Hammer fans simply can't get around the fact that the critical establishment is overwhelmingly in the Universal camp.

Even as film scholars increasingly give horror pictures the serious consideration that they have usually been denied, Hammer fails to command much respect or attention. There's more than a little poetic justice in the fact that the studio's leading competitor in the 60s, Roger Corman, who was long the butt of Hammer fans' derision, has comparatively become the darling of the critics. As crude as

Corman's pictures often were, they were stylistically more adventurous than Hammer's maddeningly unimaginative "nail the camera to the floor" look, which has kept the studio in the critical doghouse for so many years.

The problem with Hammer's cheerleaders is that they can't see beyond these pictures' cosmetics—the plush, entrancing color; the eye-catching period trappings; and the pleasing English accents, which give them a kind of *Masterpiece Theatre* legitimacy. What they totally ignore is the oft-tedious pacing, undistinguished camerawork, and ho-hum acting and direction: in short, their overall pedestrian level of execution. But the most nagging question in the entire debate is this: If the Universal horror movies are really as bad as their detractors claim, then why did Hammer steal from them so slavishly?



"Poor Bela" to some, the greatest of horror movie stars to others:
Bela Lugosi as Dracula.



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HORROR OF DRACULA (1958) put Hammer on the Transylvanian map. Here, the Count (Christopher Lee) carries off a blood-thirsty bride who's just gone bats over Jonathan Harker.

HAMMER

Continued from page 25

Certainly Universal was first. Someone had to be. But did Universal even make the best horror films of the 30s—supposedly the studio's "Golden Age"? How many Universal films were better than Paramount's *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE* (1931) and *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* (1933), MGM's *MASK OF FU MANCHU* (1932) and *MAD LOVE* (1935), and Columbia's *THE BLACK ROOM* (1935)?

I am not going to attack such truly excellent films (which I also love) as *FRANKENSTEIN* (1931), *THE MUMMY* (1932), *THE BLACK CAT* (1934), and *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935). However, a plane circling the globe is not necessarily a mark of excellence. *DRACULA* (1931) has been given a recent rethinking and has been found—even by many Universal fans—to be lacking. Does anyone *really* think that *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE* (1932), *WEREWOLF OF LONDON* (1935), and *THE RAVEN* (1935) are "classics"? They are, beyond a doubt, entertaining, but only a sentimentalist can elevate them to anything more. Each of these films contains scenes that are excellent and stay in the memory, but can we assign immortality to a 70-minute film based on a two-minute segment? Universal *did* have Karloff: he was the best the studio had to offer, if not one of the best in Hollywood. Hammer had Peter Cushing, who was at least Karloff's equal. It's impossible to imagine either studio without its star. Although Karloff and Cushing played completely different types of roles, anyone who attempts to place one above the other is missing the point.

Hammer-bashers enjoy singling out Christopher Lee as "stiff" or "limited", and so he often was. But let's—if we must—compare him to Universal's own second-stringer, Bela Lugosi. Why are Lugosi's inept performances "fun", while Lee is "limited"? I, too, find Lugosi entertaining and often more than that, but I don't delude myself that his unique style is great acting any more than I confuse Christopher Lee with Laurence Olivier.

Only a complete sentimentalist can consider the majority of "Poor Bela's" performances as competent. To say that he gave his

best to Universal is faint praise when one recalls *THE DEVIL BAT* (1941), *ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY* (1945), or (cheap shot) *GLEN OR GLENDA* (1953).

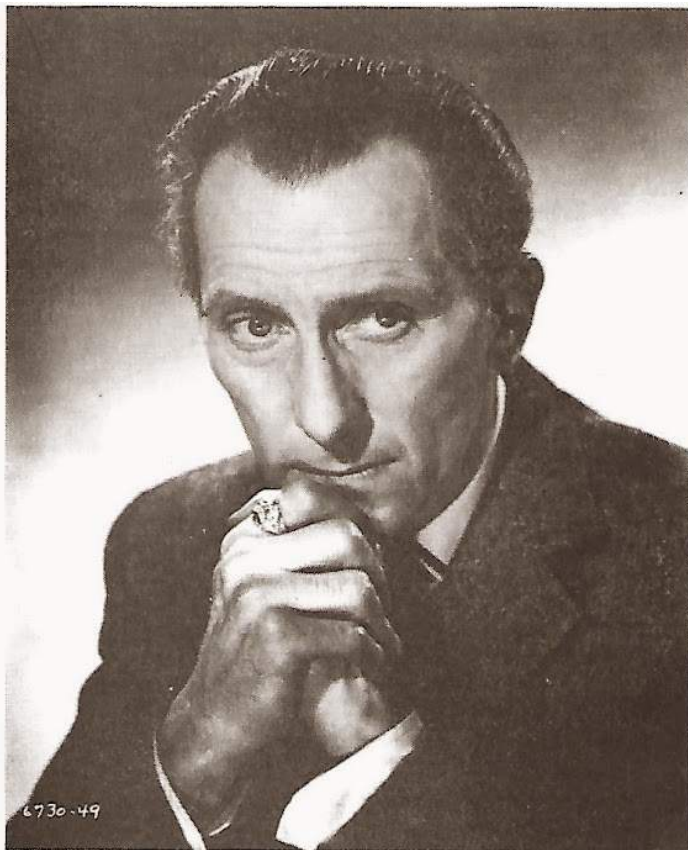
Director James Whale is often described as imaginative, poetic, and brilliant. He often was, at least for those films (or segments of those films) that his supporters choose to mention. In his best work he shows a stunning command of the medium, and many of his images are burned into memory. However, Whale directed only four horror films, and one wonders if the quality would have held had he directed horror into the 40s. A look at later films, such as *GREEN HELL* (1940) or *THEY DARE NOT LOVE* (1941), dispels any notion of Whale's continued "genius".

Would even the staunchest Hammer-basher honestly deny that Terence Fisher directed four great films? He certainly directed more losers in the genre than Whale, but then he stayed in the game longer. Is it heresy to suggest that Fisher's *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1957), *HORROR OF DRACULA* (1958), *REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1958), and *FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED* (1970) stand up well against Whale's quartet?

Fisher-phobes point at length to his supposed lack of style compared to Whale's. What they really mean is that Fisher's (and Hammer's) style differed radically from Whale's (and Universal's). Also, since he did not ape the Universal "ace", his style—to some—doesn't exist at all.

Whale's visual trademarks of odd camera angles, quick cuts, and shadows form an expressionistic style perfect for *FRANKENSTEIN*. Fisher and Hammer broke from this "look" and opted for a more realistic, less flashy visual style more in keeping with their approach to horror. To say that Fisher was without style or that his camera was nailed to the floor is indefensible; it suggests that the critic never saw Fisher's films.

Terence Fisher's style depended on an arrangement of planes within the frame, rather than cutting parallel actions. He avoided excessive use of close-ups, saving them for appropriate moments. Fisher's camera glided around stationary objects to shift the scene's perspective. One has every right to prefer Whale's more dynamic approach, but Fisher's style was no less valid. He never



TOP LEFT: Peter Cushing was to Hammer Films what Karloff was to Universal. Also what Edward Van Sloan was to Universal: Cushing is shown here as Van Helsing in *BRIDES OF DRACULA* (1960). **TOP RIGHT:** *THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF* (1961) struck Oliver Reed in Hammer's sole entry in the lycanthropy sweepstakes. Pictured with Reed: Yvonne Romain. **BOTTOM LEFT:** Hammer's second *Frankenstein* film, like Universal's, is considered by many to be superior to its first. Pictured: Michael Gwynn in *THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1958). **BOTTOM RIGHT:** Christopher Lee was the Creature in 1957's *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, initiating a series in which Baron Frankenstein, and not his creation, was the recurring character.

allowed "show-off" camerawork to remind the audience that they were, after all, only watching a movie.

When comparing Universal's "abundance" to Hammer's "lack" thereof, the Universal fan drags out Whale (four films), Karl Freund (one film), and Edgar Ulmer (one film) as examples of the studio's skill. However, such noted "stylists" as Erle C. Kenton, George Waggoner, and Joe May are seldom mentioned. If Hammer's second team of directors (Freddie Francis, Don Sharp, Roy Ward-Baker) are inferior to the above-mentioned trio, it certainly isn't by much.

Actually, directors like Kenton and films like *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1942) were closer to Universal's norm than Ulmer's stylish *THE BLACK CAT*. I enjoy *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* and would place it, more or less, with almost any Hammer film of the mid-60s (1966's *PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES* better, 1964's *EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN* worse).

Since Universal lacked a "house director" like Terence Fisher, it's difficult to assign any particular style to the studio. One could hardly compare Whale's *THE OLD DARK HOUSE* (1932) to Harold Young's *JUNGLE CAPTIVE* (1945). This is not to say that Hammer's (over) use of Fisher was a good thing, but it did give the studio—whether one liked it or not—a distinctive style.

It's difficult to support the claim of superiority in Universal's casts. It's true that the studio employed such greats as Claude Rains, Raymond Massey, Basil Rathbone, and Charles Laughton, but it's also true

that their work for Universal was not nearly their best. How does Laughton's hamming in *THE OLD DARK HOUSE* compare to his beautiful performance in RKO's *HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* (1939)? It's one thing to parade Rathbone's appearance in *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1939), but quite another to admit that he was embarrassed by both the film and his performance. Hammer was not without talented actors beyond Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. Andre Morell, Herbert Lom, Michael Gough, and Noel Willman found success not only with Hammer, but also in almost every aspect of the acting profession. Oliver Reed—who got his first break with Hammer—became a highly respected international star. Remember: Sir Cedric Hardwicke was knighted for his work on the London stage prior to 1934, not for his appearance in *THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS* (1940).

Though it's true that certain Universal horrors received critical praise, the idea that all critics disparage Hammer is unfounded. The fact that Pauline Kael ignores Hammer says more about her than about the studio. Dilys Powell, an equally respected critic, gave many favorable reviews to Hammer films. Must we now debate the relative merits of critics?

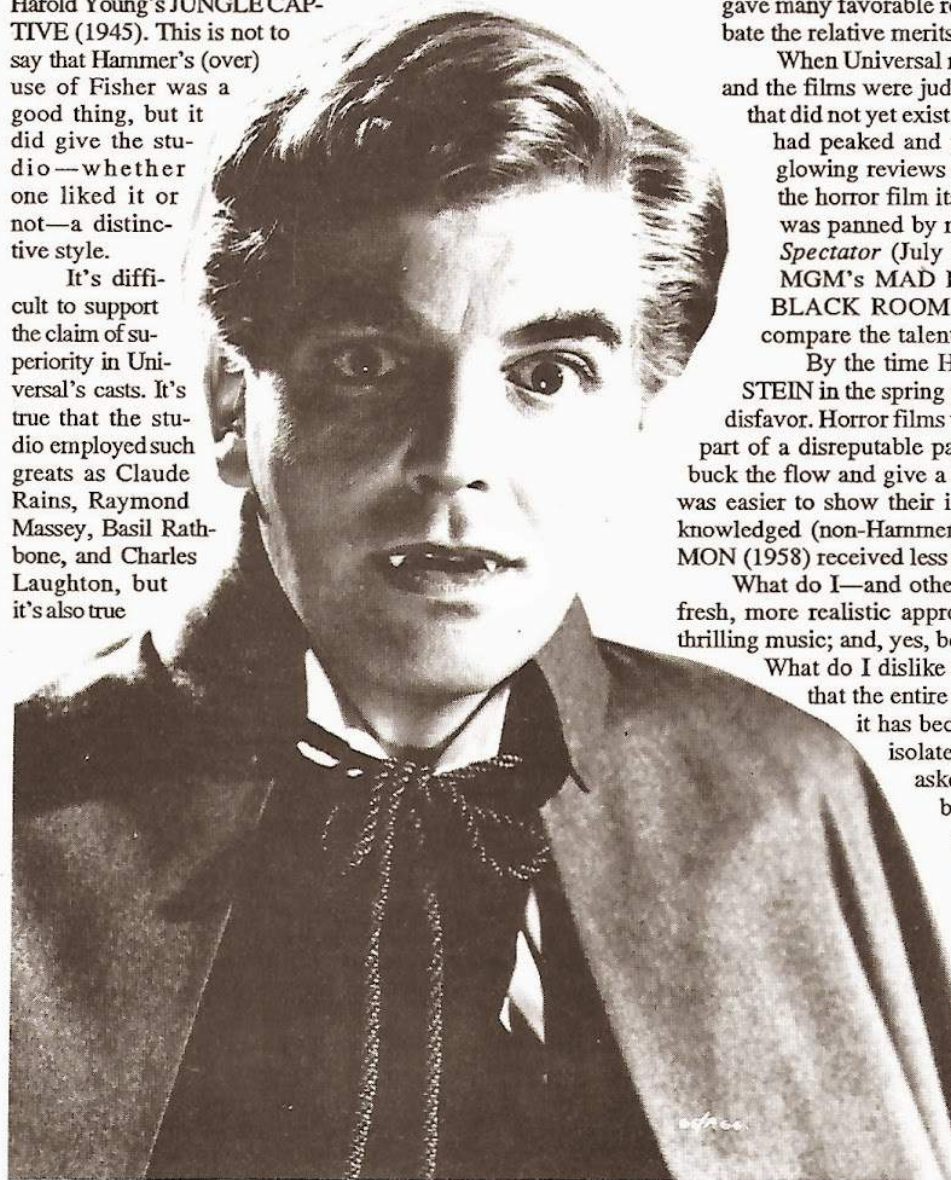
When Universal released its early classics, the field was new and the films were judged individually and not as part of a genre that did not yet exist. However, by the mid-30s, the horror cycle had peaked and produced as much trash as treasure. The glowing reviews were a thing of the past by 1937—as was the horror film itself. Even *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* was panned by no less a critic than Graham Greene in the *Spectator* (July 5, 1935). Interestingly, Greene praised MGM's *MAD LOVE* (August 9) and Columbia's *THE BLACK ROOM* (September 20). Does anyone want to compare the talents of Graham Greene and Pauline Kael?

By the time Hammer released *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* in the spring of 1957, the horror film was long in critical disfavor. Horror films were judged not as individual efforts, but as part of a disreputable package. Few reviewers had the courage to buck the flow and give a deserving horror film an honest review. It was easier to show their intellectualism by trashing it. Even an acknowledged (non-Hammer) masterpiece like *CURSE OF THE DEMON* (1958) received less than a warm appraisal.

What do I—and other Hammer fans—like about the studio? A fresh, more realistic approach to a tired formula; excellent acting; thrilling music; and, yes, beautiful sets and costumes in color.

What do I dislike about Universal? Not much. I simply feel that the entire product is somewhat over-praised because it has become "politically correct" to do so. I feel that isolated scenes of great power and beauty are asked to stand up for entire films, and that a beautiful production shot one saw in an early monster magazine still convinces many that the film as a whole was magnificent. Also: what can one say about the "sincerity" of a studio that lumps its "beloved" creatures together, parading them before a stupefied public in quick march time? Whatever Hammer may have sunk to, the studio always had enough respect for its monsters and its audience to avoid the cynical ploys used by Universal in the 40s.

Now that the old—and, hopefully, some new—arguments have been splattered across these pages, I'm going to put on a tape. I'm going to watch *BRIDES OF DRACULA* (1960)—how about you?



David Peel was the vampire Baron Meinster in 1960's *BRIDE OF DRACULA*. The sanguinary count never did show up, but the Baron more than held his own in one of Hammer's most stylish films.

The Daily Planet

THE RETURN OF JIMMY OLSEN AND LOIS LANE

by Richard Valley and Jessie Lilley

Flash! Those of you lucky enough to tune in *THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERBOY* last November were doubtless pleased to see two new employees working with Clark Kent and Lana Lang at the Bureau for Extranormal Matters. Yes, it was Jimmy Olsen and Lois Lane! Well, not really—it was Jack Larson and Noel Neill, both of whom, we hardly need add, starred in *THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN* from 1953 to 1957. Jack and Noel were asked by *SUPERBOY*'s producers, DC Comics, and by Gerard "Superboy" Christopher himself to make special guest-star appearances on what may unfortunately be the Boy of Steel's final season. *Scarlet Street* journeyed to Capital City (which is, in Superman country, midway between Smallville and Metropolis) and spoke with both Super-veterans about their life-long involvement with Krypton's last citizen. First up, it's Superman's Pal, Jack Larson...



The actors who will forever be identified as Jimmy Olsen and Lois Lane: Jack Larson and Noel Neill. The former *Daily Planet* reporters were reunited 34 years after completion of the final *SUPERMAN* episode for *THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERBOY*.

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A boy's best friend is his superhero. George Reeves as the Man of Steel and Jack Larson as his pal, James Bartholomew Olsen.

JACK LARSON interviewed by Richard Valley

Scarlet Street: We've been watching you faithfully on the Thanksgiving *SUPERMAN* specials on *WOR* the last few years. Jack Larson: Well, they wanted me to do them, but I told them I couldn't go East, so they arranged that I do the wrap-arounds here at KCOP. It went through the roof with ratings. Actually, they went everywhere, including Guam.

SS: Oh, really?

JL: Beyond Guam, I guess! (Laughs) But I know they got them in Guam, because I heard from Guam!

SS: You've said in the past that you wanted to get away from the Jimmy Olsen image. We assume, now that you've been hosting these shows, that you don't feel quite so strongly about the association as you once did?

JL: No. I gave up. (Laughs) I mean, what am I to do? I did everything! Collaborated on an opera commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera and broadcast live from Lincoln Center, and I'm still Jimmy Olsen!

SS: You've done so much. You've been a poet, playwright, librettist, a film executive. It's amazing!

JL: It's dangerous. One can say that terrible phrase "jack of all trades", but it isn't true, you know? Actually, my play *CHUCK* was the first play done on what became *THEATRE IN AMERICA* on PBS. And next Monday, the opera's being recorded at long last. But Jimmy has been a great pleasure to me. It was always wonderful. I loved doing it, and I never want to sound

sour about it. It's just that it wrecked my acting. (Laughs)

SS: Aside from that, it wasn't too bad.

JL: You certainly know the joke: "But aside from that, Mrs. Lincoln, did you enjoy the play?"

SS: Before Jimmy Olsen, before *SUPERMAN*, how did you become an actor?

JL: I grew up in Los Angeles. I got a chance to go to this school, which was for G.I.s, but I wasn't on the G.I. bill; I had not graduated high school. It was an intense and very interesting school and I was encouraged to write plays. I like to write dialogue in verse and I started writing these plays and giving myself good parts in them. It turned out I was a ham, you see. Talent scouts began seeing me in shows, and Warner Brothers gave me a contract and a major part in a film with director Raoul Walsh. It was a film called *FIGHTER SQUADRON*, and he was mad to give me the part. I was about 10 years too young to play a fighter pilot, but he liked me and he was that kind of a guy. That film is constantly on television, because it's the only film with genuine footage in Technicolor. Jack Warner had been a colonel in the Air Corps and got all the great Technicolor fighter pilot footage. He had this film written around it; it's not a very good film, but it's popular. I come in about half-way through. But, anyway, that's how I became an actor at Warner Brothers. Then the bottom fell out of the industry with the rise of television and with the movie studios losing their theatres. They couldn't do block booking anymore, and basically they closed down. I was one of two kids there at Warner Brothers. Debbie Reynolds and I signed on the same week. They were trying to teach us both how to act and then

there was no work. They gave everybody their walking papers—Humphrey Bogart, Errol Flynn, everybody.

SS: You were in good company, then.

JL: Very good. Nobody knew I was. (Laughs) But I did get a play called *THE GREAT MAN* and replaced John Barrymore, Jr., who was supposed to open in it. His mother, Dolores Costello, had come out of retirement to support him. Albert Decker, who had just toured in *DEATH OF A SALESMAN*, was playing the lead. A lot of marvelous character actors were in it. Byron Folger. Louise Beavers was in it. She was so wonderful to me. You know, I'm asked about George Reeves, what really happened to George Reeves. And I always like to say what Louise Beavers said about Jean Harlow. Louise loved Harlow; she often played in Jean Harlow films. We were talking—she liked to cook in hotel rooms and feed me and take care of me—and I said to her, "How did Jean Harlow really die?" and Louise looked at me in the strangest way and said, "Honey, all we know is what we read in the papers." I thought that was a good answer for George, too. Well, anyway, I did the play...

SS: And what else?

JL: I did a number of live television series. Right after I left Warner Brothers I did a summer replacement with Edgar Buchanan. It was called *COUNTRY EDITOR* and I played his copy boy. So *SUPERMAN* wasn't the first time I was in newspaper work. (Laughs)

SS: And that was live television. Do you have any stories about things going wrong on camera?

JL: I did a show once with Phyllis Kirk and Lorne Greene. It was the first thing Lorne Greene did for CBS,



Funny what a pair of specs can do for a guy. Jimmy never guessed that co-worker Clark Kent was really Superman. Unlike Lois, he rarely even suspected.

a show called *THE WEB*; it was a mystery show on Sunday nights. Anyway, it was a very intense rehearsal period. We did the first reading and the director said, "It's too long." We did another reading and she said, "Well, it's too long, but maybe it will tighten up." It didn't tighten up. The day of the show we did a full dress and then a camera rehearsal, because the camera is never where it's supposed to be. We did this full dress and then the advertising people for Kent cigarettes said, "It's too long. Nobody go anywhere; we've got to cut." So they cut, and we did the camera rehearsal, supposedly with all the cuts. But no one was paying any attention to us. Then we rested for an hour and then we were on the air. I played this young classmate of Phyllis Kirk's; she tries to get me to murder her father. Anyway, I knocked on the door and she opened it and stood there with this really glassy stare. I thought, "Why is she so frightened?" I saw the camera panning me into the room and I thought, "I know why she's so scared; she doesn't know what she's doing." And there are several million people watching! Somehow we got through the show. At the end I was supposed to say, "But I could have killed you!" That was the tag of the show, and when we saw the Kinescope not only had we forgotten everything else—we forgot the tag of the show!

SS: *That certainly can't have been what the advertisers meant when they said they wanted it cut.*

JL: Well, I did find a carton of Kent cigarettes in my dressing room.

SS: *How did being cast for *THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN* come about?*

JL: They wanted me. (Laughs) I wanted to go to New York. I was offered that one year of *SUPERMAN*. I met the producers and, of course, I didn't want to do it. They said, "No one will ever see this. It's like doing a Saturday afternoon serial. If you want to go to New York, why don't you just do the 26 shows, then take the money and run?" So I did. It was a great pleasure doing them; I couldn't have enjoyed it more. George Reeves was a terrific guy to work with and we had the best character actors. We had people like Sterling Holloway. It was tons of fun to do and they let you be very inventive with your character. And then it didn't go on the air. We shot it in the summer and into the fall of '51, and it didn't go on the air until '53.

SS: *So there was quite a gap.*

JL: There was a huge gap, and I was in New York when it went on, so it took me by surprise. Suddenly I was Jimmy.

SS: *With that large a gap between the first episodes and the rest of the series, did they still have you under contract?*

JL: Yes, they did. The Screen Actors Guild under Ronald Reagan, who was president of the Guild, made every possible accommodation to the producers. It was essentially an old movie contract; you



*The beloved cast of *THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN*: John Hamilton as Perry White, George Reeves as Superman, Jack Larson as Jimmy Olsen, and Noel Neill as Lois Lane.*

got paid 40 out of 52 weeks and you had 12 weeks layoff. They had to lay you off a week at a time and, in my contract, they adjusted that to let me off three days at a time. They could raise my option by notifying me or my agent by telegram, and during any 30 days after they notified me I had to go to work for them for 26 weeks. That was how a contract worked and nobody questioned it. It was agreeable to the Screen Actors Guild, and that contract remained essentially in force; I still have it. The fly in the ointment with me was this 30-day clause. No one questioned the legality of that. What I wanted was my time off, to do plays and what have you, and that never happened! They wouldn't give permission beyond 30 days; never once did they give permission. Anybody who wanted me for a film would have to get their permission, basically, and get them to say they wouldn't exercise my option. I had a Broadway play lined up called *THE FRAGILE FOX*, with Alexander Cohen producing, and they wouldn't give permission!

SS: *Did you lose any major films because of this?*

JL: Hal Wallis wanted me for the sailor in *THE ROSE TATTOO*. We began negotiations on it; he wanted me to play it differently than it had been done on the stage. I had done a film for him called *ABOUT MRS. LESLIE*—only a couple of scenes, but a nice part with Shirley Booth—and everybody understood that they would like me for *THE ROSE TATTOO*. They had to test me for Paramount, to be sure, but

National Comics wouldn't give permission; they just said, "No. We may want him. We may need him." I don't want to sound like sour grapes...

SS: *It's simply, I suppose, that playing Jimmy Olsen wouldn't have been bad if you'd had the opportunity to do something else as well.*

JL: That's true. And then everything began to dry up, you know. *SUPERMAN*'s on the air for two years, three years, and then you're really typed.

SS: *Jimmy Olsen became incredibly popular. Wasn't there talk of doing a spin-off with the character?*

JL: There was, but that came after George's death. I went off to Europe that summer; I was going to wander around until my option was exercised again, and I had to report back. George was getting himself into shape, and I had communication to report back. I arrived in Rome, which was the next place I had a mailing address, and I got all this mail at American Express saying that George was dead. And then they asked me to come back to New York, and I thought, "There's no reason to leave Europe." They wanted me very, very much to come back to New York to discuss something. Since they had money from Kellogg's, the sponsor, to pay for the show, they wanted to do 13 episodes of *Superman*'s pal, Jimmy Olsen. You see, we always wore the same outfits, and they felt they could manage the show's rescue scenes with stock footage and somebody that resembled George in a *Superman* suit. I met with them in New York and we dis-

"I love to act and it never would have occurred to me that my return performance would be on SUPERBOY! There's this—hideous irony in it."

cussed this, and I said I wouldn't do it. I mean, it was just too awful.

SS: *Would the 13 additional shows have been with the rest of the cast?*

JL: It would have been Noel. John Hamilton had died; you know, Perry White. I was a pall bearer. He was a wonderful, wonderful man, and one of the joys of doing the show.

SS: *He was very much of the old school of acting, wasn't he?*

JL: Exactly so. He was Mr. Hamilton. We worked together for years before I ever called him anything but Mr. Hamilton.

SS: *The first SUPERMAN episodes, which had Phyllis Coates as Lois Lane, are much darker in tone than the rest of the series. Do you have a preference between the early and later shows? Why did they change so drastically?*

JL: The early shows, which are almost film noir, are the ones most admired by critics and fans. I understand that; those were the Bob Maxwell shows. And I enjoyed doing them very much. Jimmy was basically just a wide-eyed juvenile, you know? As for the later shows, I always loved doing comedy; what I would love to have done more than anything was be with the Keystone Cops. I got, in those later shows, the opportunity to do more comedy, so that was a pleasure for me. I don't know; the shows that I like enormously are the early ones, and then there's the comedy shows that I'm wild about because they made my dream come true.

SS: *One of the best is the episode you did with Elisha Cook, Jr. of MALTESE FALCON fame.*

JL: It's my favorite. Cooky was just wonderful; we've remained friends. Cooky lives up in Bishop, California. I would often stop as I go up to ski, and we'd eat at a place called Bar-B-Que'd Vittles. (Laughs) He's a local character! But I loved doing that show; it was great fun to do and I worked very hard on it. As I said, I wanted to do comedy, and if I didn't take too long to work out a bit, they'd let me do it. Tommy Carr, the director, would say, "Okay, see if you can do it. Work out that bit and get it on the first take; otherwise forget it!" I remember a bit I was trying desperately to work out. Jimmy was in disguise as a telephone repairman. He puts on a false mustache and comes into the villain's place to spy on him. I thought, "If I could only get this telephone cord to pull off my mustache!" So I twisted it and twisted it and it never worked. They said, "Okay, we'll do a take, but it's not gonna work." And it worked! (Laughs) I don't know how it worked; I think I almost took my nose off,

but I got the mustache pulled partways off and then the villain, Herb Vigran, pulled it off the rest of the way and said, "You're not a repairman!" (Laughs) I loved doing those bits. As to why the tone changed, Congress started investigating violence in comic books—it happened about '53, I guess, after our show went on the air—and it frightened them. Bob Maxwell, who was our producer, left. He had a falling out with National, and Whitney Ellsworth, who was editor-in-chief of National Comics in New York, came out to produce the rest of the shows. Of course, they had to modify the violence that Bob Maxwell was given to, and the villains became more comic and the shows became lighter. That's the reason: our government's investigation.

SS: *One of your co-stars from SUPERMAN, Robert Shayne, recently turned up on television. He made several appearances on another TV show based on a DC comic book: THE FLASH.*

JL: Good; he's a sweet, good man.

SS: *You always hear how everyone got along on SUPERMAN. With so many other*

shows you hear about all the feuds and fighting.

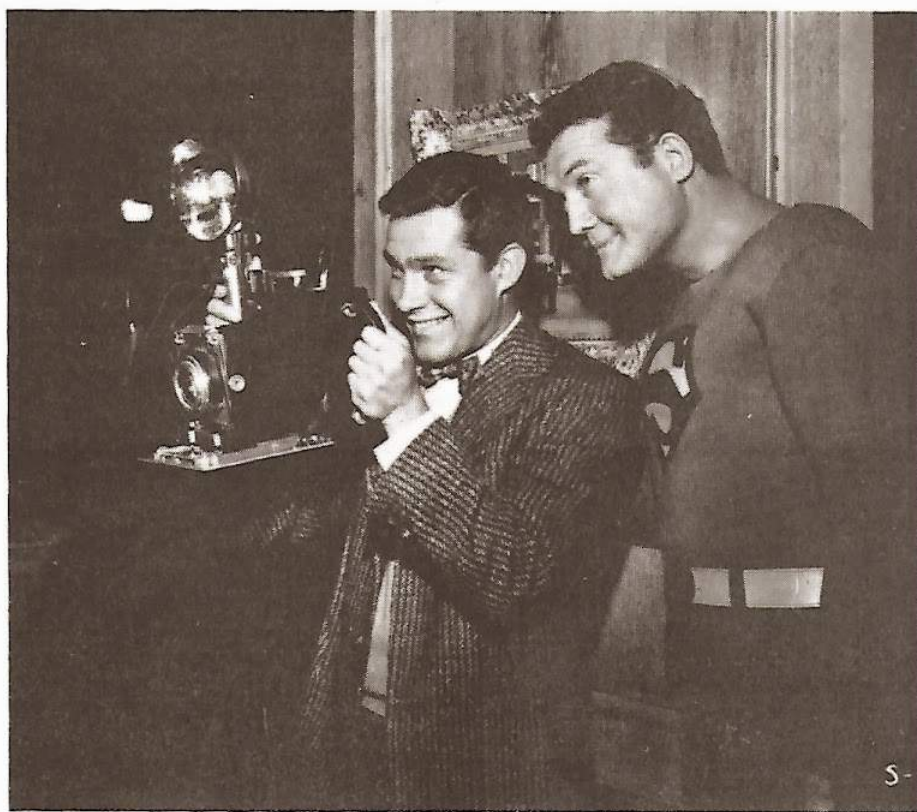
JL: I don't know how they do it, 'cause you're together all the time. But we really did get along, and the casting was wonderful, always! One of my favorite actresses is Elizabeth Patterson. And when I got to work with her—in the episode THE MILLIONAIRE, when she gave me a million dollars for saving her cat—it was such a thrill! We had people of that calibre very often on the show, who we would learn from. I remember once, I was trying to figure out a bit of business; I had a line and a look, and I just couldn't figure it out! Sterling Holloway said, "Do you want me to tell you what you're doing wrong?" I said, "Yes, please!" And he said, "Well, you're throwing the skull at the wrong time." Do you know what a skull is?

SS: *No.*

JL: It's a look. You look, you do a double take at somebody, you look and then you look again. He said, "You're throwing it at the wrong time. First say the line, then do it. You're doing it before and that's why it's not working." And he was exactly right. Little things like that you learned from an absolutely masterful actor, which he was.

SS: *You touched briefly on George Reeves' death.*

JL: I'm always asked. I've never done an interview when it hasn't come up. Even



Jack Larson did for bow ties what—well—Noel Neill did for pillbox hats. George Reeves looks on as Jack snaps a picture.



Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen in trouble again. Singly or together, Superman's Daily Planet co-workers were always in dire need of rescuing by episode's end.

Tom Brokaw on NBC; we were getting along, we had a mutual friend, and he suddenly said, "Now." (Laughs) No, it's okay. Ask me what you want.

SS: Well, of course, everyone's still asking, "How did George Reeves die?" Now, as Louise Beavers said about Jean Harlow, all we know is what we read in the papers...

JL: Yeah. Well—I know more.

SS: You know more?

JL: That's my answer.

SS: Are you of the opinion that he committed suicide out of despondency over his typecasting as Superman?

JL: I was of that opinion. There's a tremendous ambiguity; no one will ever know. The woman who inherited George's house—Toni Mannix—she was the wife of Eddie Mannix, the head of MGM studios. George and Toni had this very deep and long, long relationship. They had this little house together, which she had bought for him in Benedict Canyon. When George died, I was in Europe. I came back after stopping in New York, as I said, and Toni had inherited the house. She didn't want to go in alone when the house was unsealed. The police had sealed it until they could come to a decision about whether it was suicide or whatever. When Toni could go into the house again, she asked me to go in with her, which I did not have a desire to do. But I liked her enormously, and I did go into the house with her. It was not a pleasant thing. The police don't clean up a house when violence like that has taken place, and we were upstairs in George's bedroom. There had been another woman, Lenore Levin, who has recently died, who had a not very marvelous reputation around New York. George was

involved with her, and had left Toni. Anyway, now George was dead. And we went up, and Toni was looking at changes Lenore Levin had made. We went into the bedroom, and I wanted to use the bathroom, and the sheets that they had thrown over George when he was dead were bloody and in the bathtub. And I wanted out. I wanted out of that house very bad. I became aware that Toni was doing something. She was pounding on a wall—kneeling, actually; she was down quite low—and she was putting little plaques on the wall. She'd found bullet holes, and she had these little plaques that were blessed by a priest, and she was putting them over the bullet holes. And there were three bullet holes. And that is an ambiguity. I mean, there had been other shots fired in that room. When? I wouldn't know.

The story was, they were playing Russian Roulette from time to time. I feel he committed suicide, but if those bullet holes occurred that night—well, you don't take two to three shots at yourself. That's the point.

SS: So it is possible...

JL: I don't think anybody is still alive who was in that house. Certainly Lenore Levin knew what went on that night. She had been a very beautiful party woman around New York, who'd apparently had close relations with Jimmy Hoffa. That was in the

press. She did not have the highest reputation. There were a lot of odd people, people George wouldn't ordinarily have been involved with, who were around. She'd invited friends very late that night, and George didn't want this party going on. There were several other friends in the house, and when these people came, he didn't want them. According to Lenore Levin, he wanted the party over and people to leave, and then new people came and she said, "They're my friends, and they're coming in!" And according to their testimony, George said he was gonna go upstairs and kill himself. She said he was gonna shoot himself. And he did. That was her account. So, I don't know. No one will ever know.

SS: You were very close to George Reeves, weren't you?

JL: Yeah.

SS: So, it's no wonder you didn't want to go on with the series. The concept of using stock footage...

JL: It was morbid. I mean, I told them, "It's over. George is gone and it's over." I couldn't have done it. I mean, had I been willing, I wouldn't have been able to do it.

SS: What are you doing on SUPERBOY?

JL: Well, it surprised me! I'm glad you asked. They've been talking about this for a long time; I'd heard talk about it out of DC in New York. Once they asked me if I would do a radio interview with the first Superboy, John Haynes Newton. John had done the first 26 episodes, and he asked if I would do the show, but it didn't go anywhere. Then they phoned from DC and

Continued on page 89



A birthday bash for THE BOY WHO HATED SUPERMAN. Pictured: George Reeves, Tyler McDuff, Jack Larson, Noel Neill, and John Hamilton.

Better Holmes and Watson

The Granada Series Reviewed

THE SOLITARY CYCLIST

Adaptation: Alan Plater

Direction: Paul Annett

"You really have done remarkably badly," sniffs Mr. Sherlock Holmes, having dispatched Dr. Watson on an errand and, upon Watson's return, finding himself less than pleased with the fruits of the good doctor's labors. "What have we gained by your expedition? The fact that the girl's story is true. I never doubted that. That there is a connection between the cyclist and the Hall. I never doubted that, either. That the Hall is tenanted by a man called Williamson. Who is the better for that?"

"I shall go back tomorrow," offers Watson.

"No, my dear sir, do not commit yourself to rashness because you are temporarily depressed. We can do nothing useful until Saturday."

And with that Sherlock Holmes dismisses the matter and strides purposefully down Baker Street. Dr. Watson, however, is not inclined to end the discussion without gaining at least one tiny crumb of praise from the Great Detective: "Did I really do remarkably badly?" he asks plaintively.

Holmes, surprised to find the subject not yet closed, pauses at the entrance to 221B and considers Watson's question for the briefest of moments. "Yes," he replies simply.

THE SOLITARY CYCLIST, Granada TV's fourth episode in THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, finds our friends in moods markedly more playful than those on view in A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA, THE DANCING MEN, and THE NAVAL TREATY. Indeed, Holmes is uncharacteristically warm and affable, even when he's interrupted in the testing of a vital chemical reaction by the unexpected arrival of Miss Violet Smith. At first, Miss Smith's troubles seem better suited to the administrations of a lovelorn columnist, or "agony aunt", than

they do to Holmes. Already engaged to Mr. Cyril Morton, the pretty musical teacher has been offered marriage by both Robert Carruthers (her employer) and by Carruthers's unpalatable companion, Jack Woodley. Temporarily at sea in such romantic waters, the Master Sleuth swims into action at the mention of Miss Smith's most pressing problem: she is being followed by a mysterious bearded man on a bicycle. Before the case is closed, Holmes and Watson have foiled a kidnapping (well, not quite), stopped a wedding (well, not quite), and saved Miss Smith from "a fate worse than death" (Victorian propriety wins out over all).

One of the high points of this episode is a sequence in which the cerebral Mr. Holmes engages in a bout of fisticuffs with the villain Woodley—and wins. It's a delight to watch the preening detective display his single scar to Watson while bragging that his opponent had to be carried home in a cart. (The good doctor's indulgence of his companion's unbridled ego gives the scene an added dash of humor.)

THE SOLITARY CYCLIST benefits tremendously from an excellent supporting cast. Barbara Wilshire is charmingly self-reliant as Miss Violet Smith, and Rosalie Williams brings her usual splendid



Jeremy Brett

gifts to the role of Mrs. Hudson. The adventure is all but stolen, though, by a triad of memorable villains: John Castle as the brooding Carruthers, Michael Siberry as the repugnant Woodley, and Ellis Dale as the bibulous, defrocked Williamson.

As Holmes and Watson, Jeremy Brett and David Burke have quite a fight on their hands against such formidable acting "foes"; that they manage to emerge victorious is a foregone conclusion to fans of the series.

—Richard Valley

Granada Television of England



RIGHT: Holmes and Watson are just moments too late to foil a dastardly kidnapping. Will they be in time to stop a forced wedding?

NEXT PAGE: On a lonely country road, Miss Violet Smith (Barbara Wilshire) is followed by a mysterious stranger on a bicycle (a disguised John Castle).

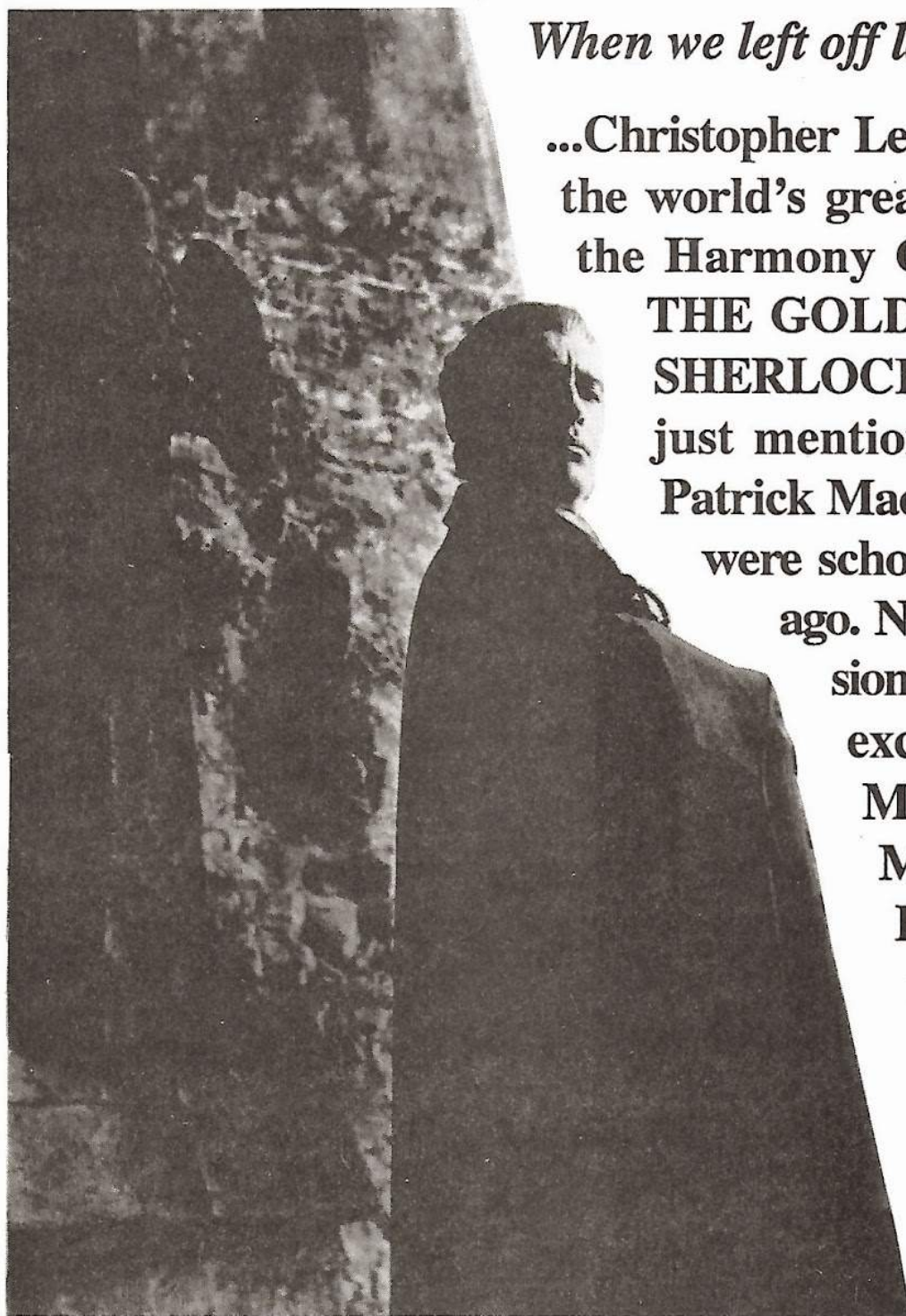


Interview With The EX-Vampire

by
Richard
Valley

When we left off last issue...

...Christopher Lee, who is playing the world's greatest detective in the Harmony Gold production **THE GOLDEN YEARS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES**, had just mentioned that he and Patrick Macnee (his Watson) were schoolmates 60 years ago. Now, in the conclusion of *Scarlet Street's* exclusive interview, Mr. Lee chats about Mr. Macnee, Mr. Holmes, a buccaneer or two, a musketeer or three, and that blood-sucking gent from downtown Transylvania...





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LEFT: Patrick Macnee and Christopher Lee on safari for Harmony Gold's new *Sherlock Holmes* miniseries. **RIGHT:** In *SHERLOCK HOLMES: INCIDENT AT VICTORIA FALLS*, King Edward VII asks the Master Sleuth to transport the priceless Star of Africa to England. **PRECEDING PAGE:** Christopher Lee as *DRACULA—PRINCE OF DARKNESS* (1966).

SS: We were just about to ask you what it was like to work with Patrick Macnee.

CL: I'm afraid I behaved extremely badly. It's impossible to make me laugh in front of a camera if people go out of their way to try to. It's just impossible; I just freeze. When somebody's trying to throw me deliberately I think it's so unprofessional and so unacceptable that I literally freeze. Nobody's ever succeeded in making me laugh by deliberately trying to make me laugh, but I have frequently been broken up by things that have happened by accident. Patrick, who is one of my oldest friends, possesses a quality which convulses me. It's quite unintentional on his part and I'm afraid I've behaved on occasion quite disgracefully, but he plays it so wonderfully well—this blank disbelief that crosses his face when Holmes comes up with an outrageous suggestion. There's one scene where Holmes stops his carriage on the crossing with a train coming, and Watson is saying "Holmes, Holmes, Holmes, I don't think they see us" and it completely broke me up! It's just one of those things that can happen; there are certain moments where a look, a twitch of an eyebrow, or an expression crosses somebody's face and you're gone. And this happened to me more in the making of these two films with Patrick than I've ever had in my entire career.

SS: It sounds as if you had fun.

CL: Oh, we did. Physically it was very demanding. I had 90 days work with one day off.

SS: That's quite a long shoot.

CL: We did the first one and I don't think I had a day off. Came back to London for two days, had all the shots at once, and went straight down to Zimbabwe. The day after we arrived we were working on the other film.

SS: Of the two, have you a preference for one or the other?

CL: I haven't seen either of them, so I can't comment. They are two totally and

completely different stories. One is about an attempted assassination of the emperor of Austria, with all sorts of additional stories to do with anarchists and this romantic element between Holmes and Irene Adler. It's a much more enclosed story; it all takes place—or practically all of it—in Vienna.

SS: The other moves around a bit?

CL: The other moves around a lot. The story starts when Holmes goes to Windsor Castle, where he's asked by King Edward VII to go to Capetown to take custody of the Star of Africa and bring it back to England. Now, the Star of Africa is a real jewel; it exists today. It's in the Scepter of the Royal Regalia of the Crown Jewels of Britain. The Star of Africa is almost the size of your fist. King Edward VII sends for Holmes and says, "You're the only man I can trust. Take delivery of the Star of Africa and bring it back." So Holmes goes to Capetown and, during the course of the story, the Star of Africa is stolen.

SS: It must have been a very exhausting film to make.

CL: It was; it really was. We were shooting during the daytime in temperatures which were anything up to 43° Centigrade and humid. I don't know if you know what 43° C is?

SS: We assume it's pretty hot.

CL: Well, it's between 115° and 120° Fahrenheit.

SS: That's pretty hot!

CL: And we had one sequence where everybody was having dinner in a railway carriage. I suppose it was night—the windows were covered with black paper—and we had the lights, and the crew and the cast and all the other people. I was told, and I can well believe it, that the temperature in that railway carriage was 60° C. That's something in the region of 130° F.

SS: It's amazing anyone survived.

CL: Well, it's funny, isn't it? I've made an

awful lot of movies in my career, well over 200 if you include movies for television, and I have been close to being killed on many occasions, many occasions. I have almost suffocated from heat; I've almost frozen to death from cold; I've almost been drowned on several occasions; and I've almost been killed by fire and swords. I think I've probably done more sword fights in front of a camera than anyone in history.

SS: In the *MUSKETEER* films—

CL: Not only that, but many, many, many others as well. I survived two sword fights with Errol Flynn, having nearly lost my little finger.

SS: With Errol Flynn? That's something else, in addition to playing Holmes, that you have in common with Basil Rathbone.

CL: I was watching Errol the other day in a film called *GENTLEMAN JIM*, and Flynn had that quality of romantic charm which no actor alive today possesses.

SS: Unfortunately there aren't very many romantic films to display that quality in, either.

CL: Well, all the romance seems to take place bare-assed, or pretty close to it, which is unbelievably boring. It's the obligatory bonking scene, and there are only so many different ways of doing this. So that's one aspect of it which is always put in, the obligatory romantic scene which is usually somewhat brutal rather than romantic; the obligatory violence, and the obligatory makeup, and the obligatory special effects. That's the difference between the sort of films that are made today and the sort of films that I did for Hammer. We made fairy stories. We made fantasies. We did morality plays, if you like, and we relied on the acting. Today, it's the extreme of special effects on the one hand and make-up on the other. Where's the poor actor? In the middle, trying desperately to keep his or her head above water.

SS: Before it's chopped off!

CL: Exactly.



A Christopher Lee Rogues Gallery. LEFT: Blind Pugh in TREASURE ISLAND (1990). CENTER: Chung King in TERROR OF THE TONGS (1961). RIGHT: DRACULA—PRINCE OF DARKNESS (1966). BELOW: THE MUMMY (1959) with Yvonne Furneaux.

SS: One of your co-stars from *THE THREE MUSKETEERS* films, Charlton Heston, has also played Holmes recently.

CL: Yes, I know he has. I did *TREASURE ISLAND* with Charlton Heston, in which I played Blind Pugh and he played Long John Silver.

SS: We saw that; it was excellent.

CL: I played Blind Pugh the way I think he would have been. Pugh was blinded by grape shot which plowed up the deck and the splinters went across his face. I think it was the Chicago newspaper that said my performance of Blind Pugh made Freddy Krueger look like Santa Claus. Of course, I think it was intended as a compliment.

SS: We think so.

CL: He's a terrifying character; he's enough to terrify the boy and the mother and enough to bring a heart attack on Billy Bones, who's not exactly an angel of life himself!

SS: How do you account for the continued appeal of Sherlock Holmes?

CL: Everybody's asked that question, haven't they? The obvious, logical answer is that Conan Doyle created an immortal character. I would think that Sherlock Holmes is probably, in terms of fiction, the best-known character in history.

SS: Is Moriarty referred to in *THE GOLDEN YEARS*?

CL: I don't think he's referred to. I recently recorded the talking book *THE*

VALLEY OF FEAR, and of course he's referred to considerably in that.

SS: You've done something that very few actors have accomplished—you've managed to move beyond your identification with horror films to a highly successful career in all types of movies.

CL: Yes. It wasn't easy. The media are very apt to pin a label on people. Not just actors. This man only paints this kind of picture, so what do you mean he's painted another kind? What do you mean this man's an opera singer? He started life as a professional bicyclist, which in fact is true if you're referring to the great Ezio Pinza. People really can't be labelled, and shouldn't be—but it's the easy way out. Well, I have always refused to accept that. I've always refused to be labelled. I certainly was for a time, and up to a point I can understand that. People still think of me, probably, as playing the heavy, and up to a point I can understand that, too. But that's not the limit of one's abilities. The fact that you're an actor presupposes that you've a degree of versatility; otherwise you have no right to call yourself an actor. Having said that, it wasn't easy to make that break. I had to accept lesser roles, and far less money, in order to prove my point. I did a picture called *SERIAL—*

SS: Very funny.

CL: Well, who would have ever believed that I, an English actor, could play (A) an American—and not one critic commented adversely on my accent, because I didn't try to be too clever with it—and (B) a gay Hell's Angel.

SS: From this vantage point, do you look back on your horror films with fondness?

CL: Oh, yes! Most of them—certainly not all of them—but most of them, yes. They were of tremendous importance to me at the time. They were great launching pads for me as an actor. I shall always be grateful for that. What I regret, particularly with the



Dracula pictures, is that the quality of the story and the placement of the character within the framework of the story, went steadily downhill. "Write the story first; oh, now, what are we going to do with the character? We've got to fit him in somewhere..." which, of course, is exactly the wrong way around. Which is why I said, "No more, no more, no more!" And left. Quite apart from not wanting to play the same character all the time. I turned them down after the first two and then I got these calls saying, "How can you do this? Think of the people who are going to be put out of work!" Which is a disgraceful thing to do to an actor.

SS: *It really puts you on the spot.*

CL: I said, "I don't want to do this again; I don't like the script; I don't like the story; I think it's silly, and you're just popping the character in," and they said, "Oh, well, you must do the movie." And I said, "Why should I?" (Laughs) I've known that kind of approach.

SS: *Dracula is your most famous role. Under any circumstances, would you play the part again?*

CL: I don't think so. I can't see how I could, quite frankly. I'm too old, now. I'm still waiting for somebody to play the character as described by the author. I got fairly near it in one less-than-excellent picture, in which I started as an old man and gradually got younger, which indeed is in

the book. But nobody has ever, ever, done Bram Stoker's book exactly as he wrote it. SS: *And it's a wonderful book.*

CL: It's never been done. I know that Francis Coppola is going to do it.

SS: *Once again, though, he seems to be making changes.*

CL: Well, I've no idea. I know he's going to re-make it and I know he's going to make it with a British actor whose name escapes me for the moment. Well, good luck to him. He'll find that it's not quite as easy as people think. (Laughs)

SS: *Of the films you've made, which are you most proud of?*

CL: THE WICKER MAN. That's the best part I've had, the best performance I've given. Yes, THE WICKER MAN, and, of course, THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN, the story written by my cousin.

SS: *Right!*

CL: And, I suppose, THE MUSKETEERS. Very demanding, physically.

SS: *We imagine.*

CL: Real swords!

SS: *Aside from the possibility of more Sherlock Holmes films, have you plans for the immediate future?*

CL: Oh, yes, but I never say.

SS: *Oh?*

CL: Oh, no. I've learned the danger of doing that. There was a year when I had five signed contracts, and the entire year was

planned, from the beginning to the end of the year, and every one was defaulted on.

SS: *Well, we thank you very much for this. You've been very gracious and we look forward to seeing you as Sherlock Holmes.*

CL: I look forward to seeing it, too.

SS: *You haven't seen it at all?*

CL: I suspect one day I will.

SS: *We hope so.*

CL: They're going to show it in two different formats, as you probably know. The first one will be on television, and the second one, which won't be so long, will be on video.

SS: *Well, either on video or on television, we'll look forward to THE GOLDEN YEARS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.*

COMING SOON

Christopher Lee

(courtesy of Cinemax)

enters the

Hammer

House of Horrors.



NEWS

Robert Mitchum will receive the Cecil B. DeMille award from the Hollywood Foreign Press Association, in commemoration of his 47 years in show business. The award will be presented at the Golden Globe awards on January 18.

Also recently honored was a fellow alumnus of CAPE FEAR, Gregory Peck, who received a Kennedy Center award in a ceremony aired on December 26 on CBS.

Both actors had leading roles in the 1962 version of CAPE FEAR and returned to the story for cameo roles in the recent remake.

THE LOOTERS, written by Robert Zemeckis and Bob Gale (Oscar-nominated writing/directing team of the BACK TO THE FUTURE series), has begun principal photography in Memphis, Tennessee, to be completed in Atlanta, Georgia. Walter Hill is directing the film, which stars Bill Paxton, Ice T, William Sadler, Ice Cube, and Art Evans.

An urban suspense adventure, THE LOOTERS concerns two rural firemen (Paxton and Sadler) who stumble into the domain of an inner-city crime lord (Ice T) and his would-be successor (Ice Cube).

—Sally Jane Gellert

BITE



NEWS

Phil Alden Robinson, who directed 1989's FIELD OF DREAMS, returns with a caper film called SNEAKERS, due to be released by Universal in 1992. The title refers to people who are hired to break into buildings to test their security systems. The story deals with a fugitive student radical from the 60s, now running a legitimate security business, whose past catches up with him when the government black-mails him into using his team of experts for a covert operation.

SNEAKERS began production in San Francisco and stars Robert Redford, Mary McDonnell, Ben Kingsley, River Phoenix, and Dan Ackroyd. Robinson co-wrote the script with Walter Parkes and Lawrence Lasker, who also serve as producers.

—Sean Farrell

Topper returns! CBS Television is plotting to bring Cosmo Topper back to the small screen, accompanied, of course, by his ghostly companions George and Marion Kerby. Topper began life in 1927 in a novel by humorist Thorne Smith. Three films starring Roland Young followed in the 30s, and were followed in turn by a TV series starring Leo G. Carroll in the 50s. John Landis directs the new TOPPER.

—Richard Valley

Have Bowler Will Travel

Doctor, Detective, Avenger

Wire Patrick Macnee

Patrick Macnee

interviewed by
**Richard
Valley**

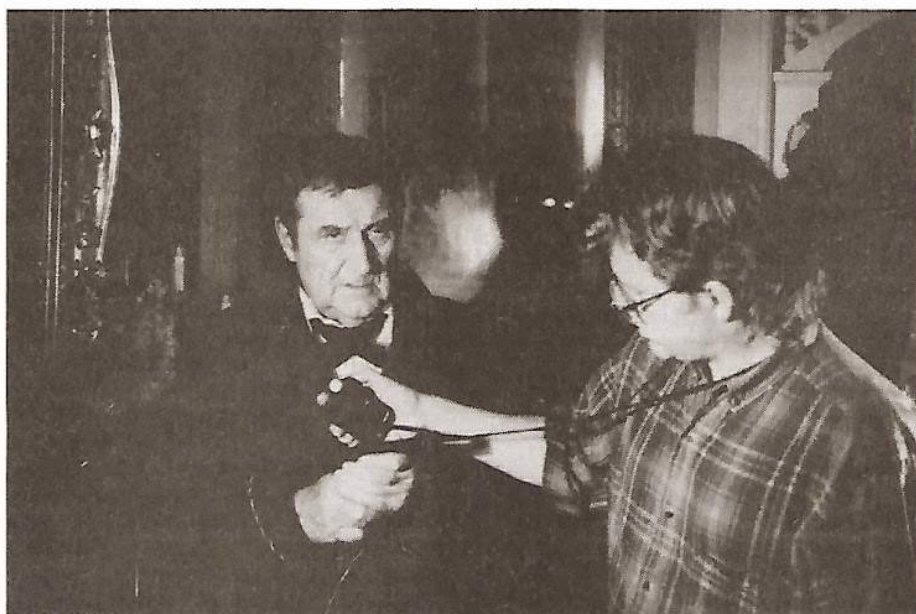
Try keeping pace with Patrick Macnee. If the peripatetic actor isn't off to Africa to play Dr. John H. Watson, he's on his way to Canada to play Sherlock Holmes. Or he's appearing in the new CBS series *P.S.I. Luv U*. Or he's discussing the possible return of debonair John Steed in a new TV film based on the ever-popular spy series **THE AVENGERS**. On his way out the door when we caught up with him, Mr. Macnee took a few minutes to discuss his most recent projects and, incidentally, ask us how our interview with his **GOLDEN YEARS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** co-star, Christopher Lee, had gone.



Patrick Macnee as John Steed and Diana Rigg as Emma Peel in—what else?—THE AVENGERS.



Photos by John Murphy



When this interview took place, Patrick Macnee hadn't decided whether he would play Sherlock Holmes in *THE HOUND OF LONDON* for Intrepid Productions. Well, he decided, and, as these exclusive first photos show, he played him. **LEFT:** Watson (John Godfrey) remonstrates with Holmes (Macnee) over his cocaine use. **RIGHT:** Director of Photography Gil Letourneau checks lighting levels on Macnee.

Scarlet Street: It was a great pleasure talking with Christopher Lee.

Patrick Macnee: He's very knowledgeable and a very sensible talker. I'd hoped you'd gotten a good interview with him.

SS: Yes, we did. We spoke for an hour.

PM: Well, yes, he can do that. Pity I can't; I've got to shave and get ready to go, but I can give you a little time. The reason that I couldn't do it tomorrow is because I'm doing a series called P.S.I. LUV U...

SS: Oh, really?

PM: It comes out on CBS on September 15th. The two-hour pilot is then, and then the show itself starts the following Saturday.

SS: There was a possibility that there were going to be more Holmes and Watson films with you and Christopher Lee. Is that still feasible, or are you tied to this new series?

PM: I'm just an actor, you know? I had four horrifying months on it as it was, and two of them in Africa and rising 70 years old. (Laughs) It's enough for me. But if anyone asks me to do any more, and if Chris wants to do them, of course I would do them.

SS: Christopher Lee mentioned that you go back quite a ways together. You were in school...

PM: We were in school in Summer Fields Oxford when we were 8 to 12.

SS: He also said that during the filming he was constantly cracking up during takes because of expressions and such that you...

PM: I wouldn't say that at all. We're two highly professional people; he's one of the best actors living and we just did it. It's a purely professional job in my opinion. It's like carpentry or putting together a train set: you either do it right or not at all. I was just working with Connie Selleca, who's a

lovely young actress. It doesn't matter who it is as long as they're good. Some say they're actors or actresses, but they really aren't; they're people who like to say that they are. Acting is something that you have to learn how to do and then do it the very best you can. Chris and I had a wonderful relationship, a purely working relationship.

SS: *INCIDENT AT VICTORIA FALLS*, he said, was especially grueling. There were a lot of different locations.

PM: Oh, it was just awful. Well, to work in Zimbabwe is very tough anyway. It's a Marxist dictatorship. My views on Africa are severely editable. They were fighting a civil war for 10 years before we got there! And it's still a very uneasy country.

SS: This is the second time that you've played Dr. Watson. You played him opposite Roger Moore as Holmes back in 1975.

PM: I liked that story. I thought *SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEW YORK* was very good. He was a lovely man that directed *SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEW YORK*: Boris Segal.

SS: You had a unique Moriarty in John Huston.

PM: (Laughs) All he talked to me about was Diana Rigg. You know, what's she really like and all that. He was fascinated by Diana Rigg. A lot of American men were.

SS: Still are! There's been talk about a new *AVENGERS* film. Would you be involved in that in any way?

PM: Well, it's sort of a two-hour film, rather like Raymond Burr does on *PERRY MASON*. I'd be interested in doing that. We'll have to see how it works out.

SS: Are you playing Watson similarly now to the way you played him in *SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEW YORK*?

PM: Oh, a little less—I played it more then. I think I tried to tame it more this time; I just tried to be a real human being, a doctor, and somebody who's obviously not anywhere near as bright or analytical as Sherlock Holmes. God knows, Watson wrote the book. He represents the public, and I think the most important thing about him is that you wonder what's going to happen next. He's the man who takes you to the next event. You know, I'm just about to play Sherlock Holmes up in Canada.

SS: In Canada?

PM: In a film for television, again about the Irene Adler period. The "Scandal in Bohemia" time. It's very funny, actually; it has Lestrade and Moriarty in it. I'm supposed to start that on October 15th. I've only just finished reading it this morning, actually.

SS: What's the name of this one?

PM: It's called *THE HOUND OF LONDON*, screenplay by Craig Bowlsby. It's to be done in Victoria, British Columbia, October 15th. I haven't exactly said that I would do it yet, but I've read it and it's a lot funnier, better, and more stylish than I could have believed possible. Consequently, if everything works out, I would do that. I've only played Sherlock Holmes in a mock way in a *MAGNUM P.I.* in 1984, when I got John Hillerman, who was Higgins, to play my Dr. Watson. I was sort of a madman out of a mad house, you know? And I got, oddly enough, *A VIEW TO A KILL* with Roger Moore from doing that particular performance. So, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson have been lucky for me in quite a number of ways.

SS: You'll also be one of the few actors, then, to play both Holmes and Watson.

PM: Well, let's put it this way. It's the first time I've been asked to do Holmes full-length. I'm not too sure I'm not too fat and too old. Now, Chris Lee was wonderful. We played it, as they said, in their Golden Years, so we're too old and we're quite funny. We leap onto trains in the middle of the steaming jungle in Africa saying "I'm too old for all this," and "I'm still too old for this." And a lot of the public think we're interesting, these two old codgers. I think they'll say, "Oh, God, he looks like Dracula, about 200 years too old. And the

other man, he's all right, but Dr. Watson is pretty easy, anyway." On the other hand, we met lions, cobras, and evil people and all the rest of it, which I think is the secret of the Sherlock Holmes stories. The stories themselves just take you along.

SS: *THE GOLDEN YEARS* sounds like it's a thrill-a-minute series. No wonder you were exhausted.

PM: It's made as an action-packed film of the 90s that happens to have these two famous characters. We don't send it up; we don't do any of the stupid in-jokes. That's

the only problem with *HOUND OF LONDON*; it's taking a bit of a liberty with Sherlock Holmes. Incidentally, the only reason I played Dr. Watson to Chris Lee's Sherlock Holmes was that they originally wanted Nigel Stock, and he died. Then they wanted Gordon Jackson, and he died. Then they thought, "Who the hell else is there?" and they ended up with me. (Laughs) "Who else has ever played it?" "Well, he played it."

SS: Well, we're sure they were very lucky to end up with you.

PM: We weren't bad together, I must say. SS: We're looking forward to seeing *THE GOLDEN YEARS*. We know they haven't scheduled it as yet.

PM: Well, dear old Bill Corcoran, the Canadian director of the African thing, has cut it down for video to two hours, and he says it really moves. He cut down the whole of the Irene Adler segment. They were written by Bob Shane, whom I think is a very good writer, and they incorporate real people who might have been around in 1906. They have Freud and the Emperor Franz Joseph and incorporate them, I think, delightfully.

SS: Sort of what started back in the 70s with *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*...

PM: Yes, it's very much like that. On the other hand, we far from concentrate on the cocaine. It's television, and television morality, as you know, is fine on violence—you can slit somebody open and practically show their bowels—but you really cannot do anything naughty in a sexual sense or in a hallucinatory sense.

SS: They dealt with the cocaine in the Granada series with Jeremy Brett and, gradually, they dropped it.

PM: That's very interesting. I also think Jeremy Brett is a simply wonderful actor, that possibly he didn't need it. Jeremy works at such a high adrenalin level, anyway; I'd think the addition of cocaine would have shot him straight out of the screen! (Laughs) I love him. I've known him for many years; he's wonderful.

SS: It's amazing to us that, back in 1940, Basil Rathbone said that Sherlock Holmes had pretty much had it; all the stories were old hat. Now here it is, 1991, and we have the series with you and Christopher Lee, and Jeremy Brett, and Charlton Heston...

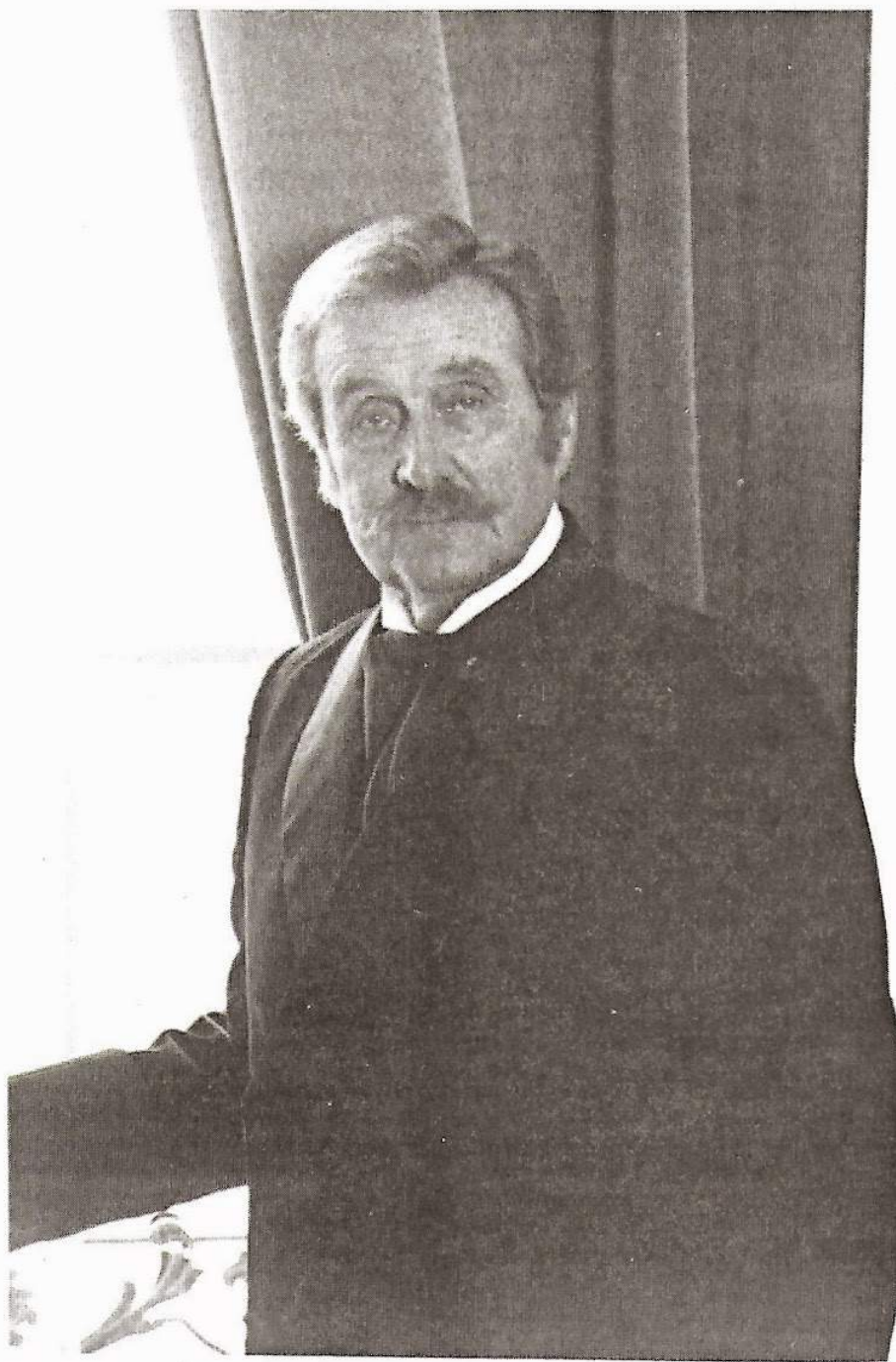
PM: Well, Heston did *CRUCIFER OF BLOOD*, which is a bloody good play about Sherlock Holmes. Keith Michell played it in London.

SS: It's a remarkable renaissance for Sherlock Holmes. Well, listen, we'll let you go. We know you're rushed.

PM: It was nice talking to you and I will send some promotional material. No need to return it; just use it and throw it away.

SS: Thanks again.

PM: Pleasure.



Patrick Macnee as Dr. John H. Watson in the Harmony Gold miniseries *THE GOLDEN YEARS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, scheduled for broadcasting in 1992.



the NEWS HOUND

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SCARLET STREET 47

Poirot Investigates

The LWT Series Reviewed

**THE ADVENTURE OF
JOHNNIE WAVERLY**
Adaptation: Clive Exton
Direction: Renny Rye

"A pleasing little problem...obscure and charming" is how Hercule Poirot describes his latest case.

While the ever-efficient Miss Lemon tries to perfect her filing system, Poirot has a consultation with Marcus Waverly, country squire of Waverly Hall in Surrey. He and his wife Ada have been receiving letters of a threatening nature. The letters warn that their only child, three-year-old Johnnie, will be kidnapped unless they pay £50,000. Neither Captain Hastings nor Waverly, nor even Chief Inspector Japp, takes the letters seriously, believing that, since this is England, "people do not go around kidnapping children."

Poirot, though, prefers, in his own words, "the safeness to the sorrow" (translation: "Better safe than sorry!"). He and Hastings depart for Waverly Hall. Upon arrival, it is discovered that extensive restorations of the Hall have been halted due to lack of funds. Now, Poirot and Hastings wait for the occurrence of the crime they must prevent. Poirot is intrigued by the kidnappers forewarning the Waverlys of

their intentions. Why not simply abduct the child and demand the ransom later? The next day, at the appropriate time, even with the protection of Poirot, Hastings, and Inspector Japp and his squadron of police, the child is taken.

THE ADVENTURE OF JOHNNIE WAVERLY is taken from Dame Agatha Christie's 1950 collection *Three Blind Mice and Other Stories*. It is important to note that this set of stories is published only in the United States. The title story, "Three Blind Mice", is actually the basis of Christie's phenomenally successful stage play THE MOUSETRAP. To this day, her English publishers will not allow the story to appear in print while the play is still running. THE MOUSETRAP premiered in 1952 and is about to celebrate its 40th anniversary, making it the longest-running theatrical production of all time.

The London Weekend TV adaptation of "Johnnie Waverly" was filmed in the majestic country estate of Wrotham Park. This 18th-century mansion in North London is still a private home. As always, the performances and production values are superlative. Although not one of the best episodes of David Suchet's first season of POIROT—the answer to the mystery is quite obvious—JOHNNIE WAVERLY contains several moments in which Poirot surprises the viewer.



David Suchet

The first unexpected event comes when Poirot actually fails to prevent the child's kidnapping. Second, Poirot allows the criminal to escape with only a stern warning. Poirot's leniency here recalls his handling of the crime in *Murder on the Orient Express*. Hercule Poirot reveals that sometimes true justice does not come from the courts.

**FOUR AND TWENTY
BLACKBIRDS**
Adaptation: Russell Murray
Direction: Renny Rye

The episode begins with Poirot enjoying an evening meal with his dentist, Mr. Bonnington. Actually, Poirot is far from delighted with the traditional boiled British fare served at Bishop's Chop House. During their meal, a waitress comments upon the strange behavior of a fellow diner. She explains that the elderly Henry Gascoigne, a long-time patron of the establishment, has maintained a particular timetable and menu for his meals. Suddenly, the old gentleman's not only changed the days of his visits to Bishop's, but even orders a blackberry tart—something he has not done for 30 years. Poirot's "little grey cells" are immediately suspicious.

Discovering that Gascoigne has been found dead under mysterious circumstances, Poirot decides to investigate to satisfy his own curiosity. He seems alone in his efforts, since Hastings is wrapped up in the latest cricket match, Miss Lemon is enraptured by the radio escapades of Raffles, and Japp is occupied in his new forensic laboratory. Soon Poirot becomes entangled in the seemingly placid affairs of Gascoigne, which involve a twin brother, priceless artwork, impersonation, and, of course, murder.

"Blackbirds" also can be found in *Three Blind Mice and Other Stories*. Cap-



Little Johnnie Waverly (Dominic Rougier) is about to disappear. Can Hercule Poirot find the missing boy and return him to his loving mother (Julia Chambers)? Mais oui!

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*Hercule Poirot (David Suchet) questions a diminutive witness in order to solve a puzzling **PROBLEM AT SEA**.*

tain Hastings, Miss Lemon, and Inspector Japp do not appear in Christie's original short story. They have been included here to keep a consistency of characters throughout the series.

The character of artist's model Dulcie Lane, portrayed by Holly de Jong, is a stand-out. She adds several elements not usually found in the series, including an outrageous Bohemian persona and some quite unexpected nudity. Also, veteran character actress Hilary Mason delivers a memorable performance as the embittered Mrs. Hill. By the way, Bishop's Chop House is an actual restaurant in London's financial district. (For *BLACKBIRDS*, the exteriors were shot on location and the interiors were provided by Hamilton's Restaurant in Twickenham, near the studios where the series is filmed.)

Poirot trivia fans take note! The little Belgian takes three sugars in his tea.

PROBLEM AT SEA
Adaptation: Clive Exton
Direction: Renny Rye

Unlike the usual urbane or country settings of Poirot's sleuthing, the majority of this episode takes place upon the Mediterranean Sea. Our detective and Hastings are on board a luxury sailing vessel bound for Alexandria. Their fellow passengers include a colorful assortment of Christie "irregulars": the domineering Mrs. Adeline Clapperton and her sheepish, ex-vaudevilian husband; her previous par amour, the retired General Forbes; two giggling young ladies; and the spinsterish Ellie Henderson, among others.

While relaxing in a lounge, the unbearable Mrs. Clapperton bends Poirot's ear in idle chatter. Suddenly she declares, "You're so alive, Adeline," they say to me. But really, M. Poirot, what would one be if one wasn't alive?" "Dead," replies Poirot. Soon enough, Poirot's unknowing prophecy comes to pass. Mrs. Clapperton is found murdered in her bed, an ornate Egyptian dagger thrust through her heart. Not unexpectedly, the other guests are hardly remorseful—and all are suspects. Poirot takes up the case.

The killer is apprehended in a bizarre scene in which Poirot uses a china doll as a witness to the crime. At the end of this unusual episode, the little Belgian utters one of his signature lines that appear in several of Dame Agatha's novels: "I do not approve of murder."

PROBLEM AT SEA may be found in Christie's short-story collection *The Regatta Mystery* (1939), published only in America. This LWT adaptation is deceptively filmed in Greece, not in the original Egyptian setting. Not only is there plenty

of local color (Hastings even rides a cardboard camel for a photograph!), but also much comic relief, provided by Melissa Greenwood and Victoria Hasteed. These two adolescents not only get under Poirot's feet, but also assist in solving the mystery. Sheila Allen, as the obnoxious

Mrs. Clapperton, pulls off the difficult acting task of creating a murder victim who is both irritating and amusing. Ann Firbank, as Ellie Henderson, makes the most of a small role. The episode was filmed aboard the *Madiz*, a private yacht built in 1921.

—Scot D. Ryerson

A BRIEF CONVERSATION WITH DAVID SUCHET

Award-winning actor David Suchet, a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company, has an extensive and distinguished list of credits in both television and film. His television roles have ranged from British TV's *FREUD* (1983) to *CAUSE CELEBRE* (1988). His film credits include *GREYSTOKE* (1983) and *HARRY AND THE HENDERSONS* (1986). In 1985, he starred in Agatha Christie's *THIRTEEN AT DINNER* for CBS Television playing Chief Inspector Japp to Peter Ustinov's Hercule Poirot. Mr. Suchet now plays what many consider the definitive Poirot for London Weekend Television. The actor lives in England with his wife and two children.

—Scot D. Ryerson

Scarlet Street: You have stated previously that Hercule Poirot has always been a character you have wanted to portray. What is it about the little Belgian that has interested you so much?

David Suchet: The character of Poirot can be seen to be as irritating as he is or can be charming. These qualities, plus my fascination with his eccentricities and his "little grey cells", have challenged me...to create, as near as I could, a fully-rounded human being rather than a comic cardboard caricature.

SS: How do you prepare for the role?

DS: Before I started playing the role of Poirot, I read most of the Poirot novels and stories and had a notebook by my side. My main task, I considered, was to personify as truthfully as possible the character as written by Agatha Christie. That was my research: his mannerisms, his talk, etc...all very clearly described by Dame Agatha. It was my task to put all these details into the character on the screen.

SS: How does Poirot affect your current life, and what have you learned from playing him?

DS: Playing Hercule Poirot only affects my life in that I have become more publicly recognizable. As far as the character is concerned, he has no effect on my personality.

What I will have learned by playing him is a style that is minimalistic.

SS: Do you find yourself thinking and dealing with things in daily life as Poirot might?

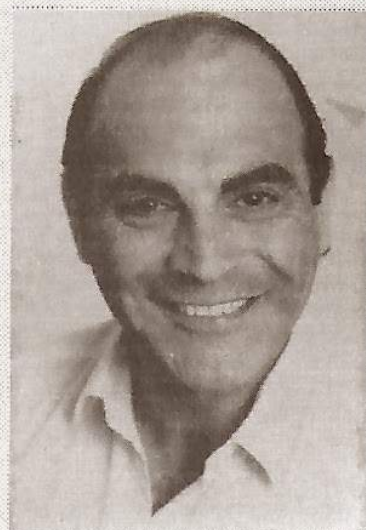
DS: No, I do not find myself thinking as Poirot. I often wonder, though, how he would react, but I certainly do not follow these impulses myself. If Poirot took over David Suchet to that extent I might as well give up acting and become a detective!

SS: When not acting, what do you like to do to relax?

DS: I enjoy photography; music (the clarinet in particular); golf; ornithology (the study of birds); and reading books on psychology, philosophy, and theology. But my main relaxation is my home and family.

SS: At this point, audiences in the States have seen *POIROT Series 1 and 2*, *PERIL AT END HOUSE* (1990), and *THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES* (1990). To date, what others have been completed?

DS: I have just finished shooting *Series 4*, and we have also now completed the three following novels: *One, Two, Buckle my Shoe*; *Death in the Clouds*; and *The ABC Murders*. So there should be many more hours of Poirot on the American television.



David Suchet as David Suchet

The House That SCREAMED

by Michael Orlando Yaccarino

In the dead of night, a desperate 15-year-old girl escapes the confines of a boarding school in which she is imprisoned. (It is the turn of the century in the South of France.) She is to meet her young lover—the headmistress' son—who has been severely forbidden to see her. Their plan is to flee from the dreadful school and make a life of their own. The rendezvous is to take place in the darkened greenhouse where, during the day, tight-corseted girls tend to poisonous plants. The girl quietly enters in search of the boy who will fulfill her destiny. Without sound, a shadowy figure looms up behind her. As one hand of the intruder muffles the unfortunate girl's screams, the other plunges a dagger into her. This disturbing final shot of the sequence is filmed in slow motion—the only sound heard is the delicate, sad melody of a music box as the murderer soothingly rocks the limp body in his deadly embrace.

Exactly 20 years ago, Narciso Ibáñez Serrador's 1970 film **THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED** (original title: **LA RESIDENCIA**, or **THE BOARDING SCHOOL**) was released in the United States. The previous year, it had been

the smash hit of the summer season in Spain, its country of origin. American International gave the film its U.S. premiere in an edited, dubbed version as the drive-in

second feature to **THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT**. The film received mixed reviews. During the past few years, it has occasionally appeared on late-night television in an even more edited form. In this country, many horror-film enthusiasts have never even heard of it. This is truly a tragedy, for **THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED** is a masterpiece.

Almost every aspect of this finely-crafted rococo horror film is superlative. The taut screenplay is based on an original story by Juan Tebar and adapted by the director under the pseudonym Luis Verna

Peñafiel. Although slightly predictable by today's cliché-ridden standards, the narrative builds to a genuinely horrific climax. The production values, including the magnificent cinematography by Manuel Berenguer, evoke a decaying, men-





ABOVE: Teresa (Cristina Galbo) is humiliated for the pleasure of three sadistic classmates in Madame Fournieu's boarding school for wayward girls. **NEXT PAGE:** A section of the American International Pictures pressbook for 1971's *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED*.

acing world of vibrant colors. The musical score by Waldo de los Rios is unusually rich—the opening and closing theme is a sensuous, melancholy waltz for full orchestra. Throughout the film, the music (embellished by the occasional use of eerie synthesized sounds and a chorus of moaning voices) greatly enhances the tension-filled scenes.

The acting by Lilli Palmer, John Moulder-Brown, and a wonderful young cast of mostly unknown actresses is completely believable. The critics even remarked upon the high quality of the dubbing process (utilizing Palmer and Moulder-Brown's real voices), which does not lessen the film's impact. The real star of the film is Lilli Palmer, who delivers a multi-layered performance as the school's director, Madame Fournieu. Here we see a woman whose outward rigidity masks a hopeless need to control everything around her, including her son's life. Ironically enough, it is her own sincere but damaging methods of discipline that are the catalyst of the story's grisly secret.

The film centers around a strictly administered boarding school for girls who, as Madame Fournieu states, have "not lead exemplary lives". Since the girls are often disobedient—they've even unsuccessfully tried to poison her!—she must sometimes use

harsh measures to maintain order. Not unexpectedly, several girls have escaped—or have they?

Into this setting enters Teresa (Cristina Galbo). Although she is better behaved than the other girls, it is later discovered that she is concealing a tainted past. Soon enough, she becomes involved with Luis, Fournieu's son (John Moulder-Brown). Luis' life has been completely dominated by his mother, who will allow him to share his life only with the kind of strong and capable young lady that she herself was many years ago. Aware of her son's clandestine meetings, she constantly reprimands him.

For all of Madame Fournieu's efforts, little is accomplished in the way of refining the rough lot of girls under her command. There is a continual contrast between the attempted domestication of the girls and their actual destructive behavior: during a needle-point lesson, an illicit love scene takes place in a barn; while cookery skills are being honed, a girl plans her escape; as the spinsterish Mademoiselle Despres (Candida Losada) conducts a routine ballet exercise, one of the soon-to-be-murdered girls secretly meets Luis; while Teresa is agonizingly interrogated, she is forced

Continued on page 54

PUBLICITY



HOUSE THAT SCREAMED 2D

DRAMATIC DUO — Lilli Palmer, portraying the operator of a semi-correctional boarding school for girls in "The House That Screamed" which opens at the Theatre soothes the back of a punished student, played by Pauline Challenor. Released by American International Pictures, the film was directed by Narciso Ibanez Serrador in color.

EUROPEAN LOCATION FILMING PROVIDES RICH BACKGROUNDS

The value of filming a story on location in carefully selected sites in Europe is aptly demonstrated in American International's new screen shocker, "The House That Screamed," which opens at the Theatre.

Starring Lilli Palmer, Cristina Galbo and John Moulder Brown, the story relates the bizarre events which occur in a sumptuous boarding school for rich wayward girls when, one-by-one, students disappear. Thus, the company, led by director Narciso Ibanez Serrador; cameraman Manuel Berenguer and production designer Ramiro Gomez chose a plush Spanish mansion surrounded by green forests as a background.

All the expensive period furnishings, richly paneled walls and artistic decor which might be found in such a boarding school were immediately available to the camera, eliminating the need to shop antique warehouses for props. The tables of rich ivory inlay; plush oriental carpets and hand-carved desks, chairs and buffets would make any collector drool . . . and they were all in place as if ordained into position by the script.



HOUSE THAT SCREAMED 1B

YOUNG INTERNATIONAL STAR — John Moulder Brown shares cast honors with Lilli Palmer, Cristina Galbo and Mary Maude in "The House That Screamed," American International's new screen shocker opening at the Theatre.

LILLI PALMER, A STAR WHO MUST JET BETWEEN SETS

Actress Lilli Palmer, who has been one of the busiest screen stars in the international film industry set could have used a pair of seven-league boots in addition to the dramatic talents with which she had been endowed. Her career has been marked by the film assignments which keep her shuttling across the Atlantic to and from Hollywood, England and the countries of Europe.

The star, who headlines the cast of "The House That Screamed," American International's suspense shocker opening at the Theatre makes her home "on top of a mountain in Switzerland" but doesn't get too much time to enjoy it.

Born Maria Lilli Peiser, she cannot remember a time when she was not interested in acting for her mother was an actress also. She attended the Ilka Gruening Drama School and made her stage debut at the age of sixteen in a play called "Die Eserne Jungfrau," a part which required her to stand on her head. However it was her dramatic ability which caught the attention of Alexander Korda, later, who took her to London for a screen test. A contract with Gaumont British followed and a series of film roles including "Secret Agent," "The Man With A Thousand Faces," "Thunder Rock" and "The Gentle Sex."

In 1945, she accompanied her new husband, Rex Harrison to Hollywood, where she won starring roles in "Cloak And Dagger" and "Body And Soul."

The Hollywood-Europe rotation hit a steady pace then as she worked in such films as "The Counterfeit Traitor," "The Pleasure Of His Company," "The Amorous Adventures Of Moll Flanders," "Operation Crossbow," (for which she won the Best Actress award at the San Sebastian Film Festival), "Nobody Runs Forever" and, recently, American International's "de Sade."

After completing her work in "The House That Screamed," which was filmed in Spain, Miss Palmer's next assignment was another film for American International, "Murders In The Rue Morgue," in which she shares cast honors with Jason Robards, Herbert Lom, Christine Kaufmann and Michael Dunn. Like "The House That Screamed," her new assignment is also filmed in Spain.



HOUSE THAT SCREAMED 1A

MOTHER AND SON roles in the new local film, "The House That Screamed" which opens at the Theatre are portrayed by international stars, Lilli Palmer and John Moulder Brown. Released by American International, the film was directed by Narciso Ibanez Serrador in color.

"HOUSE THAT SCREAMED" FILMED IN HOUSE THAT SQUEAKS

The location site selected for filming of "The House That Screamed," American International's new screen shocker which opens at the Theatre turned out to be more fitting to the picture's title for the company's sound crew than expected.

A sumptuous 19th century Spanish villa, its aging parquet floors, rusting door hinges and creaking antique furniture provided the company's microphones with a plethora of squeaks, creaks, cracks and groans to punctuate the actors' dialogues and lend an authentic atmosphere to the film's story, a suspense shocker told against the background of its sombre, cavernous rooms.

Produced and directed by Narciso Ibanez Serrador, "The House That Screamed" also stars Cristina Galbo, John Moulder Brown and Mary Maude. It tells the story of a semi-correctional school for teen age girls where a series of disappearances develop into a suspenseful story of murder and horror.



LEFT: The girls bathe as they are unknowingly watched by a secret admirer in *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED*, American International's lurid retelling of *LA RESIDENCIA*. **RIGHT:** Madame Fournau (Lilli Palmer) looks on as a student prepares for a secret rendezvous.

to serve a proper tea; and during evening prayers, a disobedient student is whipped in a cell reserved for solitary punishment.

Teresa's tortured existence worsens when she becomes the target of a sadistic group of Fournau's underlings. She decides to flee and take her chances on her own. As she is about to escape through a window, she meets up with the unexpected.

During the film's unforgettable ending, the terrifying truth is revealed. Investigating the disappearance of one of the girls, Madame Fournau enters the shadowy, spider-web-laced attic, which contains the broken relics of her son's repressive childhood. Within a small room, she is unexpectedly greeted by Luis. He proudly presents the result of his murderous efforts—a jigsaw corpse comprising pieces from the missing girls who most resembled his mother. Fournau looks on in helpless shock at the decaying, mutilated body, as much her own creation as her son's. The film ends with Luis locking his mother in the room and asking her to "Teach her to take care of me like you do." The final image is an extreme close-up of Luis' calmly insane, smiling face as Fournau screams his name in utter horror.

The narrative of *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED* is advanced primarily through the skillful use of visual elements: most importantly, sets, props, and costumes. The entire film unfolds in and on the grounds of the crumbling, Gothic-style boarding-school building. What is striking about the sets, designed by Ramiro Gómez, is their realistic, grimy look. The bedrooms, dining hall, and classrooms are water-stained and deteriorating, with dusty windows and cobwebbed ceilings. As Madame Fournau's powers diminish, she transforms the building more and more into a prison—windows are nailed down and locks placed on the doors—but to no avail.

Throughout the film careful visual attention is given to various implements of repression. *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED* becomes an object lesson in those things that control us: keys, locks, and corsets. In fact, the last note of the musical theme during the opening credit sequence is visually punctuated by a close-up of the lock being fastened upon the building's front gates. In several instances, props are used metaphorically: While Luis is being lectured by his mother, he fondles a clock spring, which she later unwinds. Near the end of the film, Madame Fournau sees her son's childhood rocking horse, now covered in peeling paint, bobbing to and fro near a recently mutilated body.

The period costumes by Vitin Cortezo are accurate in execution and appear "lived in". They help to tell the story as well.

Madame Fournau and her wicked team of subordinates are always immaculately groomed, wearing starched blouses and full-length skirts. It is only near the finish, when it has become evident to all that Fournau's dominion is failing, that we see her usually well-arranged coiffure begin to come undone.

For these reasons, Narciso Ibáñez Serrador's *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED* is an underrated classic. Most of all, it is a thoroughly enjoyable film worthy of several viewings. Besides the excellent script, acting, and production values, it delivers large doses of horror and suspense. *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED* is a cinematic experience that should be more widely seen and appreciated.



THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED

Credits

An Anabel film. Released in the U.S.A. by American International Pictures. Director: Narciso Ibáñez Serrador. Producer: Arturo Gonzalez. Screenplay: Luis Berna Peñafiel. Based on a story by Juan Tebar. Lighting Cameraman: Manuel Berenguer, A.S.C. Music: Waldo de los Rios. Editor: Reginald Mills. Spanish version by Mercedes Alonso. Set Designer: Ramiro Gómez. Sound (English version): Wally Milner. Costume Designer: Vitin Cortezo. Makeup: Carmen Martin. Production Manager: Manuel Perez. Production Co-Ordinator: Alberto Berconsky. Assistant Director: Mahnahen Velasco. Location scenes filmed in northern Spain; interiors at Estudios Moro (Madrid). Franscope and Eastmancolor. Running times: original, 104 minutes; AIP release, 94 minutes; AIP TV release, 84 minutes, 30 seconds.

Cast

Lilli Palmer (Madame Fournau), Cristina Galbo (Teresa), John Moulder-Brown (Luis), Mary Maude (Irene), Candida Losada (Mademoiselle Desprez), Tomas Blanco (Pedro Baldie), Maribel Martin (Isobel), Pauline Chellenor (Catarina), Teresa Hurtado (Andrea), Conchita Paredes (Susana), Victor Israel (Brechard), Maria José Valero (Elena), Ana Maria Pol (Claudia), Blanca Sendino (Cocinera), Paloma Pages (Cecilia), Sofia Casares (Margarita), Maria del Carmen Duque (Julia), Elisa Mendez (Maria), Maria Gustaffson (Ingrid), Gloria Blanco (Regina), Clovis Dale (Enrique).

Narciso Ibáñez Serrador

interview by Michael Orlando Yaccarino

Narciso Ibáñez Serrador, born on July 4, 1935, inherited a passion for the Arts from a long line of thespian ancestors. In fact, he began his career by acting, before leaving the stage permanently to start his profession as a writer and director. He not only learned his craft during the infancy of Spanish television in the 1950s, but also helped to define the medium through years of delivering high-quality productions. Although little-known in the United States, Serrador is a greatly respected and powerful figure in the European television industry, with an impressive list of major awards garnered over a 30-year period. His only two films, 1970's *LA RESIDENCIA* (released in the U.S.A. as *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED*) and 1976's *¿QUIEN PUEDE MATAR A UN NIÑO?* (released in the U.S.A. as *ISLAND OF THE DAMNED*) were extremely successful in his own and other countries. Currently, he is the president of Prointel, S.A., a television production company in Madrid. Here, in an exclusive interview for *Scarlet Street*, Serrador discusses *LA RESIDENCIA*, a milestone in his extensive, multi-faceted career.

Scarlet Street: In relationship to your career, how did *LA RESIDENCIA* come about? Was this a film you developed?

Serrador: In Argentina in 1958, I started with the series *THRILLER*, adapting classical short stories for television—Poe, de Maupassant, Lovecraft, Stevenson, etc.—as well as being author of original stories. Those programs were very successful in Argentina, where they were broadcast under the general title *MASTERWORKS OF TERROR*. I traveled to Spain in 1963 and this same type of story was very successful on Spanish TV (T.V.E.), this time under the title *HISTORIAS PARA NO DORMIR* (*STORIES TO STOP YOU FROM SLEEPING*). The television series' success meant that various producers offered me the chance to write and direct a story for the cinema. In 1969, I decided to do it, and that is how *LA RESIDENCIA* came about.

SS: In the summer of 1970, *LA RESIDENCIA* was an enormous success in Spain. In the U.S., it was inappropriately released as a drive-in double-bill with *THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED*

TRANSPLANT, and received mixed reviews. What has been your experience with American distribution? Your work is little-known in this country; why do you feel that is the case?

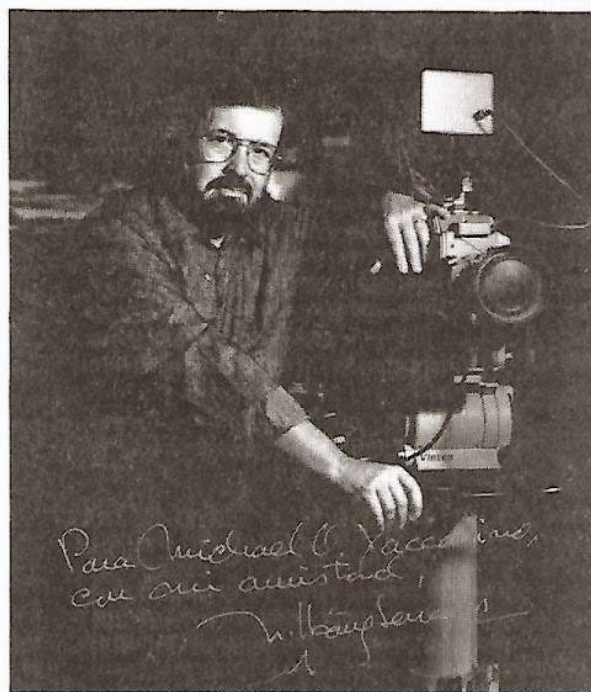
NIS: I wrote and directed *LA RESIDENCIA*, but I had nothing to do with its distribution. At that time—1970—Spanish cinema was practically ignored in North America, so

or 1-2-3), which has been broadcast over the past 20 years: without a doubt the most popular program in Spain. The program is also made in England, Portugal, Holland, Austria, and Germany.

SS: Which filmmakers and artists have influenced you?

NIS: Regarding the media, I consider myself to be a "self-made man", having

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Narciso Ibáñez Serrador

the film was badly distributed and badly promoted. However, in Spanish-speaking Central and South America, it was a great success, since my works on TV were, and are, well known. The rest of my work has much more to do with television than the cinema, and so my name is fairly well known in Europe, at least among professionals, whereas in America I am almost unheard of.

SS: What's your reaction to the fact that by the time *American International* released *LA RESIDENCIA* 20 minutes were cut from the original version?

NIS: This is the first time I have heard that the film has been cut, something I find very distressing.

SS: Are you currently working on any projects?

NIS: At the moment I am running a great game show on T.V.E. (*UNO DOS TRES*,

started as a young man in television, which itself was only just beginning. The influences have been, above all, literary, and I could give you a long list stretching from Dostoevsky, through Poe or Bradbury, to O. Henry.

SS: Do you feel that your work has been influential to filmmakers in your own and other countries?

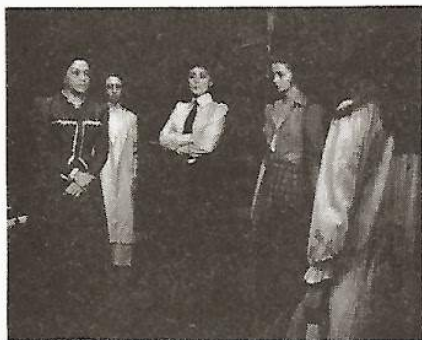
NIS: I think that both *LA RESIDENCIA* and *¿QUIEN PUEDE MATAR A UN NIÑO?* have influenced some producers, but I don't feel it would be right to mention them because I could be wrong. On the other hand, the majority of my television work certainly has had a decisive influence on television scriptwriters and directors, both in Spain and in Latin America.

SS: Are there any uncompleted or never-realized projects in your career?

NIS: No. I am incapable of getting down to work on a project if I'm not completely sure that it will be brought to completion.

SS: Your style in *LA RESIDENCIA* recalls that of the classic suspense/horror film, with attention to detail and taut pacing. There are certainly scenes of violence, but much of the film's greatness relies upon the slow building up of tension. Although the film was lauded for its technical achievements and acting, it was condemned for its violence and lesbian overtones—much of which was edited out for the *American International* release. How do you respond to such criticism and censorship? How does this relate to its Spanish release? What are your views on the use of violent and sexual elements in film?

NIS: As I said earlier, I don't know which part of *LA RESIDENCIA* has been cut. In 1970 in Spain the film reached the height of what was then permitted as far as eroticism was concerned. But, in this country with a long history of blood and violence, nobody paid too much attention to the



LEFT: Madame Fournau (Lilli Palmer) questions her students as to the strange goings-on in the boarding school. **CENTER:** Mademoiselle Desprez (Candida Losada) leads the girls in evening prayers. **RIGHT:** Teresa (Cristina Galbo) is forced to serve a proper tea to Irene (Mary Maude) and her sidekicks.

scenes we could call heavy, inasmuch as violence is concerned. As far as eroticism, the film has been surpassed by the cinema in all countries. Furthermore, I would not classify *LA RESIDENCIA* as an openly erotic film, since sex is something which I deliberately used to flavor the film: lesbianism is sensed but not shown. I am not in favor of any type of crude erotic scenes.

SS: How do you respond to critiques like the following: Los Angeles Times: "If ever there was a movie that rated an 'X' *THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED* is it...A sadist's and masochist's delight..." New York Daily News: "The director milks the lesbian thing for all it's worth."

NIS: It could be that at that time it was an advanced film, but I don't think that today it would be reclassified as "X".

SS: Was the cast all Spanish-speaking? Were you pleased with the dubbing results on this film?

NIS: As the cast of *LA RESIDENCIA* included actors who did not speak English, English actors who were starting out in the world of acting, and the participation of actors like Lilli Palmer, the film lacked the vital authenticity of live sound. I think I remember that the English dubbing left much to be desired.

SS: All of the performers in the film are superlative. For American audiences, Lilli Palmer and John Moulder-Brown were the only recognizable "names". Were any

of the other performers well known in Spain? Have you maintained contact with any of them?



NIS: The only international actress was Lilli Palmer. John Moulder-Brown almost began his career with *LA RESIDENCIA*, and the rest of the cast were English and Spanish actors or actresses beginning their careers with this film. Apart from John Moulder-Brown, I have lost contact with those wonderful people who formed part of the team. **SS:** What was your experience working with Lilli Palmer?

NIS: Wonderful. Lilli Palmer was an extraordinary actress, and I come from a family where there are five generations of

actors. I think actors form a special race, which allows us to understand one another easily in spite of the fact that we have not met one another or that we are separated by a language barrier.

SS: How close to your original conception was the finished film of *LA RESIDENCIA*?

NIS: Before I start to direct anything, whether on television or in the cinema, I carefully study what I am going to do; I practically see the film or the program, projecting it in my imagination. After this, all that's left to do is to make it. If the result is negative it is not because I have made a bad film, but because I imagined it badly.

SS: What aspects of the film please you?

NIS: I feel that several aspects of *LA RESIDENCIA* are very positive: the atmosphere of the film, the contrast of the praying scenes and whipping scenes, and the way in which the two murders are dealt with, where I used the slow-motion camera long before Peckinpah did.

SS: The "look" of the film is one of its many strong points. The realism of the unkempt clothing and decaying building adds suspense. How much of this aspect of the film were you involved in? How closely did you work with other areas of production: music, editing, and cinematography?

NIS: The film's "look" was obtained thanks to team-work carried out as much by Vitin Cortezo in the costume design as by Ramiro Gómez, who designed and con-

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LEFT: A rare moment of levity before the horror begins in *LA RESIDENCIA*. **CENTER:** Irene (Mary Maud) displays artistic talents in a secret class of her own. **RIGHT:** Teresa (Cristina Galbo) is interrogated by the sadistic Irene (Mary Maud).



Luis (John Moulder-Brown) dreams of the perfect woman at the finale of THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED.

structed the sets. As far as editing, music, etc., are concerned—in the same way as all the other things I have done—my suggestions were followed very closely. As I said earlier, before directing, either in the cinema or in television, I always project what I want to do in my imagination. Of course, I don't just see it, I hear it as well—the music, sound effects, silences—which are media for expression as important as the actual picture.

SS: *The interiors of the film were shot at Estudios Moro in Madrid. Where in northern Spain was the location shooting done? What served as the boarding-school build-*

ing? How much did it cost to complete the film? How long did the film take to make?

NIS: The exteriors were filmed in Santander, Cantabria. The building is the Comillas Palace. The film cost 28 million pesetas, approximately 300 thousand dollars, and it took eight weeks to film it.

SS: *Are there any amusing or significant incidents regarding the making of the film that you would like to relate?*

NIS: When Lilli Palmer read the script, she said that there were three sequences too many; when I went over them I realized that Lilli Palmer wasn't in any of them. I thanked her for her advice, but told her that I planned to film them anyway. This is the way I did it, but when I saw the whole film practically finished I got rid of those three scenes, which were clearly superfluous, exactly as my dear, admired friend Lilli Palmer had indicated.

SS: *In closing, are there any thoughts you would like the viewer to be aware of in experiencing this film and your work in general?*

NIS: It was a very positive experience, since, although it was my first film, it stayed 54 weeks in the cinema where it was premièred, thus becoming Spanish cinema's best box-office success. Before its première, nobody amongst us could foresee that it would be so successful. Even I reached the point where I thought I was wrong. For this reason I have subsequently thought that it is better to be led by one's own intuition than by others' opinions, which can confuse the message you want to bring to the audience.

SS: *We are sure we haven't touched upon everything you would like to say about the film.*

NIS: As you see, although you tell me that you are sure I am going to add something, your intuition has failed you!

Michael Orlando Yaccarino is a graduate of the New York University Film School and has completed an internship at the Film Study Center of the Museum of Modern Art. He is a devotee of Italian and Spanish horror cinema.



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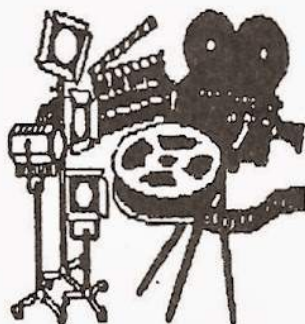
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interview by Jessie Lilley

Barbara Hale is not only *Scarlet Street's* favorite secretary; as Della Street, she is the favorite of mystery fans the world over—including more than a few real-life “powers behind the boss”. As one Street to another, we're happy to welcome her to our pages.

Scarlet Street: Thank you for this interview; it's very special to us. We were hoping to make you one of our Scarlet Ladies.
Barbara Hale: Oh, dear. That's very kind. I think I should tell you; I think the scarlet has faded a little bit. It might be more of a mauve.

SS: Our Mauve Lady! Perhaps you could begin by letting us know how you got your start in films.

BH: Oh, Lord have mercy, child! (Laughs) Well, honestly, I was going to art school in Chicago and working at Marshall Fields. One of the young men in the stock room went to another art school, and he said, “You know, our professor is looking for somebody to model for them. He's in the funny papers. He has a column called *Ramblin' Bill*.” And I said, “Good; do I get paid?” So I did that for a while, and then a little later a couple asked me to model for them at Chicago Model's Bureau. That's a very long story, but I love the fact that I started out in the funny papers.

SS: That's wonderful.

BH: In those days, when I signed my letters, I always wrote, “See you in the funny papers!” which is about as corny as you could get! And then look who I married. I married *Ramblin' Bill*.

SS: How did you and your husband Bill Williams meet?

BH: Actually, we were both under contract at RKO. In those days, of course, there were drama classes and vocal classes when you were a stock player. I always called it a paid education. We weren't paid very much, but...

SS: Stipends are nice.

Jessie Lilley has produced several off-off Broadway shows and is the Publisher of Scarlet Street.



Photo courtesy of VIACOM™

Barbara Hale



BH: Absolutely. The young stock players in those days got—well, if they were lucky they got a hundred a week. I got fifty. That was on a 40-week guarantee.

SS: During your first year of filmmaking you appeared in *THE SEVENTH VICTIM*, produced by Val Lewton.

BH: Oh, my gosh!

SS: What part did you play?

BH: I can't even remember! You just reminded me of the picture! (Laughs) The very first day on the lot I was introduced to Dick Stockton, who was casting director at RKO, and as I was talking to Mr. Stockton his phone rang. He said, "Uh huh," and he looked up at me and said, "Yeah, yeah. Oh, good night! Okay, just a minute." He said, "Honey, can you say a line?" And I said, "Sir, I'm sorry, but I really don't know." And he said, "That's all right; you'll do." And with that he said, "I've got it covered." He got off the phone and he said, "Get her to make-up, get her to hair dressing, get wardrobe for her, and get her to Stage Six. One of the girls is sick." That was my introduction.

SS: What luck!

BH: It really was, and the folks in publicity were so very kind to me; I was so green. It was good press for them, so that made it wonderful for me. Cinderella arrives in Hollywood and works her first day.

SS: What was the name of the film?

BH: It was GILDERSLEEVE'S BADDAY. (Laughs) Morton Douglas directed it, and we became very dear friends. When the scene

was over, I went over to him and said, "Mr. Douglas? My name is Barbara Hale. Pardon me, sir, but I wanted to ask if I did alright?" He said, "Sure, honey, you did fine; why?" I said, "Well, it's the first time I've ever been in front of a camera." He said, "Oh, dear God!" and we proceeded to become good friends. My husband Bill actually came to the studio in '44, but guess who was under contract with me in '43.

SS: Could it have been...

BH: Yes, it was.

SS: Raymond Burr?

BH: My darlin' Raymond. In 1993, we will have known each other 50 years. I always say to him, "Remember, Raymond, I was three and you were four." And he says, "Barbara, no; I was three and you were four." Anyway, we've had a good long time sharing a career together. It's been very, very gratifying. Ray's such a perfectionist. I think Raymond could read the phone book, and people would watch and listen.

SS: They probably would. What was RKO like in the 40s? Do you have any remembrances of Mark Robson, the director of *THE SEVENTH VICTIM*?

BH: Mark Robson was actually an editor when we first knew him at RKO. Let me tell you, RKO was like a small college. It had the park in the center, which was kind of the meeting place, and the various stages, which all the stock kids were allowed to visit. I worked with Fibber McGee and Molly. They did quite a few films for RKO. I did a lot of radio. After doing *JOLSON SINGS AGAIN* with Larry Parks, we did the radio show with the audience, and instead of Larry doing



Adapted from a Cornell Woolrich story, *THE WINDOW* (1949) starred Barbara Hale as the mother of a tenement boy (Bobby Driscoll) who witnesses a murder in the apartment upstairs. Arthur Kennedy lent support as the father.

In 1944 Barbara Hale made two appearances in the popular Falcon series: *THE FALCON OUT WEST* and *THE FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD*. Here she is *IN HOLLYWOOD* with Sheldon Leonard and Tom Conway.

it, Al Jolson played himself in the radio show. Earle, his wife, was a Southern lady, and Al spoke with a Southern accent, as did Larry when he was portraying Jolson. But Jolson was so Southern and I had to be more Southern than he was. After we did the picture, Al and Earle came to a showing at the studio, and when it was finished we had coffee and cakes and sat around chatting. I said, "Mrs. Jolson, did I do alright as you?" And she said, "Honey, ah thought you were wonderful, but ah don' know wa' they made yo' tak lak thet!" (Laughs)

SS: You mentioned Larry Parks. His career was ruined by HUAC, wasn't it?

BH: Isn't that disgraceful! I hope nothing like that ever happens again in our industry. I knew Larry and his wife, Betty Garrett, very well; we had our children about the same time.

SS: Speaking of motherhood, you played Bobby Driscoll's mother in *THE WINDOW*. The character is a woman who doesn't believe her son has witnessed a murder. Was it difficult to keep that character sympathetic and still fulfill the dictates of the script?

BH: It was very difficult. How can I put it? You love your child, but it is so hard to imagine that a little one would witness something like that, that you feel you have to stop his imagination from running rampant. That is the attitude of love, of trying to make the child realize, "You just don't tell stories like that, honey." Arthur Kennedy was wonderful, too, as the husband. Sometimes we have to be very definite in discipline. I think the two characters in *THE WINDOW* were too much so, when they locked the boy in and left him. But, who are we to know the circumstances, you know?

SS: Bobby Driscoll had a short, tragic life.

BH: Oh, that was terrible. And then, you know, I played Natalie Wood's mother in a picture called *JACKPOT* with Jimmy Stewart.

SS: Let's backtrack a little. You appeared with Tom Conway in *THE FALCON OUT WEST* and *THE FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD*. What was it like to work with him?

BH: Oh, he was wonderful to me. Listen, every person that I have worked with has been so kind to me. I've been so blessed, working with very professional and kind people. The cowboys in *THE FALCON*

'Way before *QUANTUM LEAP*, Dean Stockwell was *THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR* (1948) and Barbara Hale was his teacher.



OUT WEST were so good; we laughed constantly. One time they put me on a horse, and I'd had my lessons; I'd learned how to ride that horse. And Whitey, one of the fellas, said, "Okay, Barb. Are ya ready?" And I said, "Yup! I'm ready! Let go!" And instead of letting go when they said action he hit that horse on the rump! Honey, you've never seen a child go into a barn so fast in your life! We went down the hill and around the corner and under a tree and into the barn! I wasn't supposed to be

there; but the horse knew where he wanted to go. There was another time in a Western with Brod Crawford. It was Abbie's—I don't think I'll say the last name; he's now very well known in our industry—but it was Abbie's first day as first assistant. The director said, "Abbie! Bring in the first team! Hurry up!" So Abbie disappeared and came back with four horses: the first team. Now, the "first team" is the actors. (Laughs) And instead of the actors, there came Abbie, leading the horses!





Barbara Hale and friend starred for over nine years in the original PERRY MASON television series.

SS: Another of your films that's grown in stature over the years is *THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR*. What do you think of that somewhat experimental film?

BH: Oh, I thought it was wonderful. I was hoping the buildings would be a little askew, instead of being straight buildings, because we did that in black and white. Now, when I say black and white I mean it was shot in color, but everything was in tones of grey except Dean's hair, which was green. It was fascinating to work on from a technical standpoint, and of course Pat O'Brien was one of the loves of my life, and Bob Ryan was another beloved friend. SS: Dean Stockwell was the boy. He's one of our favorites.

BH: I am so thrilled by his return to our industry. It is so exciting. I watch him and say, "There's that little kid."

SS: Did he seem a typical child actor to you at the time?

BH: He was so brilliant. He was such a brilliant performer. He was typical, but an old soul as far as his dramatic ability. His performances seemed to come from an old soul, but he was just as ornery as any other kid on the block! (Laughs)

SS: Tell us how you got cast as Della Street in *PERRY MASON*.

BH: That was because of Gail Patrick Jackson. She really wanted me to do it. At the time, I was working on a project to do some dolls; I wanted to get into advertising and merchandising. I was working on a doll and I was going to have the box look like Gail's store—she had a store for children in Beverly Hills called the Enchanted Cottage—and I was going to have various dolls that lived there. So I got to know Gail very well in the process of trying to develop that idea. When *PERRY MASON* came about, she called and said, "Barb, you've just gotta do it." I said, "Gail, I have three children and it's too hard to

take on a series." She said, "Well, at least read the script," and I said, "Well, okay, I will." I read it and, fortunately, there were some very positive aspects to it. I was not a mother, which was wonderful, because my children wouldn't see me mothering other children, correct?

SS: Correct.

BH: I was not a wife, so my husband wouldn't see me with another husband. But I still didn't want to do it, because I didn't feel I could take on that responsibility. Gail said, "Barb, we're only going to do 18 shows. So it wouldn't be that long, and I really think you're right for it." I said, "Who's going to be Perry Mason?" And she said, "Raymond Burr." I said, "Let me think about it." Then I read the script again and I thought, "Well, he's a wonderful performer, but even he can't do



Della Street, Secretary for the Ages.

more than 18 shows with this monologue every week in the courtroom." So, I took it. And nine and a half years later they were still saying, "I don't think we're going to do any more now." (Laughs) We'd completed nearly 300 shows!

SS: Were there other actresses up for the part?

BH: I think there were many, but I never really knew.

SS: We've heard that Fredric March was approached to play Perry Mason.

BH: I have heard rumors to that effect, but I really don't know. I know that Raymond was called in to read the Paul Drake part, but he said he wouldn't do it unless he could also read for Perry Mason. And when he read for Perry, Mr. Gardner, God love him, said, "That's my man."

SS: The Gardner books are so entertaining, and the show is so faithful to them.

BH: I think so, too. I think the original one-hour shows were, if anything, more keeping in line with Mr. Gardner's books.

I don't think people realize how many Erle Stanley Gardner books there are and how many languages they've been printed in. Gail once told me that they are second only to the Bible in the number of languages they're printed in.

SS: Tell us about the rest of the players: Ray Collins, William Talman, William Hopper?

BH: It was the greatest family. I miss them dearly. To explain the closeness and the gentleness and humor and wonder of the show: after nine and a half years, there were only nine people from our original crew that were missing. A crew is approximately 100 people or more, and I think that speaks very highly for how we all got along. It was only if someone played a nasty joke on somebody that we got a little dander up and we tried to top them.

SS: Could you let us in on one of those nasty jokes?

BH: Oh, gosh, there were so many! One time we were between takes, and I was talking with Raymond about animals. He said he loved animals. I said, "Oh, I really love animals. I would have a whole menagerie if I could." The next week I came into my dressing room, which was a little cottage, and it was filled. I had cows, sheep, goats, and pigs. Chickens, baby chicks—everything in my dressing room!

SS: And you didn't shoot him?

BH: Well, I'll tell you. I was ready. But I had one of the actors pretend he was my attorney. I went screaming onto the set; I said, "Raymond Burr, I have my attorney here, and I intend to sue. I want my cottage just exactly like it was before." And I'm making a big scene and yelling, and everybody's laughing and I said, "No, I'm very serious. I want those animals out of my room. I cannot get dressed to get ready for the show. You are holding up produc-



Perry's best-loved opponent was District Attorney Hamilton Burger. Pictured: Raymond Burr and William Talman.

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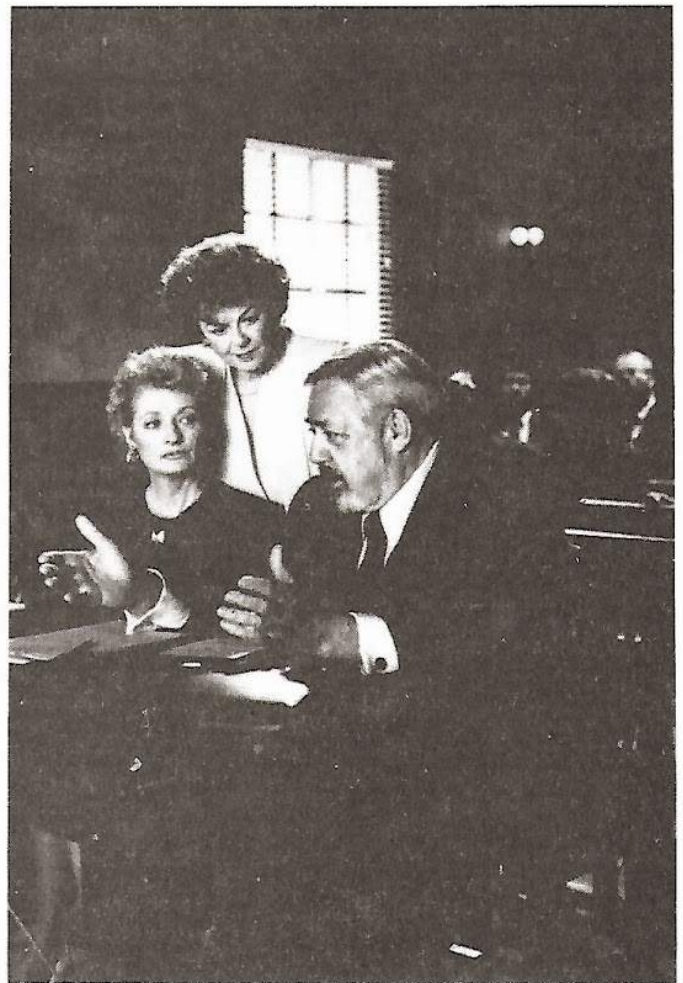
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LEFT: David Ogden Stiers played courtroom opponent Michael Reston in several *PERRY MASON* films during the 80s. **RIGHT:** Della and Perry came to the defense of a magazine publisher (Diana Muldaur) in the recent *CASE OF THE FATAL FASHION*.

tion, Mr. Burr." And then I left and got ready. By lunchtime they were gone. And I came back and said, "Thank you very much. I want to make notice to everybody here that Mr. Burr did comply with my wishes; the animals are gone." I went home that night and they were all in my yard. The children thought it was wonderful; they thought Uncle Raymond could do no wrong. (Laughs) I said, "What did you do, Raymond, buy the farm?"

SS: Have you ever wanted Della to solve a case instead of Perry?

BH: Oh, I don't think she ever should. It would destroy Mr. Gardner's interpretation of the characters, you know? Della is always there, and you always have to have the feeling that she could, but wouldn't, because Perry Mason is her idol. She respects him, he's her idol, and so be it.

SS: The inevitable question: are Perry and Della a romantic item or are they just very good friends?

BH: Well, you know, that's audience participation. There are secretaries who are married, and they don't really want Della to be having any hanky-panky. Then there are those secretaries who secretly love

their boss, and they know every innuendo, 'cause they've been there. Then there are those who really want it to happen and let's get on with it! (Laughs)

SS: Have you a favorite *MASON* episode?

BH: No. It would be impossible; there are so many people in our industry that have been on the show. I became close friends with Bette Davis, for instance, when she did the show.

SS: Tell us about the new films that began with *PERRY MASON RETURNS* in 1985.

BH: Dean Hargrove is so dear, so soft and gentle. When they first were going to do the show, Dean asked me to lunch and said, "Barbara, what do you think about doing a remake of *PERRY MASON*?" And I said, "Very honestly, Dean, I think it could be a little difficult. Three of your main characters—Bill Talman, Bill Hopper, and Ray Collins; Hamilton Burger, Paul Drake, and Lieutenant Tragg—are gone." And he said, "Well, you know, we thought about that and our first script is going to introduce a young Paul Drake, a Paul Drake, Junior, to bring in the younger audiences. We have the perfect young fella to do it." And I said, "Oh, that's won-

derful. That sounds very interesting." He said, "Yeah, but you know, I cannot reach him." I said, "Who is it?" He said, "Well, he's a young blonde kid, and he did a show called *GREATEST AMERICAN...*" I said, "HERO." And he said, "Oh, you know him?" And I said, "Well, yes; he's in Kansas City doing *MUSIC MAN*." He said, "Oh, you really do know him." I said, "Boy, do I know him; I changed his diapers." (Laughs)

SS: He didn't know?

BH: He did not know. He said, "Well, you're Barbara Hale and Bill Williams." I said, "I'm Barbara Hale and William Katt is my husband's legal name." A lot of people think I've been married twice, because Billy uses the name Katt, and that's Papa's real name.

SS: That's wonderful.

BH: The other story I wanted to tell you about Billy, in regard to women working: Billy was just a little fella, five years old when I was doing the show, and they had parents' night. On top of Billy's little desk, he had drawn pictures of the family. He had a picture of his sister and it said, "This is my sister, Jodie." And he had another pic-

ture that said, "This is my little sister, Nita." And "This is my Dad. He works on boats." (Laughs) We had a boat at the time. And then there was Mama's picture—I wish I had the picture; it was the funniest thing—"And this is my Mom. I love her. She's a secretary." (Laughs) So as far as the children were concerned, I was a secretary.

SS: *Perry Mason is such a part of the world today, and the same can be said for Agatha Christie's sleuths: Miss Marple and Hercule Poirot. Why do you think American detectives, such as Nero Wolfe and Ellery Queen, don't seem to make it on television?*

BH: Well, I think there's a certain amount of merchandising that goes into that. When we first started, the *Ladies Home Journal* did a series of digests of Erle Stanley Gardner's books, and all the drawings looked like we looked. If you'll notice, the Perry Mason on the covers of many of the paperbacks is Raymond's likeness. Della Street, Lieutenant Tragg: they have our likenesses. So the viewing audience came to accept us.

SS: *And did so all over again when you started making the new films. Did you talk over the series with Raymond Burr before committing to it?*

BH: Yes. I said, "Raymond, honest to goodness, I was so tired at the end of the first session of pictures. My motor's not

working quite the same as it used to." And he said, "Oh, Barbara, for crying out loud! After the first MASON, I went on and did seven years of IRONSIDE." And I said, "Yeah, but look how you did it!" (Laughs) He said, "That brings to mind, Barbara; if we don't do any more of these shows, how would you like to do IRONSIDE with me?" And I said, "Oh, Raymond! For crying out loud!" "No," he said, "I'm quite serious. I think by the time we finish these, you'll be in a wheelchair, so we can do tandem wheelchairs on IRONSIDE!"

SS: *Your son has stopped making the MASON films, much to our dismay.*

BH: Yes. We didn't know we were going to continue. Our contracts were up, and before we were approached for the new contract, Billy had another opportunity. Stephen Cannell had been after Billy for five years to do another series for him, so he decided to take the series. He said, "Mom, I hate to leave MASON, but I do have to feed the kids. I feel I better try this, 'cause I think it'll go." Well, as our industry does to us, it didn't. He made 12 and it wasn't picked up.

SS: *Any chance he'll be back?*

BH: Oh, I would love it. I would so love it. People

ask, "What's it like working with your son on a picture?" I say, "Well, it's really wonderful. I respect him, I respect his talent, I love him as my son, and I've only had to send him to his room three times."

SS: *Here on Scarlet Street, we would love to see Della have more screen time. Would you like to have Della have more to do, or are you happy with what you're doing?*

BH: I'm very happy with what I'm doing. I think Della should be the silent partner who's always there; that, basically, is where Mr. Gardner put her. She knows ahead of time what Perry is thinking. It's the unspoken word that's important for Della, the looks between she and Perry Mason. Not that it wouldn't be fun to do more, but I feel, from the standpoint of the character, it's very important that she stay there, hovering, so to speak.

SS: *The grapevine tells us that NBC is ordering more MASON movies. Are you willing to do more?*

BH: Well, I think I'll just go in for an oil and a lube and I'll be back.

SS: *We're delighted.*

BH: You know, the kids on the show keep calling and asking, "Barb! Have you heard anything? Do you know anything?" I say, "No, I really don't." And they say, "Well, are we going to do more, or is it really finished? Are we down?" I say, "Honey, I don't know, but they've been saying that we're through since 1957."



Photo courtesy of VIACOM™



Barbara Hale and son William Katt, who played private detective Paul Drake, Jr. in nine PERRY MASON television features.



What is STAR TREK doing in *Scarlet Street: The Magazine of Mystery and Horror*? The sci-fi classic has tackled many world issues head-on: war, prejudice, man's inhumanity to man; the list goes on and on. The 60s TV series was ground-breaking not only in its multi-racial bridge crew, but also in its ability to confront major issues of that troubled decade and present positive solutions, albeit 23rd-century ones. On any five-year mission, one is bound to run into some mystery, no doubt spiced with horror as well. With their sci-fi premise, Captain Kirk and his loyal companions were able to travel through time into the past...and sometimes, the past came forward to them.

Stardate 3614.9: After suffering a minor head injury caused by a female crew member, Mr. Scott has been taken by Kirk and McCoy to the planet Argelius Two for some "R&R". A young woman is brutally murdered shortly after their arrival, and Scotty is the apparent killer. He is unable to remember anything about it; McCoy suspects that Scotty's head injury was more serious than originally supposed. Mr. Hengist, the Chief City Administrator, calls for Scotty's immediate arrest. During his detention, more women are killed, including a psychic (the Prefect's wife). Before the woman dies, however, she reveals that the true murderer is in fact Redjac—an ancient and, until now, unknown life form—who has wreaked havoc on other planets in the past. Indeed, the computer speculates that this life form was on Earth during that planet's 19th century and was known as—Jack the Ripper. Redjac, it turns out, has taken over the body of Mr. Hengist. Ultimately, the entity, in Hengist's reanimated body, is trapped aboard the Enterprise and transported into space at maximum dispersion, thereby effectively scattering it across the universe and causing its apparent destruction.

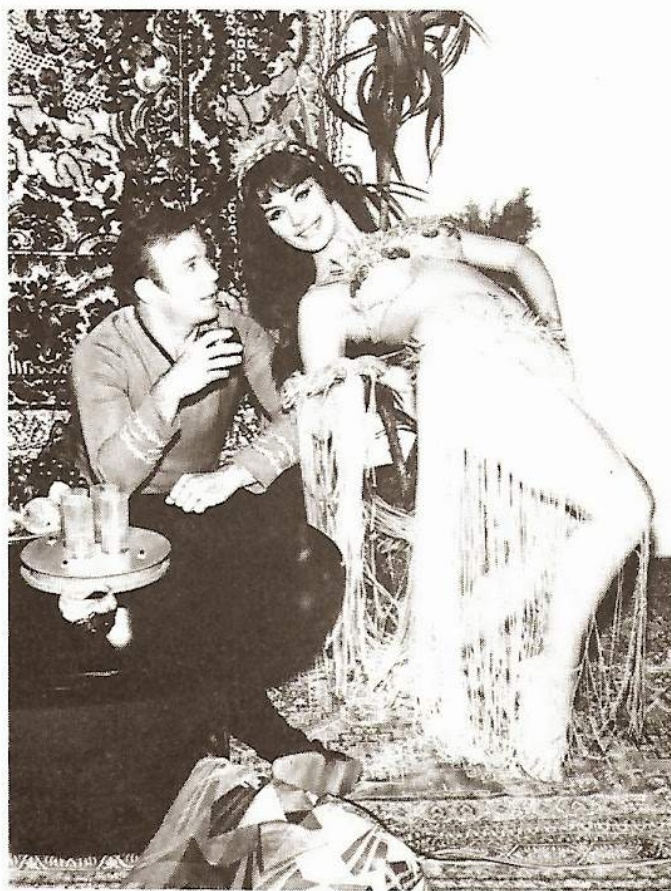
The late Gene Roddenberry never forgot that science fiction is, first and foremost, a story. In Robert Bloch, Roddenberry had a writer who was able to provide just the right amount of mystery, drama, and horror to make this one of the most compelling and frightening episodes in the entire series. Kirk's casual comment that "when men moved out into the galaxy, that thing must have moved with them" is chilling not only in its off-hand delivery, but in intimating that Redjac was spawned on our home planet.

Bloch had previous experience with Saucy Jack when, in 1961, he wrote an episode for Universal's TV series THRILLER

RIPPING TALES

STAR TREK Meets Jack the Ripper

by Jessie Lilley



The man can't help it. Captain Kirk (William Shatner) ogles dancing girl Kara (Tania Lemani) on the planet Argelius in Robert Bloch's *WOLF IN THE FOLD*.

© 1968 Paramount



Photos Courtesy of Richard Arnold

ABOVE: John Fiedler as Redjac. BELOW: "Scotty the Ripper" is questioned by Captain Kirk.



WOLF IN THE FOLD

Credits

Episode 36. Air date: December 22, 1967. Writer: Robert Bloch. Director: Joseph Pevney.

Cast

William Shatner (Captain James T. Kirk), Leonard Nimoy (Mr. Spock), DeForest Kelley (Dr. McCoy), James Doohan (Mr. Scott), George Takei (Sulu), John Fiedler (Hengist/Redjac), Charles Macauley (Jarvis), Sybo (Pilar Seurat), Joseph Bernard (Tark), Charles Dierkop (Morla), Judy McConnell (Yeoman Tankris), Virginia Aldridge (Lieutenant Karen Tracey), Tania Lemani (Kara).

entitled YOURS TRULY, JACK THE RIPPER. This he adapted from his own short story of the same name, wherein Jack is found to be terrorizing an American city in the 60s. Here, too, Jack is an unknown life form with a long, long life span.

John Fiedler gives a stunning performance as Hengist. Horror fans will remember Fiedler affectionately as Gordon Spangler, or "Gordy the Ghoul", as Carl Kolchak referred to him in THE NIGHT STALKER.

WOLF IN THE FOLD is unique in several ways. It was written by the author of *Psycho*, and is possibly the only truly terrifying episode in the series. As Mr. Scott said of Jack, "Cold it was...like a stinking draft out of a slaughterhouse."

Brrrr....

(Note: The solution to the mystery of whether or not McCoy ever really said "He's" or "She's dead, Jim" is revealed in this episode: that line is clearly spoken no less than three times.)



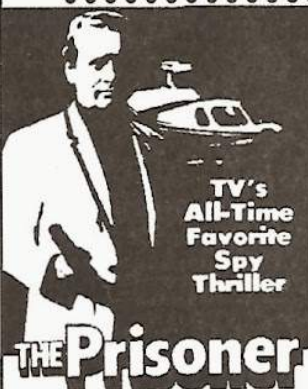
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- #14 HAMMER INTO ANVIL
- #15 GIRL WHO WAS DEATH
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HOUNDED by HOLMES

Part Four of the 90 Year History of The Hound of the Baskervilles by Richard Valley

From Part One

Briefly, *THE HOUND* involves Holmes in a case concerning a family curse. Sir Hugo Baskerville, an 18th century despot, kidnaps a maiden. She promptly escapes. Sir Hugo follows her onto the moor and meets death at the jaws of a fiendish Hound of Hell. Generations later, the curse is still at work. Sir Charles Baskerville dies of sheer fright, the footprints of a large beast by the body. Family physician Dr. Mortimer journeys to Baker Street for advice; Henry Baskerville is due to take up residence in Baskerville Hall, and is surely in danger. Holmes sends Watson along to protect the young baronet. In letters, Watson reports to Holmes on the Dartmoor residents: naturalist Jack Stapleton, his sister Beryl, the butler Barrymore, Barrymore's wife, and Mr. Frankland, whose passion is litigation. In addition, there is the escaped killer, Selden, lurking in the neighborhood. Holmes makes an unexpected appearance on the moor. Soon after, Selden is killed by the hound, and Sherlock sets to work. Beryl is exposed as Stapleton's wife. Frankland's daughter, Laura Lyons, is revealed to have written the letter that lured Sir Charles to his doom. Stapleton, Laura's lover, is shown to be next in line for the Baskerville fortune. It is he who keeps a half-starved, phosphorus-treated hound on an island in the Great Grimpen Mire. Sir Henry takes his seemingly ill-advised jaunt, the hound is disposed of, and Stapleton flees only to take a false step in the mire and vanish from sight.

The unintentionally risible TV adaptation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles* in 1972, followed five years later by the unintentionally humorless spoof starring Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, succeeded in sending the Hound of Hell off with its spectral tail between its legs, but by 1981 the beast was back roaming the moor in search of Baskerville blood. *SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE BASKERVILLE CURSE* was the first animated version of this most famous of Sherlock Holmes mysteries, and it was quickly joined by *THE SIGN OF FOUR*, *A STUDY IN SCARLET*, and *THE VALLEY OF FEAR*, all featuring the care-worn voice of Peter O'Toole as the world's greatest detective. Produced in Australia, the hour-long featurettes were relatively faithful to their source material, but suffered from markedly poor animation. For the hound, however, *SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE BASKERVILLE CURSE* was merely a prelude to no less than three subsequent adaptations of the novel. Of diverse style and quality, each *HOUND* nevertheless had something to recommend it, and helped make the 80s one of the busiest decades in the Great Detective's screen existence.

The fact that actor Tom Baker spent six years in the title role of the cult BBC series *DOCTOR WHO*, coupled with a singularly ludicrous photo of Baker published in *The Television Sherlock Holmes* (Virgin Books, 1991), did not bode well for the actor's

suitability as Holmes in 1982's BBC adaptation of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. But Baker is a talented and versatile performer, and the photo turned out to be, not Baker as Holmes, but Baker as Who as Holmes in the *DOCTOR WHO* episode *THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG*.

Before signing on to play the time-hopping Who, Baker spent over two years with the National Theatre, acting opposite Laurence Olivier in *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*. In films he starred as Rasputin in 1971's *NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA* (in which Olivier had a cameo), and made genre appearances in *VAULT OF HORROR* (1973), *THE MUTATIONS* (1973), and *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD* (1974). Still, the actor's casting as Sherlock Holmes came as something of a shock.

"It is rather brave casting," admitted Baker in an interview reprinted in *The Television Sherlock Holmes*, "considering it's only eight months since I left *DOCTOR WHO*. But Doctor Who and Sherlock Holmes are both parts that I always wanted to play. And it is a challenge to swap the Doctor's K-9 mechanical dog for a Hell Hound!"

Baker confessed to having a great affinity for the character of Holmes "despite the fact that he doesn't like women and always refers to them with a jibe or a sneer. He's a bit like Professor

Richard Valley is an award-winning playwright and Editor-in-Chief of Scarlet Street.

Higgins—in other words, a prize pig, really! Not like me—I admire women. I adore them!”

Granting that Baker far from conforms to the standard view of the Great Detective's physical characteristics, the actor proves himself a most worthy Holmes. In the London scenes he's properly sharp and incisive (although he flubs one line of dialogue, which the BBC could and should have reshot), and takes full command when he appears on the fog-shrouded moor toward the film's conclusion.

Unfortunately, it's a reasonably simple task to take command of this particular HOUND, since the role of Dr. Watson is filled—some might say stuffed—by Terence Rigby. Not that Rigby is talentless; his credits, which include stints at the National Theatre in *NO MAN'S LAND*, *THE MAN HIMSELF*, *PLUNDER*, and *MACBETH*, are no less impressive than Tom Baker's. No, the problem stems from the fact that Rigby's role model is not literature's Watson, but the Watson of Nigel Bruce (whose motto was “fog will never be the thickest thing in London so long as Watson's around”). Bruce, of course, was the master of bumble and bluster, but the degree to which his performance is treasured is directly antithetical to the value one places on the character's original concept. Scratch a die-hard Bruce fan and, more often than not, you'll find someone who's rarely read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Naturally, there are exceptions to this rule, but there's no avoiding the actor's culpability in forging the popular image of Watson as a silly, clumsy, childish old fool. (Bruce was fully capable of playing it straight, as he did in much of 1939's *HOUND* and not a few of his 250-plus radio turns as the good doctor.) Bruce's saving grace was a wealth of personal charm; Rigby, by contrast, has no charm at all.

In Chapter Four of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Conan Doyle describes Sir Henry Baskerville as a “small, alert, dark-haired man about thirty years of age, very sturdily built, with thick black eyebrows and a strong, pugnacious face.” It's inconsistent to berate the BBC for following the author's description of Sir Henry after chiding them for ignoring his wishes in the case of Dr. Watson, but Nicholas Woodeson seems entirely too small, too sturdy, and too pugnacious in the role. (When the hound shows up, one half-expects Sir Henry to saddle it, mount it, and trot off to Ascot.) Woodeson's generous, near-handlebar mustache, combined with a slicked-down, part-in-the-middle haircut, gives the actor the appearance of having recently been part of a barbershop quartet. Finally, and most damnably, Woodeson does nothing to make us care about the young baronet's fate.

The remaining cast members all bring a *Classics Illustrated* attitude to the tale, with the sole exceptions of Caroline John as Laura Lyons and Christopher Ravenscroft as a suitably bland (‘til the finale) Stapleton. The sets and costumes are serviceable but drab, and Peter Duguid's direction does little to enliven the proceedings. (Dr. Mortimer's relating of the Baskerville curse, which, like the prologue detailing Sir Charles Baskerville's death, does without the hound, is a special disappointment.)

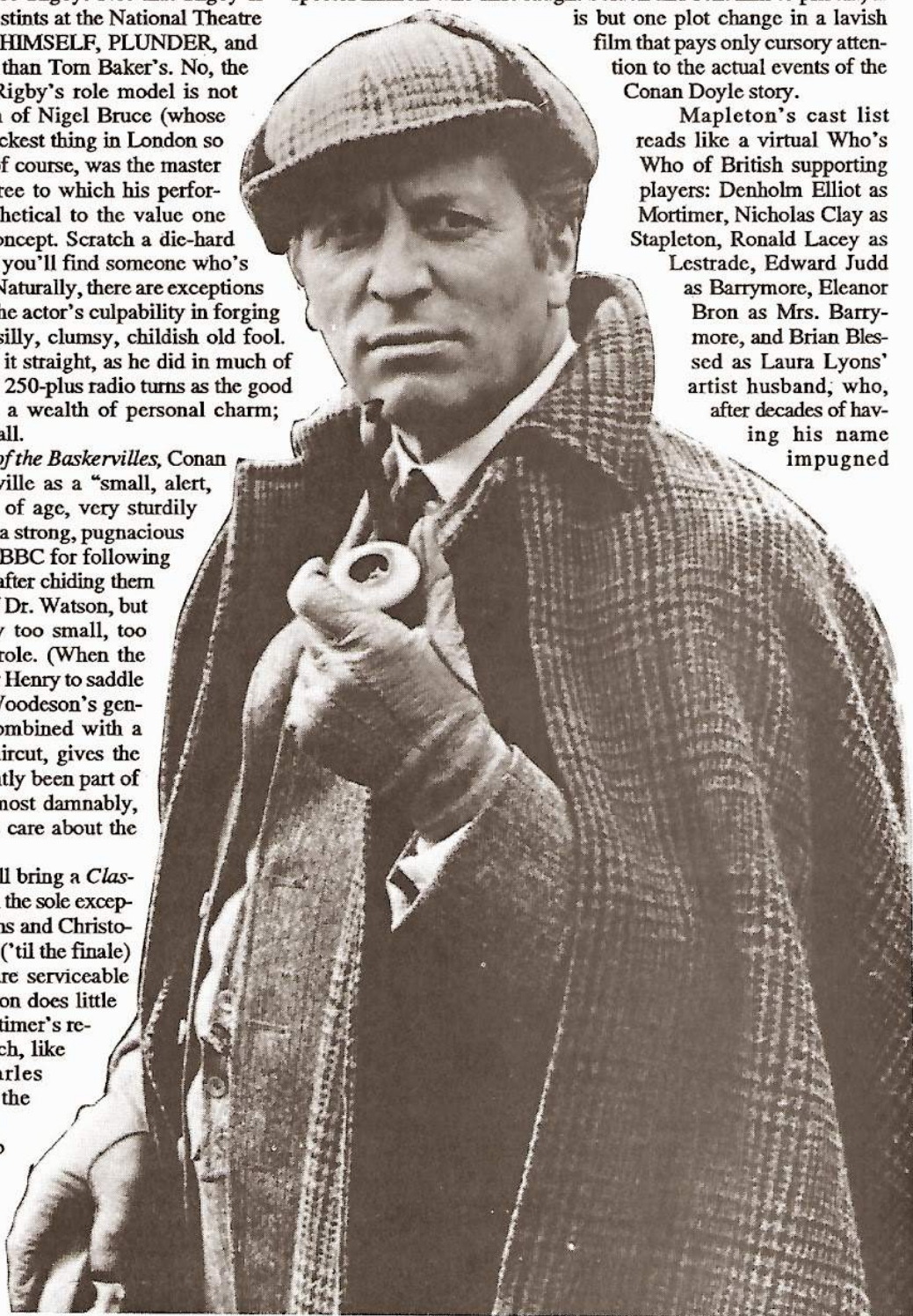
Still, thanks in large measure to Tom Baker, this manages to be a reasonably entertaining production of *THE HOUND* and, true to the BBC press release, it is probably the most faithful adaptation of the story to reach the screen.

Even Inspector Lestrade makes his Canonical presence felt, although he speaks hardly a word and doesn't much resemble the Lestrade of record. (Poor BBC: it's damned if it does and damned if it doesn't...)

Lestrade pops up again in 1983's Mapleton Films production *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*, and he does so, not at the behest of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, but under assignment from Scotland Yard to track down Selden, the notorious Notting Hill murderer. (For continuity's sake, it's revealed that it was the inspector himself who first caught Selden and sent him to prison.) It

is but one plot change in a lavish film that pays only cursory attention to the actual events of the Conan Doyle story.

Mapleton's cast list reads like a virtual Who's Who of British supporting players: Denholm Elliot as Mortimer, Nicholas Clay as Stapleton, Ronald Lacey as Lestrade, Edward Judd as Barrymore, Eleanor Bron as Mrs. Barrymore, and Brian Blessed as Laura Lyons' artist husband; who, after decades of having his name impugned





LEFT: Terence Rigby and Tom Baker played Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes for the BBC in 1982's *HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*. **RIGHT:** Ian Richardson and Donald Churchill starred in 1983's Mapleton Films production of the classic story. **PRECEDING PAGE:** Tom Baker played Holmes a mere eight months after a six-year run as *Who*. That's right. Heeey, Abbott...!

in *HOUND* after *HOUND*, at last puts in a personal appearance. (Could it be that the talentless painter's first name, Geoffrey, is spelled thus to avoid confusion with a like-named critic of comparable talent?)

Taking center stage as Holmes and Watson are Ian Richardson and Donald Churchill. Earlier in 1983, Richardson had played Holmes in *THE SIGN OF FOUR*. (There, his Watson had been David Healy, who found himself under contractual obligation to the National Theatre and unable to make the second film in Mapleton's planned Holmes series.) Adept at playing such cold, aloof figures as Sir Robert Morton in a 1989 TV film of Terence Rattigan's *THE WINSLOW BOY*, Richardson would seem a splendid choice for Holmes. Perversely, the actor chose to ignore his natural gift for chilliness in favor of emphasizing the Great Detective's more frolicsome aspects.

"Rathbone was marvelous," Richardson said in an interview with Michael Billington in the *New York Times*. "But the crucial thing he missed was that Holmes had a definite and quirky sense of humor. When, in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Holmes and Watson are following Sir Henry Baskerville and Dr. Mortimer down a street, Watson asks if he should run after them. 'Not for the world, Watson,' says Holmes. 'I am perfectly satisfied with your company if you will tolerate mine.' I missed that kind of cool irony in Rathbone's interpretation."

The truth is, most viewers of Mapleton's *HOUND* will "miss that kind of cool irony" in Richardson's performance as well. (For the record, Rathbone's Holmes had it in spades; witness his verbal duel with George Zucco's Professor Moriarty in *THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, made in Hollywood's Golden Year of 1939.)

As with Rigby, Donald Churchill's Watson is Nigel Bruce all over again. What worked for Bruce has never worked for his followers, but the number of Bruce impersonators is, in an entirely negative sense, impressive. Churchill isn't the worst of the lot, but there's nary a spark of originality in his portrayal. One may argue that Granada Television hadn't yet restored the good doctor to his former glory, but, on the other hand, Robert Duvall (in 1976's *THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION*) and James Mason (in 1979's *MURDER BY DECREE*) had already paved the way for the return of a truly Doylean Dr. Watson, as had the cartoon Watson immediately preceding Churchill and Rigby.

The real problem with this *HOUND* lies, not with the lead actors, but with Charles Pogue's fanciful script. Pogue seems completely unwilling or unable to dramatize the novel without embellishing it. From scene one, which has Sir Charles Baskerville frightened to death in a gazebo instead of the yew alley, the writer seeks to "improve" on Conan Doyle. Admittedly, some of this is effective—

the death of Sir Charles benefits from the gazebo's enclosed space, which offers no avenue of escape from the killer beast—but all too often Pogue gives us invention for the sake of invention. (And Pogue, sadly, is no Edison; his tinkering seldom works.)

Inspector Lestrade's pursuit of the vanished Selden leads nowhere. Lestrade being Lestrade, that's scarcely surprising, but the presence of Scotland Yard's least valuable man leads nowhere in terms of dramatic structure, either. The character doesn't even participate in the climactic confrontation with the hound, which was his sole reason for making a late appearance in the novel.

Striving to correct the "mistake" Conan Doyle made when he chose to banish Holmes from the novel's middle section, Pogue gives the Master Sleuth a colorful (if obvious) disguise as a concertina-playing, fortune-telling peddler, tossing in an entire gypsy caravan for good measure. The one clever touch here is that Watson identifies Holmes when the peddler plays a tune that Holmes, in an earlier scene, had fiddled with on his violin.

Pogue's major flight of fancy involves the unhappily married pair, Laura and Geoffrey Lyons. As previously noted, the male half of this miserable duo was never before an on-stage member of Conan Doyle's cast of characters. In fact, the novel's plot had Laura arrange to meet Sir Charles in the yew alley in order to ask him for money which she hoped to use to divorce Lyons, who had deserted her. Laura's curmudgeonly father, Mr. Frankland, had disowned his daughter after she'd made what he considered a bad marriage, and refused to help her financially. In Pogue's far-ranging overhaul of this subplot, Frankland disappears completely and Laura is living in stark misery with an emotionally and physically abusive spouse. Primarily, Pogue's motive for fabricating a flesh-and-blood Lyons is to increase the number of suspects. To this end, Lyons is given a beard to match the false one worn by Stapleton in London and the real one sported by Barrymore on Dartmoor. (Not since Groucho Marx took over Huxley College in 1932's *HORSE FEATHERS* has there been such a cinematic bevy of beavers.) As in the novel, Stapleton persuades Laura to write the note that brings Sir Charles into the alley; here, though, Stapleton covers his tracks by murdering the woman and pinning the crime on her drunken husband. (In Pogue's defense, it should be noted that Conan Doyle foresaw, at least, Laura's death, and had his detective tell her she'd had a narrow escape: "You have had him in your power and he knew it, and yet you are alive.")

In only one instance does Pogue manage a totally effective elaboration on Conan Doyle, and that comes early, with Mortimer's grim reading of the Baskerville curse. Once more Sir Hugo is

the scourge of the countryside, once more he abducts a beautiful peasant girl to satisfy his lust, and once more the girl takes it on the lam at the first opportunity. Sir Hugo gives chase and catches the girl when her horse stumbles and falls, with horrifying results, into the Great Grimpen Mire. As the animal struggles in vain to survive, Sir Hugo brutally rapes the girl and discards her half-dead body. Passion spent, the ignoble nobleman gives vent to a contemptuous laugh and is instantly ravaged and killed by the bloodthirsty Hound of Hell. The sheer, raw savagery of the horse's death screams, the viciousness of the girl's rape, and the shocking suddenness of the hound's attack all combine to give the sequence a demonic intensity missing from all other versions of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

To date, the most recent version of this most celebrated of mysteries is the 1988 Granada Television film, the 26th in the company's highly acclaimed series of Conan Doyle stories. That it is arguably the least successful of Granada's adaptations is a pity, especially when one realizes that the addition of one crucial scene, some tightening in the middle section of the narrative, and a shot or two more of the spectral title beast could easily have raised it to the lofty artistic heights of its fellow episodes.

The essential element lacking in Granada's *HOUND* is the sense of the supernatural which pervades almost every page of the novel. That the climactic attack by the hound disregards the ghostly is defensible—the book itself has Holmes burst the creature's unearthly bubble well before this point—but that the film should disavow the supernatural from the very start is a near-fatal blow from which it only fitfully recovers.

Granada's *HOUND* opens with Sir Charles Baskerville's baleful encounter with the fabled hound in the yew alley bordering Baskerville Hall. A suitably otherworldly atmosphere is bolstered by a brief glimpse of the canine's glowing form and the sound of its growl

as it launches an attack on the terror-stricken old baronet. The aura of mystery quickly vanishes, however, with the dull intrusion of the film's opening titles. The scene concludes with Sir Charles running madly down the alley while the camera remains lamely behind, its gaze fixed on a large stone vase over which the remaining credits appear. From this somewhat lackadaisical start we retire to Baker Street where, fully expecting Dr. Mortimer's reading of the Baskerville legend to chill us with visions of preternatural doom and destruction, we instead receive an offhand, disinterested account of the curse from Holmes himself, with not a single image of mad Sir Hugo, his peasant-girl victim, or the Hound of Hell on view.

Whether the deletion of the legend was prompted by a desire to emphasize the Great Detective's complete disdain for paranormal phenomenon, or whether budgetary considerations demanded the sequence's excision, the decision to remove it leaves a gaping hole in the film's expository scenes. (As with the novel and all previous adaptations, it also begs the question of what truth the narrative actually holds: if not at the jaws of the hound, how did Sir Hugo die?) Something of the original's mood could have been captured by a moving recital of the hound's earthly advent, but here, too, the film falls short of the mark. As Holmes, Jeremy Brett reads several lines from the musty document, summarizes the remaining salient points, and dismisses the entire tale out of hand. Serving as it does Holmesian character traits, it's an intelligent acting choice; unhappily, the result does little to serve *THE HOUND* itself. Robbed of its hellish mystique, the story begins as a straightforward saga of attempted murder and struggles later to create the ominous tone it failed to achieve in its leisurely beginning. (The strongest recountings of the Baskerville curse can be found in the 1939 version from 20th Century Fox, Hammer's 1959 production, and the previously noted Mapleton adaptation, the last-named offering perhaps the most ferocious hound put on film.)

Following the London sequence, the arrival of Watson and Sir Henry at Baskerville Hall is properly gloomy, but their first



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ABOVE: Sir Henry Baskerville (Kristoffer Tabori) and Sherlock Holmes (Jeremy Brett) look out upon the moor from in front of Baskerville Hall in Granada Television's 1988 production.

BELOW: Meanwhile, on the moor, Jack Stapleton (James Faulkner) plots murder.



night in the ancestral home quickly becomes a protracted affair in which nothing occurs. A dinner scene is followed by a billiard-playing scene containing dialogue that might just as readily have been uttered at dinner. Moreover, the billiard scene's relegation to the cutting-room floor, accompanied by several charming but expendable shots of the Dartmoor landscape, would have allowed for sufficient time to dramatize the legend.

Having bemoaned the loss of a pivotal scene and the inclusion of several scenes of questionable value, it remains only to ask, "What remains?" The answer, luckily, is "Quite a lot."

As with every episode of its long-running Holmes series, Granada's *HOUND* benefits from stylish photography, costumes, and settings. The Victorian London of Conan Doyle once again springs to life in the company's capable hands, as does Dartmoor and the Great Grimpen Mire. The atmosphere of mystery surrounding Baskerville Hall is richly, if sporadically, evoked, with the disconsolate sobs of Mrs. Barrymore echoing within the house while the mist swirls without. Watson's and Sir Henry's midnight jaunt on the moor generates suspense, as does the mournful howl of the unseen hound in broad daylight.

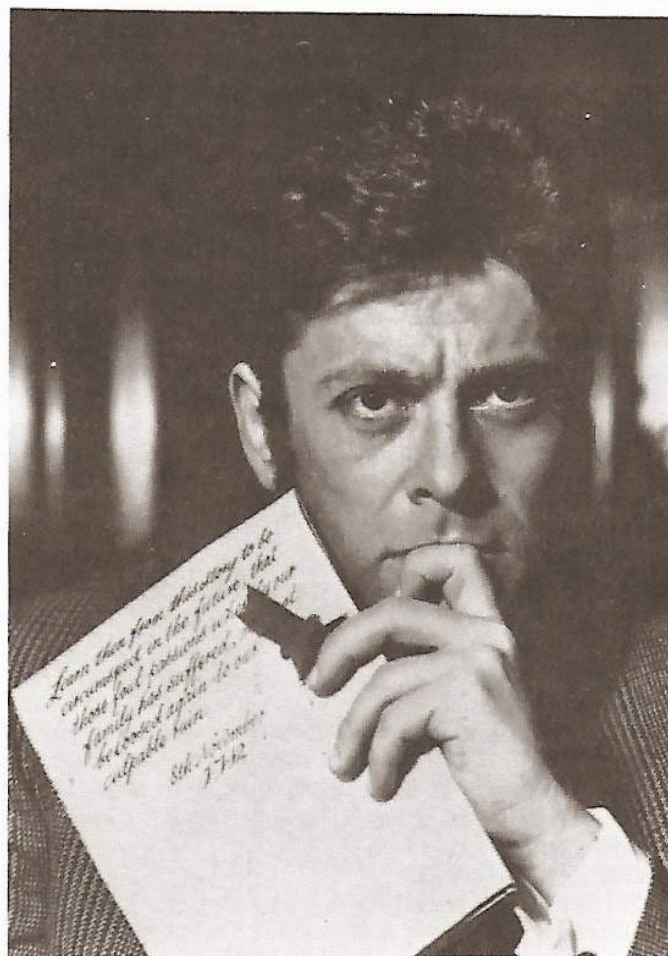
Above all, Edward Hardwicke, in an episode in which Watson plays a considerably larger role than Holmes, delivers a solid

performance as the good doctor. Hardwicke embodies the two most important qualities of Watson in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*: first, he's a man with whom we are willing to linger while the more dynamic Holmes is not on hand; second, he's of sufficient grit and intelligence not to make us think Holmes has lost his mind by sending Watson to Dartmoor in his stead. The Watsons of Rigby and Churchill, immediately preceding Hardwicke's, had retreated alarmingly to the stodgy, bumbling stereotype of Nigel Bruce. The result of having a retrograde Watson, of course, was that every scene in which he was required to show good sense rang false. Thanks to Hardwicke, Granada's *HOUND* never suffers from this fault.

As Sir Henry, Kristoffer Tabori does well by what has always been something of a thankless role. (The sole Sir Henry to truly hold one's interest is that of Christopher Lee in Hammer's *HOUND*: there, emphasis placed on the character's hereditary heart ailment raised genuine concern for his welfare.) Sir Henry's primary plot functions are to fall in love with the wrong woman and act as bait for a hungry dog; this Tabori does skillfully enough, although he comes up a bit short in exhibiting the fear that must overwhelm the character by story's end. (To his credit, the actor contributes a fine, ambiguous moment when, surviving the hound's dinner arrangements, he comes face to face with the woman who has simultaneously betrayed and tried to save him.)

Shorn of her Spanish heritage, Fiona Gillies is nonetheless a charmingly enigmatic Beryl Stapleton, particularly in the party

Continued on page 88



American actor Kristoffer Tabori as Sir Henry Baskerville, holding a copy of the family curse. The document is all but ignored in the Granada film.

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THE ADDAMS FAMILY

Paramount; 1991.

Directed by Barry Sonnenfeld.

With Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Dan Hedaya, Elizabeth Wilson, Carel Struycken, Judith Malina, John Franklin, Christopher Hart, Jimmy Workman, Christina Ricci.

"They're creepy and they're spooky" and some critics have been "altogether oaky" in trashing the new screen version of that television and comic strip icon, **THE ADDAMS FAMILY**. Ghoulishly mixing the diverse tone and style of its two previous incarnations, **THE ADDAMS FAMILY** is a far better film than we've been led to expect. Much of the derogatory chatter stems, no doubt, from the production's troubled history. Dumped by one studio (the financially-strapped Orion) and picked up by another (Paramount), the film had to weather such storms as the widely circulated report that cinematographer Barry Sonnenfeld, unable to handle the pressure of his first directorial effort, had collapsed on the set. No matter (except, of course, to Mr. Sonnenfeld), the end result is a gently wicked charmer that lights up the screen with gloom.

Theatrical features based on TV shows are rare, now, but in the 50s and 60s big-screen fans could "thrill" to such small-screen hits as **THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET** (in Universal's **HERE COMES THE NELSONS**, which actually served as a pilot for the series), **OUR MISS BROOKS**, **McHALE'S**

NAVY, and **THE MUNSTERS**. Most of these were content simply to trot out the tricks that had worked so well on television. **THE ADDAMS FAMILY** differs in that some thought seems to have gone into its scripting. The plot is simple, but clever. Uncle Fester has been missing for 25 years. Family lawyer Tully (Dan Hedaya) and the greedy Abigail Craven (Elizabeth Wilson), whose son Gordon is a dead ringer for Fester, try to pass him off as the real thing (no, not the disembodied hand) in order to gain the Addams family fortune. Wicked, wicked...

There's one other difference between **THE ADDAMS FAMILY** and previous big-screen TV adaptations: it's been entirely re-cast. Anjelica Huston and Raul Julia headline as Morticia and Gomez Addams and, though I harbor a soft spot for Carolyn Jones and John Astin in the roles, the fresh blood drips very nicely, thank you. Admittedly, Huston can do no wrong in my eyes, especially when her film persona is doing as much wrong as possible. (It's a shame that screenwriters Caroline Thompson and Larry Wilson neglected to have Huston appear at the Addams family reunion as Morticia's sister, Ophelia Frump.) As Morticia's ever-loving husband, Gomez, Julia is lively and entertaining (and even gets to use his musical-comedy abilities a bit). I was afraid that, taking as his primary inspiration the original Charles Addams drawings, Julia might lose the manic quality given Gomez by Astin, but the star (and his stuntman) are fiendishly energetic. And, yes, he blows up model trains.

In supporting roles, Carel Struycken, Judith Malina, and John Franklin fill the bill as Lurch, Granny Frump, and Cousin Itt, respectively, and Christopher Hart lends a hand as Thing. As Pugsley, Jimmy Workman is the most innocent of the Addams clan (though he's not above taking a cleaver to his little sister). As Wednesday, Christina Ricci is a wise mini-version of her Mom.

Although the children have grabbed most of the favorable press, the film's true stand-out is Christopher Lloyd as Uncle Fester. (Or is he merely a foul Fester impersonator out to get his mitts on the family doubloons?) Lloyd has the ability, used for maximum effect as Reverend Jim on



Morticia Addams (Anjelica Huston) removes those ugly blooms from her roses, while husband Gomez (Raul Julia) plays a game of three-handed chess.

TV's TAXI, to let the audience see the wheels turning behind a face locked in perpetual incomprehension. Fester's a perfect part for Lloyd, and the actor also benefits in that it's the only character who develops during the course of the action.

From its Christmas Eve prologue to its Halloween finish, *THE ADDAMS FAMILY* provides consistent, low-key amusement. In an age when films are termed flops if they fail to knock us in the aisles with high-voltage mayhem, it's a pleasure to find a film that's satisfied with being good, gruesome, finger-snapping entertainment.

—Richard Valley

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Walt Disney Pictures, 1991.

Directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise.

With the voices of Paige O'Hara, Angela Lansbury, Jerry Orbach, David Ogden Stiers, Robby Benson.

What's this, now? A Walt Disney cartoon minus cuddly, furry little animal friends for its pretty heroine? Where are the deer, turtles, and chipmunks who helped Snow White spruce up the Seven Dwarfs' woodland cottage? Where are the



mice who stitched together a glamorous ball gown for Cinderella? Where are the birds and squirrels who waltzed with Sleeping Beauty? Where, for that matter, are the cuddly, scaly little animal friends who aided and abetted the Little Mermaid? In lieu of such adorable critters of yore, Disney's new animated feature, *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*, gives us a castle-full of living clocks, candlesticks, furniture, and crockery, and the result—breathe easy, you anxious Disney publicists—is a pure, unadulterated delight. (And sensible, too; after all, the prince in this particular fairy tale is furry, if not precisely cuddly, himself.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, like its hirsute hero, is something of a hybrid. With the Broadway musical wheezing its everlasting last gasps, and with the Hollywood musical reduced to an occasional superstar lip-synching to "Twist and Shout" or "Banana Boat", the studio that 50 years ago gave us a classical innovation called *FANTASIA* has created the first

fully animated Hollywood version of a Broadway musical. In 1989, songwriters Howard Ashman and Alan Menken all but renovated Disney with their claw-snapping, Calypso-tinged score for *THE LITTLE MERMAID*, which Ashman also co-produced. Here, they've taken what they learned from *MERMAID* and set the Disney world awash with ballads, chorus numbers, and all-out Busby Berkeley extravaganzas. Ashman, sadly, died of AIDS before *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST* was completed, but his own work was virtually done. His legacy will endure in the stories and scores for *THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS*, *THE LITTLE MERMAID*, *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST*, and Disney's forthcoming *ALADDIN*, for which Ashman and Menken had finished most of the songs; still, it's a major loss when one considers that, almost single-handedly, Ashman had revitalized the musical.

Music aside, *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST* is an absolutely stunning animated film. Disney's animators, helped in great measure by the voices of Paige O'Hara (Belle, the Beauty), Angela Lansbury (Mrs. Potts, the teapot), Jerry Orbach (Lumiere, the candlestick), David Ogden Stiers (Cogsworth, the clock), and Robby Benson (the Beast, and whoever would have thought it?), have brought the cartoon's human and inhuman cast colorfully to life. I'm happy to report, too, that Disney has at last managed to combine standard and computer animation without robbing their art of its essential warmth.

It's common form to close a review for an animated film by proclaiming that adults will like it, too. *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST* is such a multifaceted confection, though, that adults may very well like it best!

—Drew Sullivan

CAPE FEAR

Universal; 1991.

Directed by Martin Scorsese.

With Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis.

I was surprised to learn that Martin Scorsese's follow-up to *GOOD FELLAS* was going to be a remake of *CAPE FEAR*—a film I thought was as good as it was going to get. Released in 1962, *CAPE FEAR* dealt with the ordeal of lawyer Sam Bowden (played by Gregory Peck) and his family when they found themselves harassed by Max Cady (Robert Mitchum), a sadistic psychopath convicted, on Bowden's testimony, of a vicious crime. After spending eight years in prison, Cady has sworn to get revenge on Bowden—through his family. The police are powerless to help since Cady shrewdly works within the law, leaving Sam Bowden ultimately alone to confront him.

The plot of the remake is basically the same, though there are a few changes. This time, Cady (now played by Robert De Niro) has been imprisoned for 14 years after savagely raping an adolescent girl. Bowden (Nick Nolte) was the defense attorney, who, appalled by his client's crime, buried important evidence that would have freed Cady.



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Bowden's behavior in the remake is a far cry from the original, which presented good and evil in more simplistic terms. Peck's Bowden and his family were decent, wholesome people. Cady's assault on them was as sacrilegious as attacking the *FATHER KNOWS BEST* clan. Scorsese presents the Bowdens as imperfect: their relationship as a family is on the verge of collapse even before Cady begins to apply the pressure.

Robert De Niro adds another remarkable performance to his already impressive collection. His Max Cady is the pure personification of evil. As a Bible-quoting psychopath powered by an unrelenting drive for revenge, De Niro easily holds his own against Mitchum's Cady, which is no easy feat.

The remake is unflinchingly realistic in its depiction of Cady's brutality. The violence he commits is graphic to the point of being unwatchable—but not just because of the gore and unpleasantness; Scorsese makes us care for the Bowden family, flaws and all.

Nick Nolte does wonders with the part of Sam Bowden. The fear and anxiety he feels as the threat of Cady looms over his family is palpable. Nolte does a splendid job of playing a normal man caught up in an abnormal situation.

Jessica Lange is also on target as Leigh Bowden. This is a role that gives Lange a range of emotions to convey, and

she handles them effectively. Juliette Lewis, daughter of actor Geoffrey Lewis, is superb as the Bowden's only child, Danielle. Her character is a rebellious, nihilistic 15-year-old who is worlds apart from the Pollyanna that Lori Martin played in the original. A nice touch is having Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum, and Martin Balsam—all veterans of the original—play cameos in the new film.

Martin Scorsese's camera constantly surrounds these people, observing them from extreme angles. Always moving, the camera follows the characters as though it was Cady, spying on his prey before he pounces. The overall effect is hectic and claustrophobic, adding to the suspense.

If the idea of doing a remake is to improve on the original film, then I'd say Scorsese and company have done just that, making another "must see" suspense classic in the process.

—Sean Farrell

THE PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS

Universal; 1991.

Directed by Wes Craven.

With Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, A. J. Langer, Kelly Jo Minter, Sean Whalen.

Back in 1972, Wes Craven made a name for himself with the brutal *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT*. It was a huge money-maker and spawned countless sadistic slasher flicks by various filmmakers of lesser talent. In 1984, he created Freddy Kreuger in the monstrously successful *NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET*. Now he has created *THE PEOPLE UNDER THE STAIRS*, which combines the disturbing realism of the former with the lighter fantasy feeling of the latter. Social realism has been creeping into horror films

lately (the first I can recall is 1988's *THEY LIVE*); rather than being an escape from reality, the terror tale has become a way for filmmakers to explore social problems.

PEOPLE tells the story of young Fool (engagingly played by 13-year-old Brandon Adams), who, to keep his sister Ruby (lovely Kelly Jo Minter) and his cancer-stricken mother from being tossed out of their tenement, agrees to take part in a robbery of the home of their bigoted rich landlords. Such a crumbling slum being home to so many is the most frightening idea that this film presents.

Fool and fellow burglars (Ving Rhames and Jeremy Roberts) break into the landlords' home, and discover a dark secret. The older burglars are dispatched and Fool must scamper through the house, avoiding the insane Man and Woman (played by *TWIN PEAKS* co-stars Everett McGill and Wendy Robie) with the help of captive Alice (a marvelous film debut by A.J. Langer, soon to star in Full Moon's thriller *ARCADE*) and the wild child called Roach (a touching performance by Sean Whalen). The house becomes a microcosm of the state of mind of its owners, the walls suppressing, or at least hiding, the dark thoughts and evil deeds that lurk within, until finally the horror cannot be contained any longer.

The film is an urban retelling of Grimm's fairy tales, with the evil witch replaced by the insane couple. As in all good fairy tales, our young hero keeps his word to his friends and by his goodness is rewarded. Perhaps Craven has lost the anger that fueled his earliest efforts. He seems to have replaced it with marvelous skill as a storyteller. Inspired by unfortunately true stories, Craven now offers us hope for the human soul.

—Kevin G. Shinnick

SHATTERED

MGM; 1991.

Directed by Wolfgang Petersen.

With Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, Greta Scacchi, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, Corbin Bernsen.

Director Wolfgang Petersen's first internationally prominent film was 1982's *DAS BOOT* (*THE BOAT*). He was to have filmed his adaptation of Richard Neely's novel *The Plastic Nightmare* in Hollywood at that time, but made the German film instead. Now, after eight years and two other movies (1984's *NEVER-ENDING STORY* and 1985's *ENEMY MINE*), Petersen has returned to the novel for his long-delayed Hollywood debut.

SHATTERED is a well-made, entertaining thriller, although I guessed the entire plot within the first five minutes. When his car hurls off a roadway, Dan Merrick (Tom Berenger) is critically in-



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jured, and his wife, Judith (Greta Scacchi), is hurled clear. Dan's features are shattered and disfigured and he is left with amnesia. Surgery restores his face, but regaining his memory is more difficult. He is troubled by images of a past that seems to reveal a series of deceptions, lies, infidelities, and murder.

Enter Gus Klein (Bob Hoskins), who runs an animal hospital and moonlights as a private investigator. The mystery also draws in Dan's partner Jeb (Corbin Bernsen of *LA LAW* fame) and his lovely if off-beat wife, Jenny (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer).

MGM, still struggling to regain its foothold as a major film distributor, let this film slide in and out of the theatres without much fanfare. Hopefully, when released to video, it will find a wider audience.

—KGS

BILLY BATHGATE

Touchstone Pictures, 1991.

Directed by Robert Benton

With Dustin Hoffman, Loren Dean, Steven Hill, Nicole Kidman.

A kid growing up on the mean streets of New York City dreams of a better life. After a chance encounter with the gangster Dutch Schultz, the boy, Billy Bathgate, decides that the mob is his only ticket out of the tenement slums.

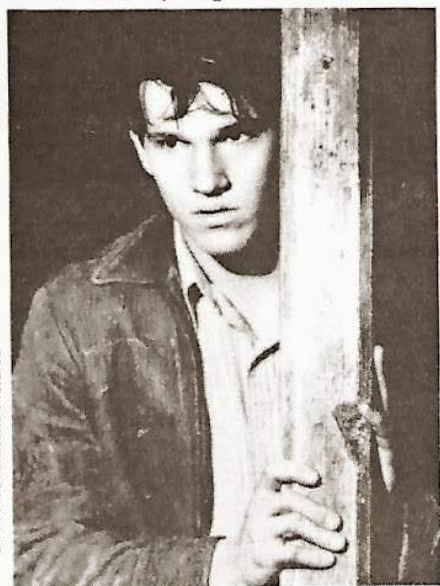
Dozens of gangster films have used this basic plot, with varied success. *BILLY BATHGATE*, directed by Robert Benton, is one of the better ones. The film explores the glamour and the baseness of mob life in Dutch Schultz's gang through the use of a fictional character, Billy, played by Loren Dean. At first, Billy sees only the easy money and increased status that come with working for the mob, but he soon realizes the associated danger, as Dutch's power and control wane. Life in the mob is not risk-free, as Billy learns the hard way.

Dustin Hoffman is great as Schultz, who, under his cool, calm exterior, is really a vicious killer. It would be easy to play him as a mad dog, but Hoffman presents Schultz with so many layers of characterization that he is fascinating to watch. He is repulsive, yes, especially when he



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savagely kills several people during the course of the film, without hesitation. However, Hoffman also shows the intelligence and shrewdness that helped Schultz build his bloody empire.



Steven Hill, as Schultz's right-hand man, Otto Berman, holds his own against Hoffman as a weary veteran of the numbers rackets. His is the sane, rational voice that tries to save Schultz from his own shortcomings.

Nicole Kidman, who was so good in 1989's *DEAD CALM*, doesn't have the same impact here. She's badly under-used as Drew Prescott, Schultz's moll, for whom Billy eventually falls. Though Bruce Willis does a good job with his small part as Bo Weinberg, Schultz's business partner, Loren Dean, in the title role, is rather bland.

Based on the book by E.L. Doctorow, with a screenplay by Tom Stoppard, *BILLY BATHGATE* is, overall, a handsome, well-crafted film. The production design by Maria VonBrandenstein convincingly captures the gritty look of the urban and rural 1930s.

Gangster-movie fans may find nothing new in *BILLY BATHGATE*, but the film is recommended for Hoffman's performance alone.

—Sean Farrell

THE RETURN OF ELIOT NESS

Michael Filerman Productions; 1991.
Directed by James Contner.
With Robert Stack, Jack Coleman,
Lisa Hartman, Philip Bosco, Anthony
De Sando, Charles Durning.

She's sitting at a small, round table at the Red Rum Cafe. She sips her drink, leans her cigarette holder on the rim of the ashtray, and looks up.

"I've been expecting you, Mr. Ness."

"Every time I turn around, I bump into you," Ness replies.

"I'm an easy woman to bump into," she purrs.

"Let me tell you something," he pronounces. "Easy lines from easy women don't work with me."

One good line makes up for any bad ones a script may have, and that's a good line. In fact, Michael Petryni's script isn't bad at all. And let's face it: TV movies are not known for their brilliant scripts and excellent production values. With all the return-to-this and return-of-that movies popping up these days, you might lose track of what decade you're in. Watching some of these "old shows reunited" being rehashed can make you wonder why you watched them in the first place, but this is a "Return" movie worth seeing.

Director James Contner, of *CRIME STORY* fame, once again dazzles us with period perfection, right down to the last vintage car. Producer Joe Wallenstein, Associate Producer Jack Degelia, Contner, and Petryni, under the watchful eye of Michael Filerman Productions, have revived post Al Capone Chicago in grand style. Robert Stack, affectionately known as the Last of the Great Wooden Actors, reprises his role of the well-known treasury agent with all his former grimness. I loved it.

In brief, Eliot Ness is back in Chicago to attend the funeral of his best friend Marty Labine (Frank Adamson), a former Untouchable, who has been proclaimed a dirty cop.



Ness, fresh from the Ohio train, decides to stick around in order to find the murderer and clear the former G-Man's name.

Philip Bosco lent his usual stellar presence to this show as bad guy "Roses" Malto, and his moll was competently played by Lisa Hartmann. Malto's moll is a "canary". When not seducing Malto's son Bobby (Anthony DeSandro) or Labine's son Gil (Jack Coleman), she appears on stage singing a charming selection of musical numbers that are a treat, and that Miss Hartmann handles with ease. The movie is fun. You got good guys, you

got bad guys, and you got Charles Durning as a wise-cracking tough guy whose day is past. (Durning's performance alone would have made the movie.)

Set in 1947, each new scene is ushered in by a sepia shot that certainly looks as if it were footage actually shot in 1947, and if it wasn't, well then, good job. History buffs might remember that 1947 was the year that Eliot Ness ran for Mayor of Cleveland and lost by a landslide. No mention is made of that in the movie, though he is asked about when he will be returning to Ohio.

All in all, *THE RETURN OF ELIOT NESS*, is an enjoyable two hours with all the shoot-'em-up action you could ask for. From pistols to bazookas, they have it all and use it all. Assuming that this is the end of the Ness saga on television, I must say, I was pleased to see him go out with a bang.

Note: Epitaph on Al Capone's tombstone: "My Jesus Mercy".

—Jessie Lilley

V.I. WARSHAWSKI

Hollywood Pictures; 1991.

Directed by Jeff Kanew.

With Kathleen Turner, Jay O. Sanders, Charles Durning, Angela Goethals.

V.I. WARSHAWSKI, based on the detective novels by Sara Paretsky, failed to ignite at the box office, but should do very well on video. Independent, brainy beauty Warshawski meets an ex-hockey player to whom she is instantly attracted. However, before they have even one date, he is blown up on a boat, and Warshawski inherits his bratty daughter. With the foul-mouthed child and sometime-boyfriend/

Continued on page 89



Book Ends

The Scarlet Street Review of Books

NIGHT STALKING: A 20TH ANNIVERSARY KOLCHAK COMPANION

Mark Dawidziak

Image Publishing of New York; 1991.
155 pages—\$14.95.

• Item: **THE NIGHT STALKER**, a 90-minute (including commercials) TV movie broadcast on January 11, 1972, becomes the highest-rated telefilm of its time.

• Item: The film is followed by a sequel, **THE NIGHT STRANGLER**, and 20 episodes of the weekly series **KOLCHAK: THE NIGHT STALKER**.

• Item: Following the untimely demise of his **DARK SHADOWS** revival, producer/director Dan Curtis plots an all-new **NIGHT STALKER** TV movie.

• Item: Television columnist Mark Dawidziak, author of *The Columbo Phile*, writes *Night Stalking: A 20th Anniversary Kolchak Companion* with the complete cooperation of Curtis, star Darren McGavin, scriptwriter Richard Matheson, and Kolchak creator Jeff Rice. The book is a smash hit.

Carl Kolchak, as immortalized on screen by McGavin, is my kind of reporter. Dedicated to ferreting out the truth, often at the risk of life and limb, Kolchak is to various vampires and werewolves what Woodward and Bernstein were to Nixon. Not that he's selfless (nor was "Woodstein"): poor Carl's forever seeking the elusive byline that brings with it fame and fortune. Unfortunately, the man has a positive gift for digging up facts that nobody wants to believe. A vampire in Las Vegas? Kolchak is there. A seemingly immortal strangler in Seattle? Kolchak's there, too. Zombies, swamp things, witches, and extraterrestrials in Chicago? Guess who's on the scene.

Night Stalking is a lively, entertaining, fact-filled treat, tracking the Kolchak phenomenon from novel to TV film to second TV film to second novel to series. Like Carl himself, Dawidziak uncovers all the facts and tells us where all the bodies are buried. If I'm personally more fond of the series than Dawidziak, the author is fair-minded enough to let us know it has its top-flight defenders, including *Cinefantastique* publisher Frederick S. Clarke and mystery-writer Stuart M. Kaminsky (creator of Toby Peters). Had it nothing else—and it had its delights, not the least of which were co-stars Ruth McDevitt, Jack Grinnage, and John Fiedler—the series would still have had Kolchak and his ever-exasperated editor, Albert Anthony Vin-

cenzo (played to apoplectic perfection by the sorely-missed Simon Oakland).

"That is news, Vincenzo, news!" bellows dapper Carl to the long-suffering Tony. "And we are a news-paper! We are supposed to print news, not suppress it!"

If Kolchak fails to make his eagerly-awaited TV comeback via Dan Curtis Productions, I'm all for sending him to Washington. Talk about an October Surprise!

—Richard Valley

AGATHA CHRISTIE: MURDER IN FOUR ACTS

Peter Haining

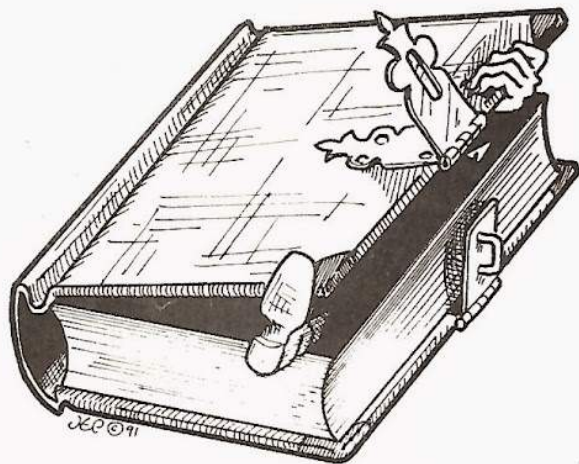
Virgin Books; 1990.
160 pages—\$22.95.

The need for a compendium of the many translations of Agatha Christie's literature to other media has been long in coming. It is only appropriate that in the year of Dame Agatha's centenary, the prolific Peter Haining has produced this essential guide. In it, he explores the many appearances of Christie's work on the stage and in radio, film, and television. Although the book has its flaws, it is a worthy addition to any Christieophile's library.

After a foreword by Sir John Gielgud, the text begins with a discussion of Christie's work for the theatre. From the phenomenal **THE MOUSETRAP** to the disastrous **FIDDLERS THREE**, Haining's overview is illustrated with many rare photos. For most readers, this informative section will reveal just how prolific Christie's output for the stage was.

The above is directly followed by "Mayhem in the Cinema". Christie's antipathy for film is well documented. Of more than two dozen motion pictures based on her works, most have fallen far short of the mark. True Christie fans will be intrigued by several of the early, lost films described, including **THE COMING OF MR. QUINN** (1928) and **DIE ABENTEUER GmbH** (1929), a German version of *The Secret Adversary*. Of course, this chapter also focuses on such widely admired classics as René Clair's **AND THEN THERE WERE NONE** (1945), Billy Wilder's **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION** (1957), and Sidney Lumet's **MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS** (1974).

Unlike the other media described, Christie's work for radio is almost com-



pletely unknown. It is little realized that, besides the radio-plays based on her works, during the 1930s and 40s Dame Agatha wrote many original pieces for the air. For example, her stab at a Grand Guignol thriller, **BUTTER IN A LORDLY DISH** (1948), contained a violently explicit, un-Christie-like ending featuring a nail being driven into the antagonist's forehead. In England, Christie radio programs are still being produced with great success.

The final section, "Death on the Small Screen", deals with the medium Dame Agatha disliked most: television. Ironically enough, it is through this very medium that she has finally reached an artistic translation of her work closest to her original intentions. Unfortunately, Agatha Christie, who died in 1976, never saw the superlative interpretations and productions of **PARTNERS IN CRIME** (1983), Joan Hickson's Miss Marple series (1984-present), or David Suchet's currently running **POIROT** (1989-present). This portion of the book is followed by an informative list of all the actors who have portrayed Christie's Hercule Poirot, Miss Jane Marple, and Tommy and Tuppence Beresford.

Author Peter Haining is familiar to most readers for his tremendous output in the areas of mystery and horror. Of special mention is his extensive work regarding Sherlock Holmes, especially *The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook* and *The Television Sherlock Holmes* (the latter reviewed in *Scarlet Street* #4).

Although the book covers areas not previously explored in a single volume, the text appears to have been rushed into print to coincide with the 1990 Christie centenary celebration. As a result, the experience of reading *Agatha Christie: Murder in Four Acts* is one of slight dissatisfaction. One wishes that there were more detail given and a less-cursory overview of each entry, but perhaps space did not permit.

In conclusion, *Agatha Christie: Murder in Four Acts* is still a welcome and worthwhile effort. The book contains many previously-unseen photographs and informal interviews with the actors who

have brought Christie's work to life. For these reasons alone, it occupies a place of distinction on my Christie shelf.

—Scot D. Ryerson

THE PERFECT MURDER

Jack Hitt, Lawrence Block, Sarah Caudwell, Tony Hillerman, Peter Lovesey, and Donald E. Westlake
HarperCollins Publishers, 1991.
195 pages—\$18.95.

Discovering that his wealthy wife, Dorothy, and his best friend are having an affair, Tim plans to murder Dorothy and pin the blame on his friend. However, murder is a serious enterprise—especially if you consider it an art form (albeit one in decline) and hope to leave your mark as an artist, as Tim does. Realizing that, as an amateur, he needs the advice of expert consultants, Tim submits his problem to five of the best: Lawrence Block, Sarah Caudwell, Tony Hillerman, Peter Lovesey, and Donald Westlake. Each responds with a scenario for the perfect murder, and the novel comprises the correspondence between Tim and his group of consultants.

The five murder plans are treats in themselves, ranging from a romantic murder trip to Scotland, to the cold-blooded creation of a series of apparently psychopathic killings, and it's fascinating to compare them and see how different writers respond to a given situation, especially if you're familiar with the work of the writers involved. Also, when the consultants discover that each is not the only expert to whom Tim submitted his problem, bruised egos prevail, and the sparks fly.

—Sally Jane Gellert

BLIND IN ONE EAR

Patrick Macnee and Marie Cameron
Headline Book Publishing PLC, 1989.
298 pages—\$7.95.

Patrick Macnee has had a most remarkable life to date. He begins his story a tad before his life began, relating: "I think I'm going to have a baby," said Mama to Pa one day. "Boy or girl?" asks Pa. "Won't know until it makes its debut." And so, we are off, plunging headlong into one of the most extraordinary upbringings we have yet read about.

This is not the story of the young and pampered English gentleman; nor does it presume to philosophize and morbidly wish things had been different. Oh, surely it would have been interesting, better perhaps, if things had been handled differently. But they weren't. *C'est la vie*. This is the story of a life: one sometimes cruel, sometimes painful, oft times amusing and oh, so very real. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

In 1960 this self-proclaimed "stuffy-looking British actor" vowed never to act again. Feeling there was no money in it, and with responsibilities demanding a

regular income, he turned to producing and flatly refused when he was offered a part playing side-kick to Ian Hendry in a show called *POLICE SURGEON*. Producer Leonard White pursued Macnee, and ultimately a deal was struck. The show was renamed *THE AVENGERS*. The rest is history. *AVENGERS* fans will enjoy reading of the creation and evolution of the show.

Mr. Macnee is an exceptional raconteur. He takes us by the hand from place to place, as any good tour guide will, with occasional stops along the way for detailed information about this moment, that person, or some particular time. As in any life, there are extraordinarily sad moments, offset by overwhelming hilarity, and we are privy to it all.

Patrick Macnee's life shaped him into the person we have enjoyed through the years. The book chronicles his rise, and fall, and rise, and fall, and rise—to well-deserved fame in show business, as well as his eventual good fortune in family and home life. The road may still be a little rocky, but then, what road isn't? Judging by the gentleman's current activities, in 10 years we may be lucky enough to get another few chapters to read—just to see how he's getting on. I'm certainly looking forward to it.

—Jessie Lilley

FAMOUS MONSTERS CHRONICLES

Edited by Dennis Daniels with Jim Knüsch
FantaCo Enterprises, 1991.
172 pages, \$19.95.

For those who grew up with it, *FM* (as the magazine was called by its fans) was not only our primary source of info on horror films new and old, but also our connection with fellow fans from all over the world. There were makeup contests, poems, stories, model contests, even amateur films. Many readers and contributors to the magazine went on to become major figures in the fantasy field (for instance, Stephen King, Joe Dante, Steven Spielberg, and Rick Baker). Let's face it, without an *FM*, many magazines like *Scarlet Street* probably wouldn't have come into being.

Famous Monsters Chronicles is a collection of stories and recollections of the publication, which was produced from 1958 to 1983. Brief, glowing blurbs by such people as Robert Bloch and Sam Raimi are included, and there are articles and short pieces written by many others, including the brothers Brunas. There is a marvelous story telling how publisher Jim Warren developed the concept of *FM*, and how he teamed up with Forrest J Ackerman to put out the early issues. I wish there had been an article about the decline of *FM* and about Forry's leaving the staff, but such a piece wouldn't really fit into a book that is a celebration of the happy times.

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Also included is a fun piece about Captain Company, probably the only source we kids had for such neat stuff as movie abridgements, model kits, even monster underwear. For collectors, there are invaluable research pieces, such as one by Jim Knüsch on *FM*'s covers and contents from issue 1 to 191, and another by Steve Dolnick on pricing and collecting back issues.

The price of \$19.95 may seem steep to some, but what price can you put on fond memories?

—Kevin G. Shinnick

HORROR FILM STARS

Michael R. Pitts
McFarland, 1991.
Box 611, Jefferson, N.C. 28640
464 pages—\$24.95.

Horror Film Stars contains an overview of the careers of 67 horror stars, ranging from Lon Chaney to Tor Johnson. It is a well-illustrated book with some rarely-reproduced photos and ads, though some of the reproductions are less clear than others. Also, it seems that Mr. Pitt did not see all of the films he mentions, or, at least, that his notes are faulty. For example, on page 151, he mentions that Donald Pleasance is hanged by an angry crowd in *THE FLESH AND THE FIENDS* (1959), when in fact the Donald is spared hanging, but is blinded with a torch.

However, I found the book to be a good introduction to the careers of many performers, and I came away from a couple of the bios with a juicy bit of info (especially on Tod Slaughter, England's hammy forerunner to Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing). The filmography that follows each bio is a good quick reference for people who like to argue dates of film releases and releasing companies. This is a good gift book for people just getting into classic horror, or, for those with more knowledge, a "user-friendly" reference book.

—KGS

SECOND FEATURE: THE BEST OF THE 'B' FILMS

John Cocchi
Citadel Press, 1991.
256 pages—\$16.95.

John Cocchi has written a fun introduction to 'B' films. Like other Citadel film books, this one is profusely illustrated with great photos, including some frame blow-ups of smaller film producers' trademarks and logos.

The book covers comedies, musicals, Westerns, fantasies, and mysteries over a period from the early 1930s to the middle 1980s, the end of the drive-in heyday. Besides covering the usual PRC and Monogram films of the 40s, *Second Feature* also mentions *THE BLACK KING* (1932), a blacks-only film; *REACHING FROM*

HEAVEN (1947), starring Hugh Beaumont before he became a staple of 50s sci-fi; and *SON OF INGAGI* (1940), another blacks-only feature, this time in the horror genre. One of the weirdest reviews is of the adult film *ROOMMATES* (1981), directed by Chuck Vincent, who has directed his share of 'B' mysteries of late.

Second Feature serves as a nice introduction to many of these obscure films; it also makes a good gift for people just getting into off-beat film history.

—KGS

BORIS KARLOFF: A CRITICAL ACCOUNT OF HIS SCREEN, STAGE, RADIO, TELEVISION AND RECORDING WORK

Scott Allen Nollen
McFarland & Co., Inc., 1991.
Box 611, Jefferson, N.C. 28640
487 pages—\$39.95.

There has been a steady flow of books about Boris Karloff since the acknowledged "King of the Monsters" died in 1969, but this latest by Scott Allen Nollen at least tries to be the most ambitious of the lot. No mere coffee-table book or run-of-the-mill biography, Nollen attempts to put the actor's career in the context of various film theories and, in the process, examines prevailing horror-movie themes and trends that were in vogue when Karloff was plugging away at his craft.



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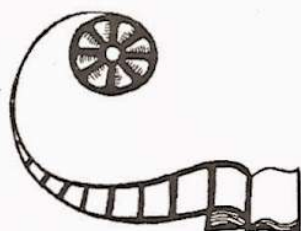
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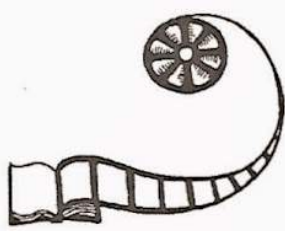
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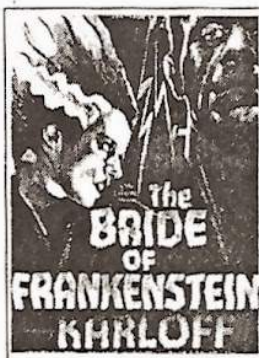
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This very academic approach works best when applied to Karloff's earliest and most literary horror movies, such as the original *FRANKENSTEIN* and its immediate follow-up, *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. However, when confronted with the programmers that made up the bulk of Karloff's horror films—workmanlike but provincial mad-scientist thrillers for Columbia, his later color films for American International, or pictures in which the actor was simply sending up his bogey-man image—the book fizzles into a collection of conventional and rather stuffy film reviews.

This would be forgivable if the author didn't employ such an ill-conceived and pedantic format. Plot synopses of already familiar films are followed by Nollen's discourse in which he again recounts the entire plot, usually with lengthy, illustrative passages of dialogue. The constant stating and re-stating of the same plot points make for a wearing, seemingly endless presentation, which isn't helped by Nollen's bone-dry, thesis-like prose style.

Although Nollen claims to have spent 15 years researching this book, he rarely comes up with any facts that haven't been published elsewhere, a bit of a feat in itself. He quotes extensively from other books written about Karloff, notably those by Paul Jensen and Cynthia Lindsay; even the foreword by Ray Bradbury is reprinted from an old Forry Ackerman paperback!

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The volume is a better-than-adequate encapsulation of Karloff's career that newcomers to the genre may find useful, but most readers will find Nollen's academic pretensions hard to warm up to.

—Michael Brunas

DARK CITY: THE FILM NOIR
Spencer Selby
McFarland & Co., Inc., 1984.
Box 611, Jefferson, N.C. 28640
255 pages—\$24.95.

Dark City is an enjoyable and unpretentious book that examines in detail 25 notable films that, in part, make up the film noir genre. The list includes some of the better-known titles, such as *THE MALTESE FALCON* (1941), *DOUBLE INDEMNITY* (1944), and *D.O.A.* (1950), as well as some more-obscure works that also deserve the attention lavished on them by Mr. Selby.

The film reviews are divided into two sections: a thorough plot synopsis and an interpretive essay in which Mr. Selby gives his opinion about the film. There is no long-winded explanation of the mechanics of film noir; each individual essay speaks for itself in a clear, concise style. However, in discussing these films, Mr. Selby gives away the entire story. So, if you have not seen any of these movies, it would be best to do so before reading this book.

In addition to the 25 films that are reviewed, Mr. Selby also provides a detailed filmography of 500 films in the film noir genre. Listed in alphabetical order, each film has its cast and production credits along with a two- or three-line description of the story that doesn't give away as much as the first 25 essays.

DARK CITY is a welcome addition to any film-book library. It is especially recommended as an introduction to the dark underworld of the film noir.

—Sean Farrell

FAMOUS MOVIE DETECTIVES

Vols. 1 and 2
Michael R. Pitts
Scarecrow Press, 1979; 1991.
357 pages—\$39.50 (Vol. 1);
348 pages—\$47.50 (Vol. 2).

I have many quarrels with this compilation, but I believe I should record the work's virtues before discussing its deficits.

For those with an interest in the "B" movie detective series, these books would probably prove invaluable. All the adventures, I assume, of Charlie Chan, Boston Blackie, Dick Tracy, and so on, are here, complete with plot outlines, short bios of the leading actors, and filmographies listing studios, release dates, and casts. It is also interesting to note the well-known actors, not generally connected with this genre, who have made important contribu-

tions, including Lionel and John Barrymore, Ronald Colman, and David Niven in leading roles, and Boris Karloff and Rita Hayworth in pre-star bits. For me, the most interesting nugget of information was discovering that Warner Oland, arguably the best of the Charlie Chans, had previously played the king of the Oriental villains, Fu Manchu, in two features that I had never known existed.

Now for the first of my quarrels: There is a 12-year gap between volumes one and two, which is not well served by the corrections-and-additions chapter in the second book. The first book should have been revised and updated, instead. It is somewhat startling to read that an actor is retired and living in Palm Springs when one distinctly remembers his death some years ago.

My next quarrel may seem more of a quibble. While reading about the films I know, I found small, disquieting errors. The plot outline for 1939's **THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES** begins with the death of "the Baron Baskerville", not Sir Charles: as Holmes might say, it is a small point, but a telling one. In **MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS** Mr. Pitts has Hercule Poirot traveling to Constantinople on the train. This is a curious lapse, given the grand boarding scene at Constantinople early in the film. The author's grasp of geography fails him when he places Poirot in Egypt in **APPOINTMENT**

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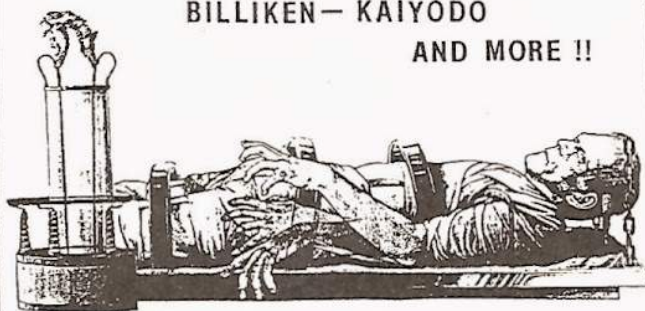
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WITH DEATH, which implies a case of long-distance deduction, since the murder takes place in Palestine. There are other examples, all evidence of sloppy journalism. It would have done Mr. Pitts more good to actually view these films, rather than rely on research materials.

Probably the worst offense in these volumes are the author's critiques. As a reviewer he is at his best when quoting others, though I suspect he quotes to suit his point of view. His attitude seems to be that if a movie did not spawn a series it is really not worth much space.

A STUDY IN TERROR is reduced to a paragraph consisting mostly of a laudatory quote on John Neville's performance. There is no plot outline at all, no mention of Robert Morley's definitive portrayal of Mycroft Holmes, and bare mention of the actors who portrayed Watson and Lestrade.

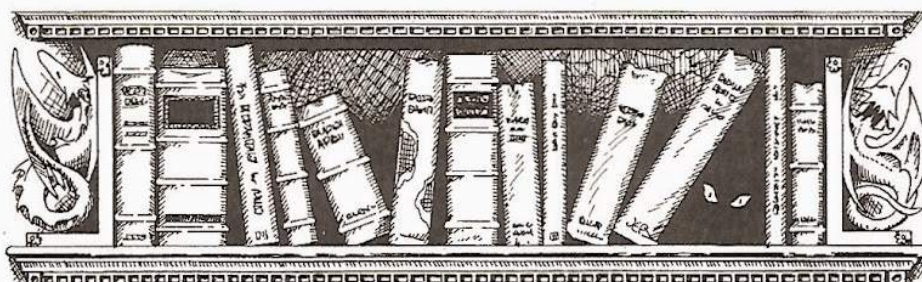
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES is flawed by bad editing, but does not deserve to be called "another SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE DEADLY NECKLACE with good productions values". The author asserts that the film "tried to make the detective a pervert", alluding to the scene in which Holmes avoids the attentions of a predatory ballerina by implying that he and Watson are more than just friends. Leaving aside my own feelings about the use of the pejorative term in a film review, the author is just plain wrong. Holmes, in fact, jumps at the excuse when he learns that the composer Tchaikovsky has begged off for the same reason.

Mr. Pitts' attempts at criticism stumble badly over rocks of this nature. What are we to make of this quote from his entry on THE MALTESE FALCON: "For John Huston the film marked the beginning of what should have been a remarkable directing career but . . . most of his efforts reflect a sadly and severely squandered talent"? It is sad that Mr. Huston wasted his talent on such piddling productions as THE AFRICAN QUEEN and THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER, a genre masterpiece. Perhaps Mr. Pitts has him confused with Orson Welles.

It is perhaps to be expected that the author spends scant space on the PBS series MYSTERY! This is, after all, a collection of movie detectives, but I feel that the space given to such luminaries as Cannon and Kojak would have been better used in expanding his diminutive sections noting the efforts of Jeremy Brett and, especially, Joan Hickson as the incomparable Miss Marple. She is squeezed into less than a paragraph.

In conclusion (finally) I recommend this collection as a decent reference work for those interested in early movie-detective series. The chapter on Hildegard Withers is especially good. However, Mr. Pitts' interest seems to wane in the late 50s, and his plot lines and reviews should be taken with a large grain of salt.

—Ken Schachtman



Seems Like Old Crimes

THE ALFRED HITCHCOCK MURDER CASE

George Baxt

St. Martin's Press, 1988.

277 pages—\$15.95.

Which came first, THE LADY VANISHES or *The Alfred Hitchcock Murder Case*? If you're Alfred Hitchcock and involved in a Nazi spy ring in an unauthorized novel, the novel came first. If you're George Baxt fictionalizing a clever mystery about one of the greatest directors of all time becoming his own MacGuffin, the film came first. If you're totally confused, and I'm sure you are, read the book; it will explain everything.

In Munich in 1925, Hitchcock and his fiancée Alma are working on his first film, THE PLEASURE GARDEN. Hitch is bemoaning the fact that his mediocre screenplay has no juicy murders. In a twist of fate, the film set is disrupted by a grisly killing. A script girl is brutally stabbed in her shower. As the police investigate the murder, Alma is haunted by a melody composed by a musician providing mood music for the silent film, and Hitch is searching for the perfect MacGuffin, whom he has spotted hanging around the set. The man with the horribly deformed face has disappeared; first, however, he is seen on the set immediately before the composer is discovered with a knife in his back. The police have no clues and eventually mark the case as unsolved.

Eleven years later, in London, Hitchcock has made a name for himself as a director of thrillers. He and Alma are mar-

ried and have a daughter, Patricia. Hitch is working on THE LADY VANISHES when he receives a frantic phone call from the scriptwriter of the film made in Munich. He is sending a script over, and Hitchcock must read it and not allow it to fall into the wrong hands. The messenger is murdered on the Hitchcock doorstep, acquaintances from Munich keep popping up, and Hitchcock's life takes a bizarre turn by following the mysterious script.

Alma is kidnapped, and Hitch is knocked unconscious. When he awakens, there is a dead policeman in the flat and the murder weapon in his hand. Hitchcock, terrified of police, runs.

He is now living one of his favorite scenarios: the innocent man, in the wrong place at the wrong time, being chased by both the police and the bad guys. During his search for Alma and the solution to the mysteries, he meets a sweet old lady who runs a bed-and-breakfast, and just happens to be retired from the spy game; a circus full of Nazi spies including Siamese twins, one who is a spy and one who isn't; a deadly midget dressed as Cupid; an eccentric ex-Nazi spy deserted by her married lover, and other assorted human oddities. Hitchcock leaves a trail of bodies in his wake, and the police and British intelligence try desperately to keep up with him.

The Alfred Hitchcock Murder Case is a delight for both mystery fans and Alfred Hitchcock fans. The thought of Hitchcock, with his imposing bulk and dry humor, running around England chasing spies is a chuckle. Readers will agree.

—Susan Svehla

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Murder by Radio

TALES FROM BAKER STREET
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THE RETIRED COLOURMAN
 Radio Yesteryear. \$16.95 per crate.

Radio Yesteryear is the keeper of radio's golden legacy. They have released many rare and wonderful broadcasts on tape, and included are a few Sherlock Holmes mysteries starring Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce (in crates of four tapes each).

On Side One of Tape Number 4 is 1945's **MURDER BY MOONLIGHT**, inspired by an incident in "The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone", and also, it seems, by Rathbone and Bruce's then-current film **PURSUIT TO ALGIERS**. The show opens with announcer Harry Bartel letting us know that this broadcast will be sent overseas to Armed Forces Radio. Bartel plugs the show's sponsor, Petri Wine, throughout the program in a manner that makes one suspect the man of being a raving alcoholic! Following his opening plug, Bartel visits his friend Dr. Watson, who proceeds to introduce the evening's tale.

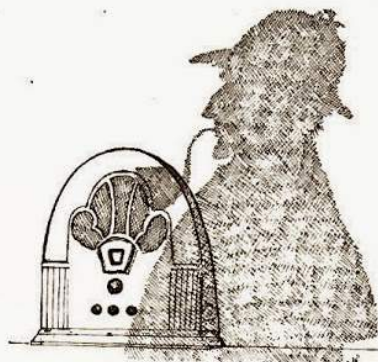
This is one of Holmes and Watson's lesser adventures. Traveling to India on another case (involving a disappearing elephant), the pair, working under the assumed names Mr. Mycroft and Mr. Hamish (with Bruce assuming a delightful Scottish

accent), foil the assassination of a foreign leader aboard ship. The episode's fun results from the talent of the stars and unbilled supporting players. There is a novel twist in that the foreign potentate is a former Cockney chorus girl. The show ends with Bartel mooching some wine from Watson, who informs us that next week's tale will involve a dead body found on a rooftop.

Side Two has a superior story, originally broadcast in 1940. It begins with Knox Manning, representing sponsor Bromo-Quinine, paying a visit to Watson. Watson is packing to go away for the summer, but assures his sponsor that he will be back in the fall. Watson, we are then told, was supposed to tell us a tale of Moriarty, but has changed his mind and tells us Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Adventure of the Retired Colourman."

Rathbone, Bruce, and their co-stars are in fine form in this outing. Rathbone plays Holmes in an irritable mood brought on by inclement weather. He sends Watson off with the title character, whose wife has vanished, apparently with her lover and her cuckolded husband's securities. All is not as it seems, however.

The background music is better here than in **MURDER BY MOONLIGHT**, and the story unfolds at a fast clip. The finale has Basil Rathbone thanking his sponsors,



supporting players (particularly Bruce), and the listening audience. The thrill of this live broadcast is palpable, as Rathbone had not yet grown tired of the character. Though stumbling over his lines once or twice, Rathbone uses his voice to its fullest in making Holmes a living entity.

—Kevin G. Shinnick

THE ADVENTURES
OF PHILIP MARLOWE
RED WIND,
WHERE THERE'S A WILL.
 Radio Yesteryear. \$16.95 per crate.

Philip Marlowe, Raymond Chandler's hard-boiled detective, first appeared in novel form in 1939's *The Big Sleep*. Many films were based on Chandler's novels; ironically, the first two cinematic adaptations dropped Marlowe entirely.

In 1947, NBC cast Van Heflin as Marlowe in a new radio series. When the show switched to CBS in 1948, Gerald Mohr took over the role. The two episodes on this tape are from 1948.

RED WIND has Mohr involved with a woman named Lola, who has lost a pearl necklace given her by a lover killed in the war. Along the way Marlowe finds deceit and murder. The tale has a bittersweet quality, and is filled with typical tough-guy talk: "I was low, very low . . . by then she had death on her hands. . . ." Jeff Corey and Peggy Webber provide other voices. What I found most amusing were the many commercial spots for the Air Force and the Marines ("Joining the Marines will help you learn geography!"). The show ends with a plug for a weekday series called **ALKA SELTZER TIME**.

The second story, **WHERE THERE'S A WILL**, is fast-moving and more entertaining. It involves a map and three heirs (one of them female to catch Marlowe's eye) who distrust each other. The program ends with a plug for the following series: John Dickson Carr's **CABIN B-13**, and Dashiell Hammett's **SAM SPADE**. The tape is recommended mostly for the second story; I suggest you listen with the lights out, the way a great radio show should be heard.

—KGS



Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce on the air.

SHERLOCK HOLMES (VOL. ONE)
THE SPECKLED BAND,
THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE,
CHARLES AUGUSTUS MILVERTON,
A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA.
 The Mind's Eye. \$14.95.

On British radio, Carleton Hobbs and Norman Shelley were the definitive Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. Hobbs first played Watson opposite Arthur Wontner's Holmes in a 1943 radio adaptation of "The Boscombe Valley Mystery", then graduated to the role of the Master Sleuth 10 years later in a radio version of William Gillette's venerable old warhorse of a melodrama: **SHERLOCK HOLMES**. Shelley inherited the part of Watson. Five years later, in 1958, Hobbs and Shelley starred in a six-part adaptation of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*; in 1959 they initiated a series of short story adaptations which continued until 1969.

It takes American ears a little time to grow used to Hobbs and Shelley. We're so accustomed to Basil Rathbone's brisk, staccato delivery that Hobbs seems far too gentle and amiable at first. Shelley, on

fool, is quite different from the Watson of Nigel Bruce. Still, the adjustment is not a difficult one to make, and the stories, adapted by UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS veteran Michael Hardwick, are presented in a highly entertaining fashion.

Volume One includes four of the best-loved Sherlock Holmes tales: "The Speckled Band", "The Red-Headed League," "Charles Augustus Milverton", and "A Scandal in Bohemia". (Hobbs does an excellent "Holmes disguised as a clergyman" in the last.) The sound quality is first-rate, the stories cunningly written and acted; in short, this is a must for fans of the world's greatest detective.

—Richard Valley

MR. AND MRS. NORTH
THE MISSING SPARKLER,
WHO KILLED MR. STEFANO?
 Radio Yesteryear. \$16.95 per crate.

MR. AND MRS. NORTH was designed to cash in on the popularity of husband/wife detective teams inspired by Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man*. The Norths (Jerry, who is a publisher, and his wife, Pam) are one of the better teams, and

their radio adventures spawned a syndicated TV series in the 50s.

THE MISSING SPARKLER (1943) involves the Norths with a valuable bracelet that keeps popping up and disappearing. The cast of characters includes an elderly kleptomaniac and a man/woman team of crooks. It's light, frothy fare. The oddest thing is that, midway through the program, the action stops and singer Skinnay Ennis does his rendition of "I've Got You Under My Skin"!

The second tale, **WHO KILLED MR. STEFANO?** (1950), is a superb story about an opera star who suspects his wife of plotting to kill him. He invites the Norths to visit him under the pretext of publishing his memoirs. Pam and Jerry are greeted by a woman claiming to be the singer's wife, who tells them that her husband isn't home. Of course, he's been murdered, and the woman is not his wife. Pam decides that the mysterious lady can't be the killer because she's such a terrible liar; only honest people lie so poorly! It's a well-structured story that zips along nicely, and there are many false leads before the ending.

—KGS

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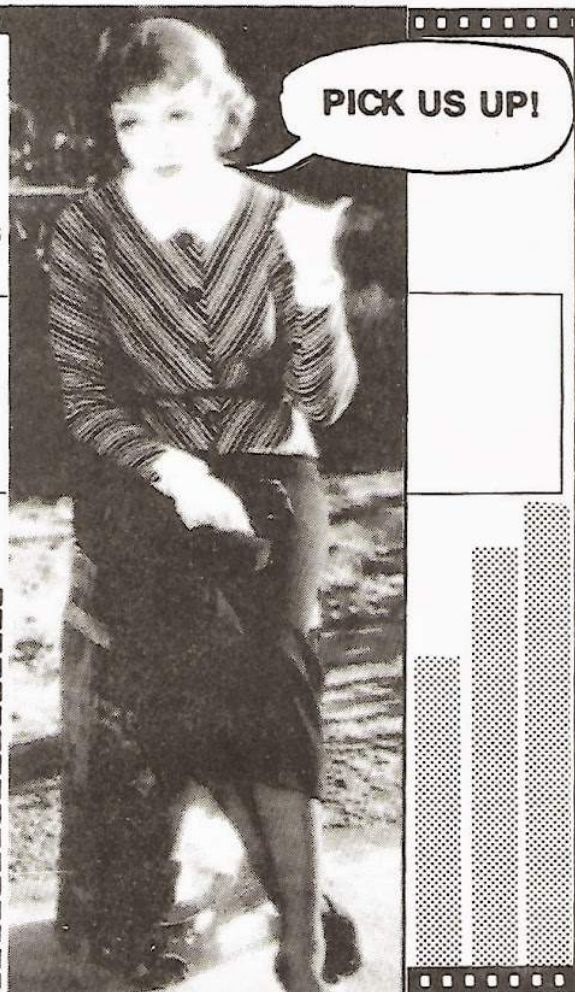
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SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE BASKERVILLE CURSE, 1981

Credits

Producer: Eddy Graham. Script: Eddy Graham. Executive Producers: Tom Stacey and George Stephenson. Composer: John Stuart. Storyboard: Bob Fosbery, Kevin Roper. Animation Layouts: Andrea Bresciani, Glen Lovett, Steve Papantoniou, David Elvin. Background Layouts: David Skinner. Art Director: Alex Nicholas. Character Design: Bob Fosbery. Painting Supervision: Jenny Schowe. Editor: Peter Siegl. A Burbank Films (Australia) Production. Running time: 52 minutes.

Cast

Voices: Peter O'Toole (Sherlock Holmes), Ron Haddrick, Earle Crosse, Helen Morse, Robin Stewart, Moya O'Sullivan, Philip Hinton.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, 1982

Credits

Aired in October 1982. Adapted by Alexander Baron. Director: Peter Duguid. Producer: Barry Letts for BBC TV. Running time: 120 minutes.

Cast

Tom Baker (Sherlock Holmes), Terence Rigby (Doctor Watson), Will Knightley (Doctor Mortimer), Nicholas Woodeson (Sir Henry Baskerville), Morris Perry (Barrymore), Gillian Martell (Mrs. Barrymore), Christopher Ravenscroft (Stapleton), Kay Ashead (Beryl Stapleton), Michael Goldie (Selden), Caroline John (Laura Lyons), Hubert Rees (Inspector Lestrade), John Boswall, Terry Forrestal, Joanna Andrews.

HOUNDED

Continued from page 72

scene when she first gains Sir Henry's rapt admiration. Ronald Pickup and Rosemary McHale lend firm support as the Barrymores, and James Faulkner is a potent, if perhaps overly sinister, Stapleton. As a young Dr. Mortimer, Neil Duncan is oddly unappealing, but manages to amuse.

Jeremy Brett is on call as Holmes for the first 20 minutes of Granada's *HOUND* and, barring several shots lifted from *THE GREEK INTERPRETER*, doesn't return until a final segment of roughly equal length. As noted, the London scenes offer a Holmes not especially intrigued by Hell Hounds; Brett, too, seems relatively uninspired at this point in the narrative. Further distancing the actor from the role are Brett's added weight and a distinctly un-Holmesian hairstyle (which mars four additional episodes: *SILVER BLAZE*, *THE DEVIL'S FOOT*, *WISTERIA LODGE*, and *THE BRUCE PARTINGTON PLANS*). Brett does manage to enliven the film's final scenes, making deductions at the drop of a convict and winning smiles with the Great Detective's disappointment in Watson's appraisal of his stew. ("It's quite disgusting, Holmes," sniffs the good doctor. "Yes," sighs Holmes. "Yes, it is. Well, it's better when it's hot.") Though he is not in top form in Granada's *HOUND*, those who doubt Brett's mastery of the role need only watch him make his quiet, spine-chilling reply to Mortimer's query: "Does the hound really exist?"

The three most recent adaptations of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* point up the seeming impossibility of ever having a single version in which every element, from actors to costumes to direction to lighting, is precisely on target. If we could pull "the good parts" from each individual production—Watson from Granada, Stapleton from the BBC, and the legend sequence from Mapleton, for instance—we might manage at last to piece together a wholly satisfying presentation. That being beyond our abilities, we must take each *HOUND* as it comes: bounding o'er the moor or haunting the ruins of a deserted abbey; dull or aglow; attacking Sir Henry with deadly purpose or, in error, Sherlock Holmes.



THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, 1983

Credits

Air Date: May 15, 1983. Adapted by Charles Pogue. Director: Douglas Hickox. Producer: Otto Plaschkes for Mapleton Films.

Cast

Ian Richardson (Sherlock Holmes), Donald Churchill (Doctor Watson), Martin Shaw (Sir Henry Baskerville), Nicholas Clay (Stapleton), Denholm Elliott (Doctor Mortimer), Ronald Lacey (Inspector Lestrade), Glynis Barber (Beryl Stapleton), Edward Judd (Barrymore), Eleanor Bron (Mrs. Barrymore), Brian Blessed (Geoffrey Lyons).

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, 1988

Credits

Air Date: August 31, 1988. Dramatized by Trevor Bowen. Executive Producer: Michael Cox. Producer: June Wyndham Davies. Music: Patrick Gowers. Designers: James Weatherup, Chris Bradshaw. Director: Brian Mills.

Cast

Jeremy Brett (Sherlock Holmes), Edward Hardwicke (Doctor Watson), Raymond Adamson (Sir Charles Baskerville), Neil Duncan (Doctor Mortimer), Ronald Pickup (Barrymore), Rosemary McHale (Mrs. Barrymore), Kristoffer Tabori (Sir Henry Baskerville), Edward Romfour (Purser), James Faulkner (Stapleton), Philip Dettmer (Pageboy), Stephen Tomlin (Perkins), Fiona Gillies (Beryl Stapleton), Bernard Horsfall (Frankland), Donald McKillop (Vicar of Grimpen), William Ilkley (Selden), Myrtle Devenish (Countrywoman), Elizabeth Spender (Laura Lyons), Donald Bisset (Manservant), Gareth Milne (Stuntman).

LARSON

Continued from page 37

asked, "Would you be willing?" And then the actor who now plays Superboy, Gerry Christopher, came out and Noel and I had lunch with him. He seems to be a terrific kid and, incidentally, he's a very good actor. So we had lunch and we all said, "Why not?" (Laughs) If anyone had ever told me after all these years—'cause I love acting. I love to act and it never would have occurred to me that my return performance would be on SUPERBOY! There's this—hideous irony in it. (Laughs)

SS: *Destiny, they call it.*

JL: *Destiny!*

SS: *One last question. You're probably the only actor to lose a part to Marilyn Monroe...*

JL: (Laughs) Yeah. That was due to Craig Noel, who wanted me at Fox, which is why Fox offered me a contract when I left Warner Brothers. There was a part in a film called SCUDDA HOO, SCUDDA HEY, and Craig Noel had me over. It wasn't that big a part, but it had some nice scenes and he wanted me. I went over and I met everybody, and then, by God, they changed it from a boy to a girl and boom! Marilyn Monroe!



SCREEN

Continued from page 77

full-time-reporter Murray in tow, she sets out to discover "whodunit".

Director Kanew (who helmed Fox's REVENGE OF THE NERDS in 1984 and Touchstone's TOUGH GUYS in 1986) can't do much to elevate the flick above a so-so TV movie of the week. In fact, remove

one or two naughty words, and it could be a pilot for a new TV series. Kathleen Turner shows she can take a punch (or two) and still be a lady. The film tries to have it all as it shows that she is better than any man, yet takes its time lingering over her legs.

Turner seems to be walking through the part a great deal of the time. Charles Durning, who on Broadway played Big Daddy to Turner's CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF, is wasted as a stereotyped character who keeps advising her to get married and have kids, and leave the police work to him. Angela Goethals is definitely not the "cutsey" John Hughes type kid so popular nowadays, but needs a better role to impress Hollywood with her talents. Jay O. Sanders has the best role, and walks off with almost all of his scenes. Rent this tape to see a lot of talent making much ado about very little.

—KGS

LETTERS

Continued from page 5

bad films, but I have never seen him give less than 100%. I don't believe that he's ever walked through a role in his life. It simply isn't the way he works. Like Boris Karloff before him, he has always taken every role he's been given with the utmost seriousness and has, I believe, invested every one with sincerity.

If you take the Hammer Frankenstein series as a canon, you'll find that Cushing's Baron is the most three-dimensional character that's ever graced a series of horror films. In the first two films (CURSE and REVENGE) he's a relatively young man ruthlessly dedicated to his obsession of creating life. His only sexual dalliance

is with his housemaid; the rest of the time he goes on about "interfering women". In his middle years (EVIL and CREATED WOMEN), he's mellowed somewhat, but is still bitter about the inferior intellects whom he sees as threats to his work. By the time of FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED, his failures have driven him to the brink of madness and utter cynicism toward the human race. And finally, in FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL, he does indeed end up in a lunatic asylum, a senile old man whose only reaction to his latest scientific disaster is denial ("Best thing that could have happened to him," he offhandedly remarks after his creation is torn to pieces by the inmates).

Even in thoroughly routine material such as THE BLOOD BEAST TERROR, Cushing always found some bit of business to add a little dimension to an unwritten role. His fellow actors call him "Props" Cushing, and with good reason: he was the one who came up with the idea for the crossed candlesticks at the end of HORROR OF DRACULA.

I don't think there's any doubt that Cushing is the most important actor in British horror film history. I've gotten that off my chest and I feel better now.

Bruce "Gore" Hallenbeck
Valatie, NY

What a great magazine you have! I'm so glad a friend turned me on to it. The Brunas brothers are excellent writers; I'm glad to see that they are regular writers [for] your magazine. I also understand that another friend of mine will be writing for you soon. Because I don't always get to the book store, I just had to subscribe.

Keep up the excellent work. I enjoy reading *Scarlet Street* very much.

Susan L. Nagy
North Bergen, NJ

CLASSIFIED

WANT ADS DEAD OR ALIVE

Deadline: March 13, 1992 for Issue 6 (Spring 1992) Basic Rate: \$2.00 per line, 3-line min. 40 characters/line. Headline: First line only—underline word(s) of your choice (to be printed in boldface). Payment: Check or money order, payable to R.H. Enterprises, must accompany ad. Mail to:

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Needed: Fiction writers for speculative fiction magazine *A New Quarterly* publication titled *Gateways*. Contact Adrienne Reynolds, Editor, 1206 Konrad Place, Philadelphia, PA 19116.

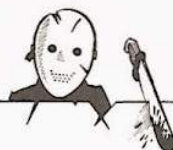
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HORROR HOSTS!!! Have you a horror host on your local TV station? Were you a horror host? *Scarlet Street* wants videos, photos, interviews. Contact Richard Valley, P.O. Box 604, Glen Rock, NJ 07452 (201)445-0034.

In Brixton Road, this morning, a plain gold wedding ring found in the roadway between the White Hart Tavern and Holland Grove. Apply Dr. Watson, 221B, Baker Street between eight and nine this evening.

Wanted: PHANTOM OF OPERA info. K. S. 484 Curry Av, Englewood, NJ 07631



NEWS

BITE

Just in from London, although nothing has been finalized, Mr. Peter Cushing is expecting to begin work on a new film early in 1992.

This information was confirmed with Mr. Cushing's agent, Mr. David Booth, who added that they hoped everything would be settled by Christmas of 1991.

At this printing, we are unable to confirm anything else about the project, but rest assured, we at *Scarlet Street* will update you in the Spring 1992 issue.

—Jessie Lilley

DARTING SHOT

—What's all the mystery?

—There's no mystery—just seems to be.

CLAIRE HUFFAKER
The Hellfighters

The human mind, once it is ever so slightly thrown off the track, may wander far astray in the dark and dubious regions.

SAMUEL ROGERS
You Leave Me Cold

To reduce a romantic ideal to a working plan is a very difficult thing.

ERSKINE CHILDERS
The Riddle of the Sands

We're all entitled to a dream, even if it will never come true.

ARTHUR LYONS
Dead Ringer

Murders are about love. . . . If you were a cynic you might even say they are the purest expression of it. Love—for a man or a woman, for money, revenge, religion, or

even love of one's self. One way or another, all murders are crimes of passion.

S. T. HAYMON
Stately Homicide

Love and affection is what I've got to offer on hot or cold days in this lonely old world. I got nothing else. Mangiacavallo has nothing.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
The Rose Tattoo

Rule number something or other—never tell anybody anything unless you're going to get something better in return.

SARA PARETSKY
Deadlock

I'm crying because I'm happy. This is my birthday, and I'm going to be happy. The devil with the theatre.

MORRIE RYSKIND/ANTHONY VEILLER
Stage Door

All three had brilliant white teeth, that shone like pearls against the ruby of their

voluptuous lips. . . . I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips. . . .

BRAM STOKER
Dracula

Scenes of passion should not be introduced when not essential to the plot. In general, passion should be so treated that these scenes do not stimulate the lower and baser element.

THE MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS
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Code for the Industry, 1931

The sooner we all learn to make a distinction between disapproval and censorship, the better off society will be. . . . Censorship. . . is an evil in itself.

GRANVILLE HICKS
in *Peter's Quotation: Ideas for our Time*

We write frankly and freely but then we "modify" before we print.

MARK TWAIN
Life on the Mississippi

Wherever they burn books, they will, in the end, burn people.

HEINRICH HEINE
Almansor

Send us your quotes! Please be sure to credit them properly. Then be sure to look for them in future issues!

— Quotations compiled by Sally Jane Gellert —

We were sure you wouldn't have the ghost of a chance figuring out last issue's MYSTERY PHOTO, but, lo and behold, sneaky John Skillin came up with the right answer. The movie was 1941's TOPPER RETURNS, last in an ectoplasmic trilogy including TOPPER (1937) and TOPPER TAKES A TRIP (1939). Perpetually befuddled Roland Young starred as Cosmo Topper in all three, with Billie Burke in equally befuddled support as Mrs. Topper. The first two films, in which Cosmo was haunted by the high-living shades of George and Marion Kerby, were screwball comedies of a pretty high order, but TOPPER RETURNS combined laughs with chills in a genuine mystery set in—what else?—an old, dark house. Perky (even when dead) Joan Blondell played a ghost who finagles our hero into helping her find out who killed her. In support: Carole Landis, Dennis O'Keefe, George Zucco, Patsy Kelly, and the great Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, who swore he was going to leave Topper's employ and "go back to Mr. Benny!" Now, on to this issue's contest. We trust you'll wax enthusiastic over the photo we've chosen, so get those cards and letters coming in. Correct entry with earliest postmark wins a one-year subscription—so don't lose face!

Mystery Photo Contest
P.O. Box 604, Glen Rock, NJ 07452

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MYSTERY PHOTO





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- ☐ VOLUME #4 HAUNTED GAINSBOROUGH & EXHUMED CLIENT
- ☐ VOLUME #5 CASE OF THE SINGING VIOLIN & CASE OF THE SHOELESS ENGINEER
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- ☐ VOLUME #15 CASE OF THE WINTHROP LEGEND & CASE OF THE LAUGHING MUMMY
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- ☐ SHERLOCK HOLMES STARRING: CLIVE BROOK, MIRIAM JORDAN (1932)
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- ☐ THE TRIUMPH OF SHERLOCK HOLMES STARRING: ARTHUR WONTNER, IAN FLEMING (1937)
- ☐ MURDER AT THE BASKERVILLES aka SILVER BLAZE STARRING: ARTHUR WONTNER, IAN FLEMING (1937)
- ☐ SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON STARRING: BASIL RATHBONE, NIGEL BRUCE (1943)
- ☐ THE WOMAN IN GREEN STARRING: BASIL RATHBONE, NIGEL BRUCE (1945)
- ☐ TERROR BY NIGHT STARRING: BASIL RATHBONE, NIGEL BRUCE (1946)
- ☐ DRESSED TO KILL STARRING: BASIL RATHBONE, NIGEL BRUCE (1943)
- ☐ SHERLOCK HOLMES FACES DEATH STARRING: CHRISTOPHER LEE, SENTA BERGER (1962)

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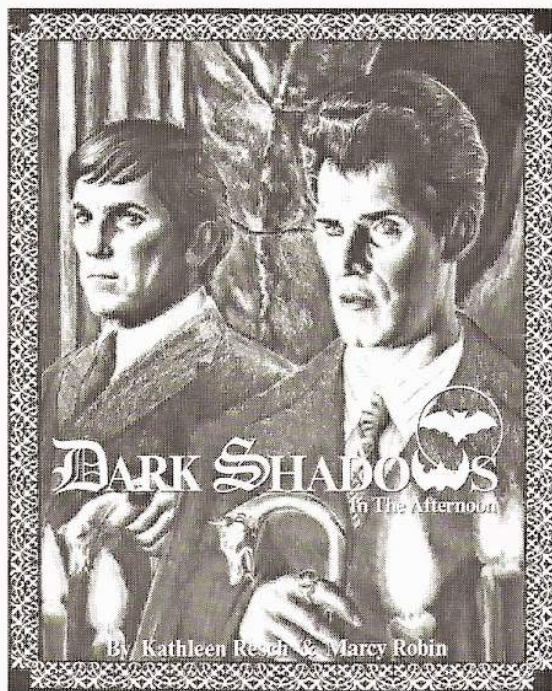
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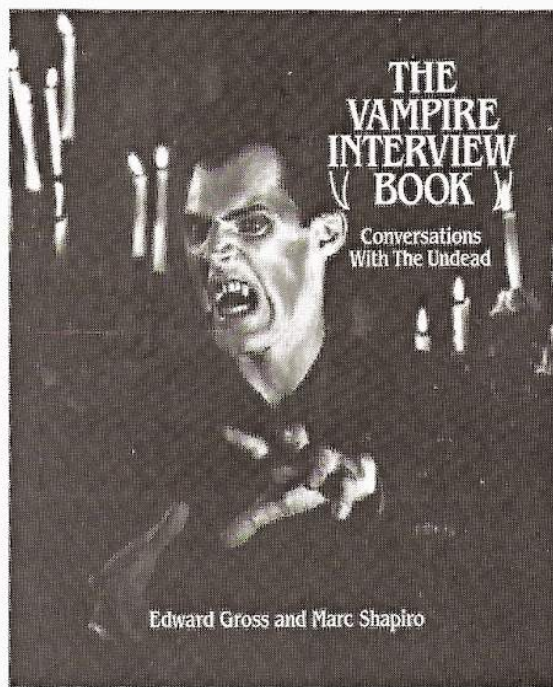
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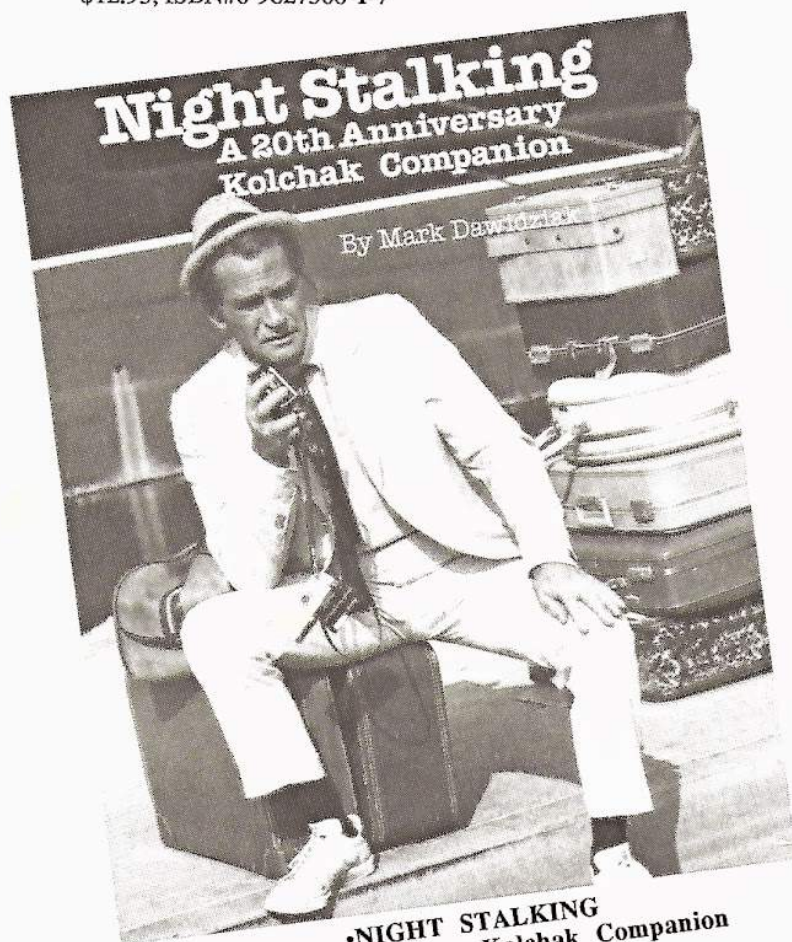
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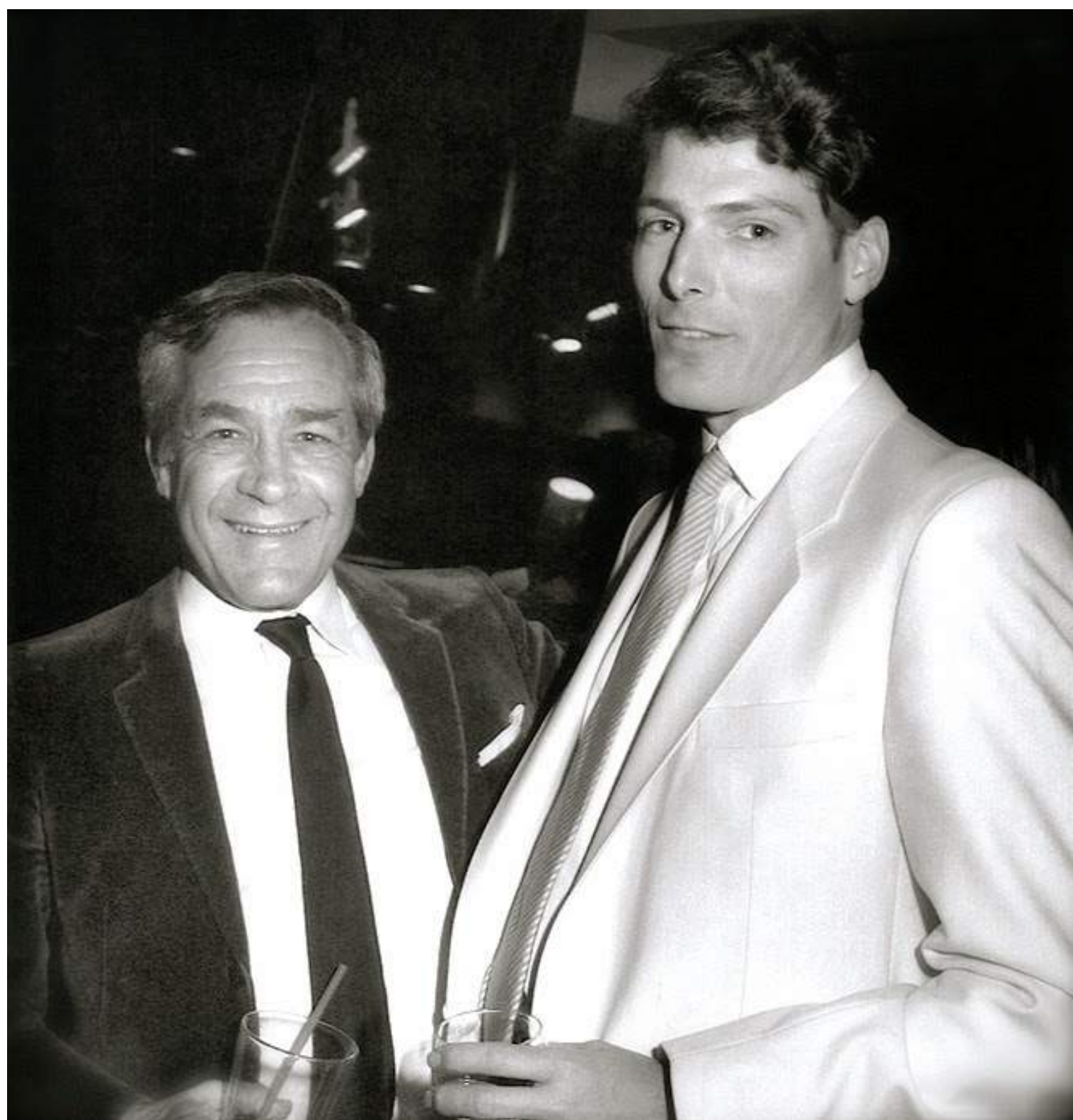
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Good thoughts,
Good life!
Barbara Hale

796-136









To Syd —
who dissolved all
my problems —
With many thanks
Christopher Lee









ONE BY ONE THEY WILL DIE!

— and only
the killer
knows why...
and how
...and who
is next!



THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED

STARRING

LILLI PALMER

CRISTINA GALBO • JOHN MOULDER BROWN • MARY MAUDE • NARCISO IBÁÑEZ SERRADOR

WRITTEN BY LUIS VERNÁ PEÑAFIEL • MUSIC BY WALDO DE LOS RÍOS • AN ANABEL FILM PRODUCTION • RELEASED BY AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES • PANAVISION®-COLOR BY MOVIELAS

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ONE BY
ONE
THEY
WILL DIE!



THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED

STARRING
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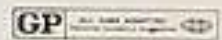
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"The House That Screamed" is a horror film that is a masterpiece of the genre. It is a film that is both terrifying and beautiful. It is a film that is both a masterpiece of the genre and a masterpiece of the art of filmmaking. It is a film that is both a masterpiece of the genre and a masterpiece of the art of filmmaking. It is a film that is both a masterpiece of the genre and a masterpiece of the art of filmmaking.

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